

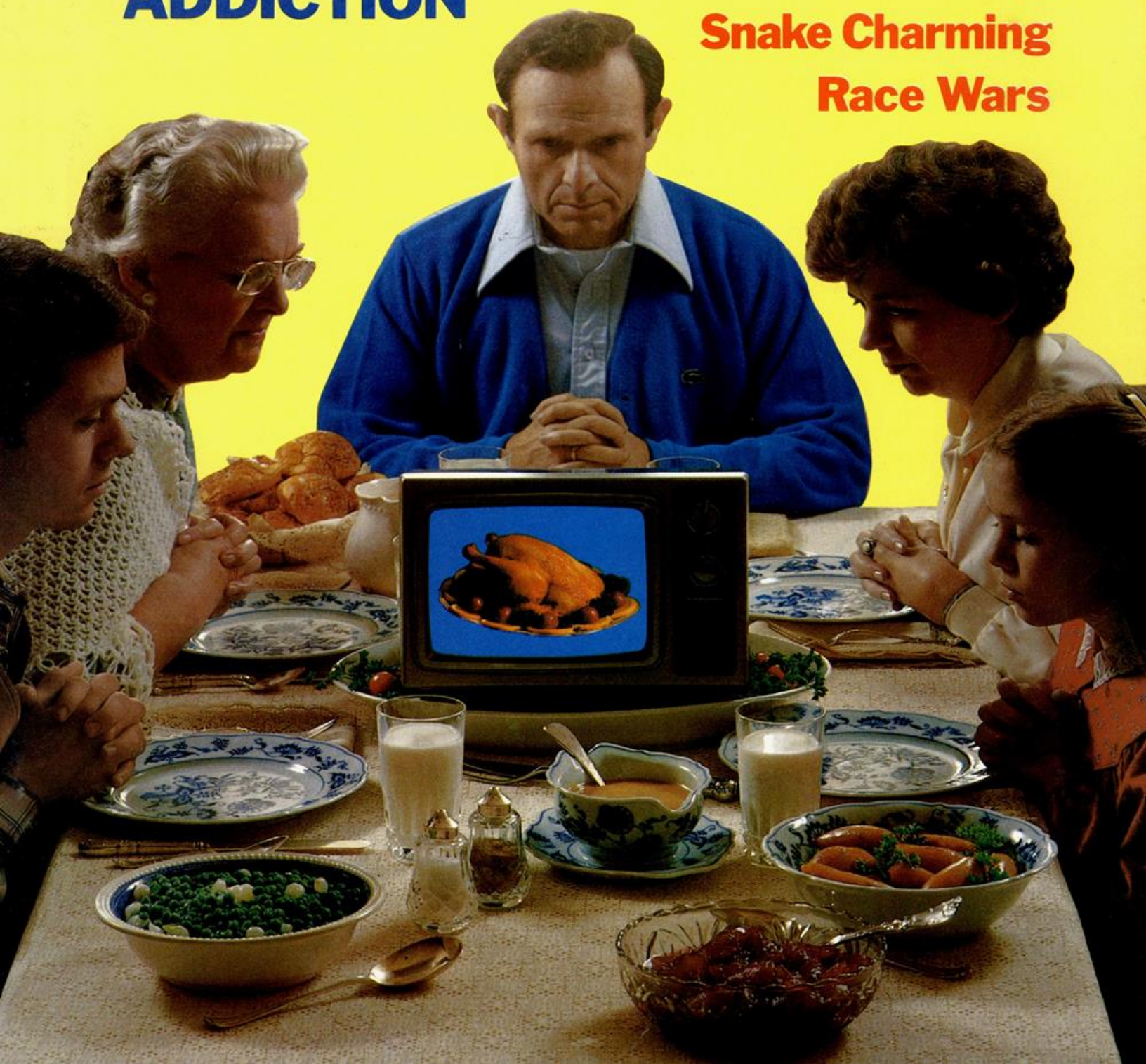
Richard Pryor: Rum and Freebase Coke

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October 1980 \$2.50

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### TV OD: Turned On, Tuned In, Strung Out

by Judy Brown

Chronic dwellers in the Vast Wasteland are honored on this month's cover, photographed by Steve Steigman. No, we don't mean Idaho, we mean that state of mindlessness known as television land. Careful observers will note that the head of the family pictured here is so strung out he's staring at the *back* of the set. Now *that's* what we call the Vastly Wasted!

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### Doom Over Miami

by Jeffrey Mayne

Miami used to be known as the "sun and fun capital" of these here United States until a hidden human stew of poverty and frustration simmered over one hot May night into a violent explosion of hate and fear that will not soon be forgotten.

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### Interview: Marianne Faithfull

by Ann Bardach

Fifteen years after she first captured the rock public's fancy, Sister Morphine is back with a new album, a fresh sense of what she's been through and the balls to tell it like it really was.

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### Teacher's Pests

by George Barkin

Einstein was retarded and Edison was a dunce—or so their teachers thought. Read how they fumbled through school and still came out on top.

44



### Centerfold

Quaaludes have been called everything from a dangerous downer to the vitamin C of fucking. Here's a portrait of the controversial pill in all its mysterious splendor.

53



### Back to the Bush

by Harlan Ang

Hold onto your pith helmets, boys and girls, 'cause we're going on a smokin' safari through the verdant jungles of colorful Kenya, where the dope is so rich and abundant that even the elephants have short-term memory loss.

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### Home on the Range

by Eleanore Kennedy

Come mosey on down the trail to the Alamo to an old home restored with a sense of style as big as Texas itself.

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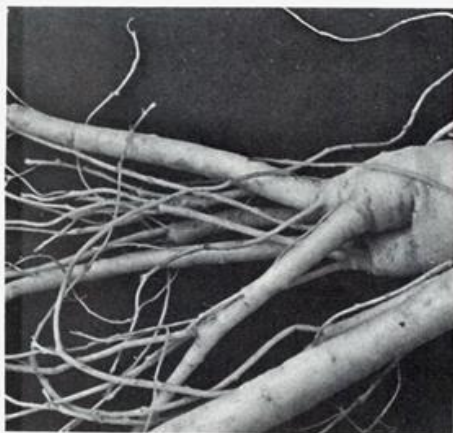


### Richard Pryor: A Public Burning

by Mark Christensen

A gifted comedian's close brush with death put freebase back in the headlines. Pryor's previous antics pale in comparison.

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### Ginseng: Can 999,999,999 Chinese Be Wrong?

by Andrew Weil

Lauded by some, lambasted by others, ginseng has stirred controversy for centuries. Now noted expert Weil strips away the veil of misinformation.

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### Snakes I Have Known and Loved

by John A. Keel

Snakes inspire some and scare others shitless. Our resident snake charmer slithers his way into your heart.

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Judy Brown, author of this month's discourse on the insidious scourge of TV addiction, is also known to many suffering from chronic magazine habituation. Abusers of *Playboy*, *Mademoiselle*, *Chic*, *Oui* and the *Soho Weekly News* are familiar with the acerbic buzz of Judy's wit, and

## Who's

now celluloid junkies are getting a dose of the Brown charm in the current horror epic *The Blood Eaters*. It was a gruesome instance of life imitating art when, on her drive home from the premiere of *The Blood Eaters*, Judy was involved in a



Michael Sullivan

bloody accident that landed her in a nearby hospital, where some fans who had just seen the movie recognized her! But Judy, herself a reformed teleholic, is on the mend and doing fine, while sticking to a Spartan diet of British-import specials and an occasional "Barney Miller."

West Coast shutterbug **Harlan Ang's** classic photographs of dope in exotic places may never garner the critical acclaim of a Van Gogh, but he should remain just as broke as the great Dutch master ever was. Our present look at the mind-blowing pleasures of Kenya marks his seventh appearance in yours truly. Harlan has been to more than 20 countries in Europe, Asia and Africa in search of the wild herb, but he's still most impressed with northern California. "There's more things goin' on up there than in Thailand, Kenya and the rest of the world," Ang exclaims with a near-religious fervor. "Imagine a single plant that yields four to five pounds!"

With this landmark ish we introduce several dazzling new departments, and here are some of their curators: **Robert Anton Wilson** now holds the incredible distinction of appearing in two out of the last three "Who's High" columns. This best-selling science-fiction and fantasy writer believes "there'll be more change in the next 20 to 30 years than in all of human history up to now." His "Futurescope" column will help chart the

## high?



Judy Dorn

course. **Michael Stepanian** (above) began practicing drug cases as a lawyer in 1965, when he founded (along with Bill Graham and Brian Rohan) the Haight Ashbury Legal Organization. He wrote *Pot Shots* (Dell), a countercultural search-and-seizure classic about San Francisco in the late '60s. Stepanian's column, "Getting Off," is a guide to getting out of a legal jam based on his years of experience. **Ivan Berger** is one of the world's most respected electronics-technology experts, and in "Hardware" he will cover topics ranging from audio components to video. He has written for *Popular Mechanics*, *Science Digest*, the *New York Times*, you name it, and is currently senior technology editor of *Video* magazine. As we go to the printer Berger is in Japan on a press junket, no doubt showing the Japanese how to make their calculators even *thinner*.

Boy We Love to See Our Own Names in Print Department: Here's where we formally introduce you to art director **Amy Gottlieb**, a native New Yorker with an unreasonable fetish for cucumber dip. Amy

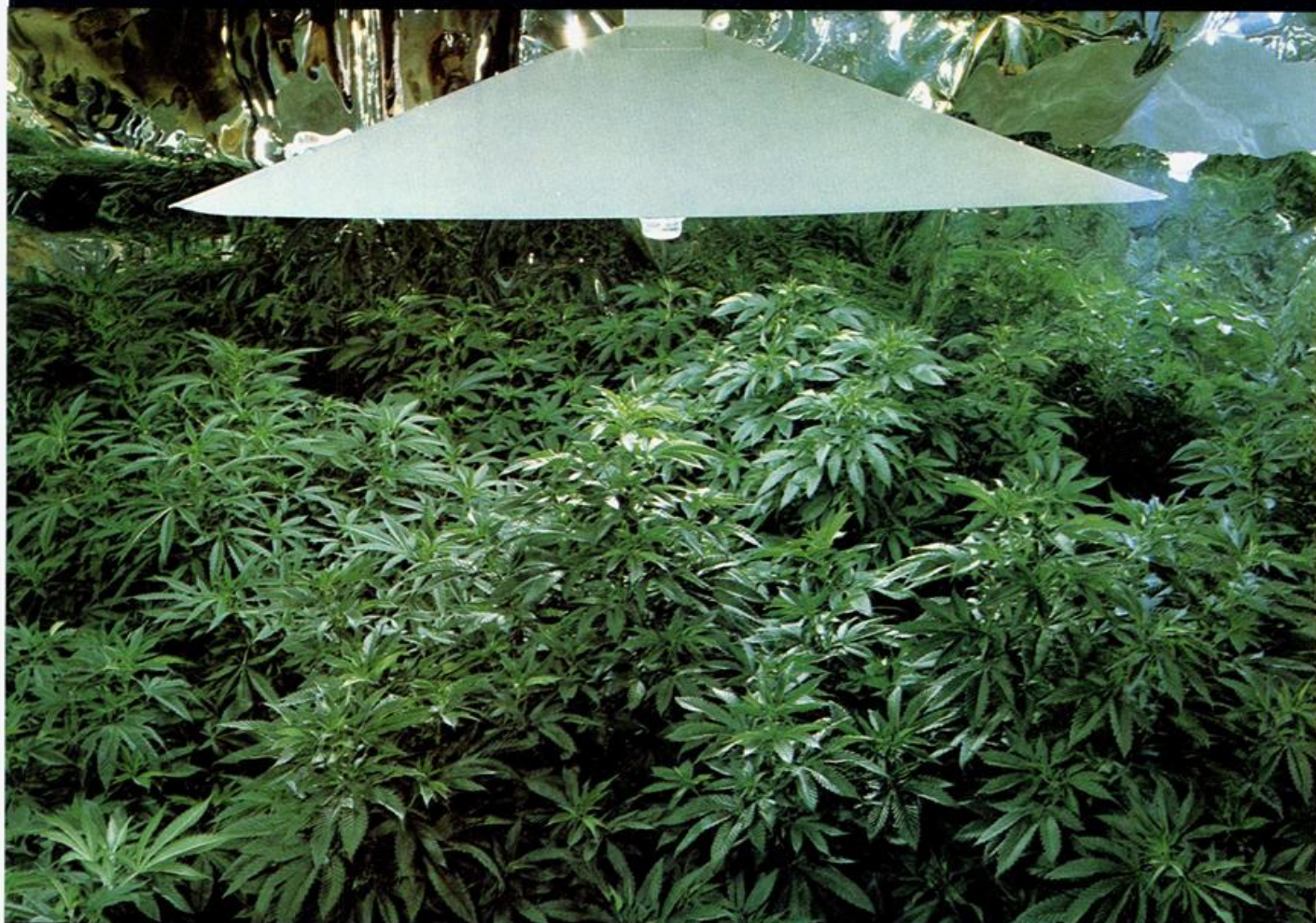


Sue Bloom

has read nearly every major magazine of the last decade, and her devotion to *HIGH TIMES* is beautifully expressed when she says, "I'd rather be here than in Love Canal." News editor **Bob LaBrasca** hails from that hotbed of political hanky-panky known as Madison, Wisconsin, where as feature editor of the *Madison Press Connection* he was part of the cabal that published "How to Make an H-Bomb," the article that mooted the government's case against the *Progressive*. We've had to leave word with our receptionist not to let him in the office carrying any plutonium—one look into those bloodshot eyes and you know he's capable of anything. ☐



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Thomas King Forcade, 1945-1978



# Opinion.



Poor little television—always the villain. Textbooks and articles blame it for the weak wills of lazy viewers without considering the dilemma of addictive personalities in general. I don't mean to pontificate. I've been an addict: I was a compulsive thumb-sucker 'til my braces crowded it out of my mouth and life. I've been a compulsive eater—'til unhealthiness and homeliness and consequent unemployment made eating "just one more cookie" a life and death situation. I'm being simplistic, but it all boils down to that. One more itchy bitsy Toll House cookie or ten more minutes of "Three's Company" (until somebody puts on a bikini and makes a funny face) is where the issue of addiction begins.

You can't blame TV; there are some enlightening and educating things on that entertain as well. You've gotta blame those addictable viewers, some of whom have Nielsen boxes attached to their TV habits and therefore determine what goes on the air for all of us. Those folks at home who tune in to tune out keep the tranquilizing chaff clogging up the airwaves so that more stimulating programming gets crowded out.

There aren't too many things in this world that you have any control over, but your own orifices are among them. Hopefully people exercise some right of free choice over what goes into those openings in terms of food, drugs and lovers. (You are what you eat, drink, smell, snort, hear, feel, touch, have sex with.) But let's face it: God (if he cares) only knows what's really in the air or the noise or your vitamins and sprouts or your sweet-smelling sex partner. One important and terribly vulnerable orifice is the pupil of your eye. All day long we're forced to see a

lot of things we have no choice over. But if we shut our eyes to avoid seeing, we can fall down.

I've got an exercise for the true TV addict, to maybe get him weaned off it and onto his own mind: Focus those pupils on some admittedly mindless TV show and blur your eyes and mind to thoughts that are begging to be thought (most of them probably about your alleged impotence in this world). Next, watch TV and half-think your thoughts. You can probably do that one for years, decades even. *That's* addiction. Now try isolating the muscle that focuses out on the TV screen rather than in on your half-energized thoughts. It's a lazy muscle in most of us, but isolating it is the first step toward solving a lot of problems. When you can do that, get up and turn off the TV. Sit in the same chair and try just thinking. In those moments before you panic or fall asleep you just might begin the poignantly painful process of getting unstuck.

Egad. What if all the addicts of any kind did that? That kind of universal clarity could cause chaos in our so-called democratic system. Yikes. People getting smarter, getting energized about their dissatisfactions, reading to each other, finding better jobs, warmer friends, better diets, new games to play, helping the underprivileged, digging up a couple of trustworthy politicians maybe.

If you know and love a TV addict, give him these exercises: Go to your *TV Guide*. Take a red pencil and assign yourself a scant eight hours of programming this week. Include a couple of news shows or documentaries, preferably on a privately funded channel; a couple of old or new movies with good actors and a story whose synopsis intrigues you; one good comedy show; a musical variety show (and try dancing to it); and maybe one half-hour religious or exercise program, whichever turns you on. And if any of the shows you put on have you half-thinking your thoughts, turn them off, but *don't change the channel!* Now look at all the free time you'll have to get addicted to a better class of things: good books, mags, your own thoughts.

Making TV illegal treats the symptom, but it doesn't cure the disease. Maybe we should teach infants some sort of self-support meditation to get them off on the right foot. Then someday maybe compulsive-obsessive addictions—TV, Toll House cookies, lecturing other people—which seems to be a problem of mine—will cease to exist...

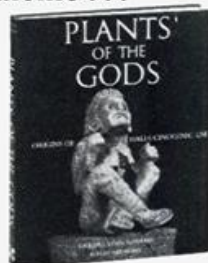
*Melanie Chartoff*

—Melanie Chartoff  
Co-star, ABC-TV's "Fridays"

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**Attack of the Killer Weed**

What's this world coming to, anyway? It seems I can't even walk out my back door anymore without being viciously attacked by a giant cannabis. —Attacked in Iowa

there? Your ramblings on *No Nukes* (May '80) that at first glance appear to be an album review turn out to be a series of wild insults and ludicrous opinions. As regards Jerry Brown, I would hope that you really don't take him too seriously, but perhaps you actually know as little about politics as you do about music. It is unfortunate that you let yourself be hoist with your own petard, John, but "it's a measure of your own self-righteousness that you don't even realize how stupid you appear."

—Name Withheld, Philadelphia, Pa.

I found John Swenson's critique of the *No Nukes* album and concerts

# Letters.

**Psychotic Reaction**

Well, it finally happened. Some of the so-called good people of McKenzie, Tennessee, have forced the only place in town that sells HIGH TIMES to stop selling it. This didn't surprise me because the town is manipulated by the churches and their leaders. They are acting true to form: Knowledge is dangerous and Ignorance is blessed. So now I am forced to take out a subscription. I don't usually do this, but in this case (because your magazine is so damn good) I won't even think twice. This is the last straw. They have raised my anger to the point of no return. Death to Religion! Death to Ignorance! Keep up the good work.

—The Last Beatnik in America,  
McKenzie, Tenn.

**Swenson Agonistes**

Where in the world did you come from, John Swenson, and more importantly, why didn't you stay

extremely childish. It sounded as if Mr. Swenson needed to find something to dump on and closed his eyes, threw the dart and hit *No Nukes*. Yes, those of us who experienced the '60s do have trouble forgetting that era, but then again who *wants* to? It was a vital alive period and I doubt it'll ever happen again. From Mr. Swenson's tone about the musicians of that era I get the feeling that he was born too late, missed the '60s, and is pissed about it. Sorry John. As for calling musicians and performers such as CS&N, Bonnie Raitt, Jackson Browne, the Doobies and John Hall has-beens, I suggest Mr. Swenson get his head out of his stash box and come up for air. Does Mr. Swenson suppose pins in your cheeks and banging heads together is raising anyone's consciousness musically, politically or any other way?

—Scott A. Johnston  
Shippensburg, Pa.



*Svenson replies:* "My criticism of *No Nukes* is that it's a banal and pretentious record. The politics mean as little as similar statements by the Clash today or CS&N ten years ago: They're naive stances taken by entertainers, the protest of the privileged. I have to laugh that you assume I am a punk rock fan (most punk rock exists on the same level of sincerity as the MUSE concerts, rock hiding behind a cause calculated to bolster its authority). Criticize nuclear power all you want (and good luck to you) but don't tell me *No Nukes* is worth listening to."

### Alaskan Pipeline

This sign on a busy street corner in Anchorage is proof that Alaska's really cool. Five years after de facto legislation and the state is still doing as well as ever, if not better: no hordes of reefer-crazed criminals roaming the streets, no mass epidemics of lung, brain, or chromosome damage, nor has the socioeconomic machinery come to a grinding halt as a result of pervading amotivational syndromes. In fact, the legislature just gave back all of our taxes this year: Howard Jarvis, please take note. Pray for a sunny summer.

—MGSD, Anchorage, Alaska



### Correction

The photo on the opening page of "From Beer to Eternity," which appeared in the June '80 issue of *HIGH TIMES*, was incorrectly attributed to Steve Strauss. The photo was taken by Anthony Barboza. We apologize for this error.—Ed. ☐

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# Futurescope.

by Robert Anton Wilson

The drug culture, so-called, is obviously part of something bigger, vaguely known as the consciousness movement, which in turn is the offspring of some species of miscegenation between scientific psychology and traditional mysticism. But "science," "psychology" and "mysticism" are all parts of the mind's own self-discovery, its gradual recognition of its innate faculties and powers. We are all evolutionary surfers, riding on a wave that has been rising for 3½ billion years and rises faster all the time.

Because, dig, when consciousness dawned on this planet it seemed to have been capable of only two ideas, to wit: if it looks edible, eat it; and, if it looks like it thinks you're edible, get away from it. We shouldn't look down our noses at this simple, elegant unicellular script. It worked for a long time and it is still working—as you can see if you look through a microscope at a drop of water.

But God or Evolution or some damned thing decided, about 500 million years ago, that the game of life would be more amusing with a more complicated script. The gross morphology of species began to change rapidly into myriads of multicellular forms, and the rise of consciousness accelerated.

Sociability, territoriality and hierarchy were invented. The average mammal developed a set of political principles or mechanical programs that could be verbalized as follows: "I am better than the lower classes, and when food is scarce I am allowed to eat even if they starve. Whenever they get uppity, I can bully them and remind them of their low status. The big *alphas*, on the other hand, can bully me, and can eat even if I have to starve, and they get first choice at mating time. But we're the best damned pack in the whole forest and we'll whip the ass of anybody who tries to take over our turf." This is a lot more complicated a principle than Eat it or flee it, and fat books have been written just analyzing the complexities of these sociobiological systems. You will still find them operative in adolescent gangs and in rudimentary adults like Ronald Reagan.

But then God or Evolution or whatever—the ancient astronauts maybe—decided



about 100,000 years ago to develop an even more complex kind of consciousness. The hominid, and later the fully human, mind was born; and mind set forth to label and index the world, to make a map of existence. It created language, written records, history, mathematics, ticktacktoe and science.

In this process, humanity "created" itself, as sociologists say—lifted itself by its bootstraps. The human mind, the verbalizing mind, is a selffeeding agent that *becomes whatever it ingests*. We (as a species) learned that we could be philosophers by ingesting the signals of Socrates, Aristotle and company. We could become mystics by ingesting Buddha or Jesus, scientists by ingesting Galileo, et cetera. We even found—to our wonder and our horror—that we could become democrats by ingesting Jefferson, Nazis by ingesting Hitler, Jehovah's Witnesses by ingesting the proper diet of Jehovah's Witnesses signals. In short, we can become damned near anything we can imagine. We are still in the process of learning *how many* things we can become. As Nietzsche said: "What is humanity? A bridge between the ape and superhumanity—a bridge over an abyss."

So what are the drug culture, the consciousness movement, psychology itself

or even "mysticism"? They are parts of our journey across that bridge, over that abyss. We now know of more than 350 chemicals that will alter consciousness in startling or amusing ways. We know that biofeedback will produce some similar brain-changes plus some different ones. We are learning how the Lilly isolation tank, yoga, Zen and new gimmicks or old gimmicks rediscovered can mutate us to levels as far beyond the human average as that is beyond the mammalian average.

We even hear, not just from Tim Leary but from conservative scientists who have never gone to jail for heresy, talk about drugs to raise human intelligence. (Imagine a world without stupidity! How could politics survive? Or organized religion? Or even advertising?)

This column, in future months, will try to make a map of future neurology—of how many kinds of brain-change, consciousness expansion and ego alteration we can expect in the next 10 years, the next 20 years, the next 30... We will see, as we go along, that we can become anything we can imagine. The future of consciousness exists first in imagination, then in technology, then in reality. The question before us, to be decided in the next few decades, is What do we want to become. □





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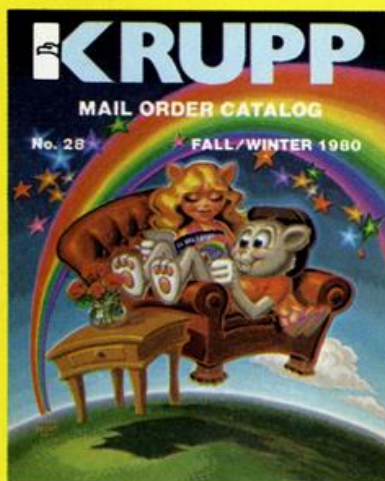
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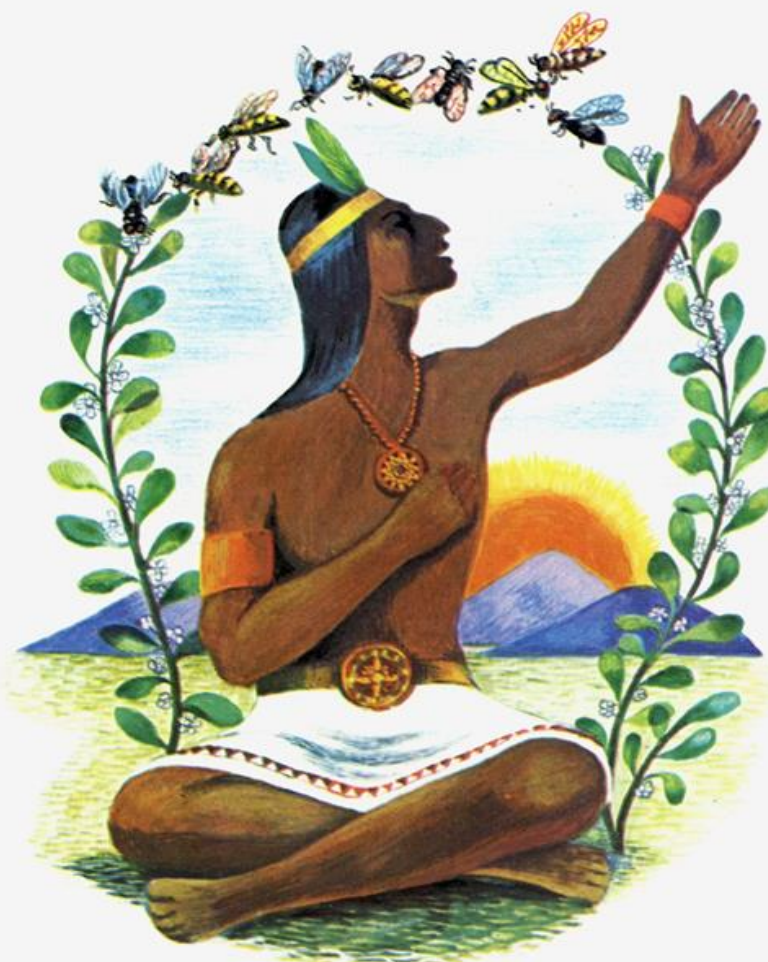
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# Zen Bastard.



by Paul Krassner

There had never been a joke about cunnilingus on TV until Johnny Carson managed to sneak one past NBC's Continuity Acceptance Department last Christmas. In his opening monologue he was talking about a certain secretary at the staff party. "I don't wanna say she's friendly, but she's the only girl at the office who hangs mistletoe *under* her desk." This line got such a big, long, leering laugh that Carson had to pretend innocence: "You know, I never thought of that implication." Compounding the hypocrisy, he continued, "Laverne hates the Xerox machine because it does it the same way every time."

However, when the Academy Award-winning *Coming Home* came to NBC, the central image of that film was censored. Viewers were protected from watching the scene in which Jon Voight gives offscreen head to Jane Fonda, who moaned with such overwhelming pleasure that Tom Hayden got jealous and parents became ashamed to explain to their children how a paraplegic could be a more passionate lover than somebody who could get an erection and walk at the same time.

I spoke with Mark Warner, who assisted Don Zimmerman in the editing of *Coming Home* for the movie screen and censoring

it for the TV set. The contract with United Artists included a clause calling for the delivery of the TV version, and it figured that the original editors would be the most logical ones to do it, although Warner called the process "totally disgusting." "After a year of painstaking work, I now had to aberrate it," he told me.

At the end, where Fonda's cinematic hubby, Bruce Dern, takes off all his clothes plus the wedding ring he had vowed never to remove, his athletic little ass was missing in action as he walked into the ocean, presumably to drown himself before the final Safeway commercial.

*Moral:* Going down for the third time is a more acceptable mode of behavior for kids to emulate than going down for the first time.

• • • • •

Independent TV producer Aaron Spelling indulged in the ultimate exploitation of the myth of the infamous Nielsen ratings by packaging a *cinema verité* series titled "The Nielsen Family." Each week, one of the actual Nielsen families scattered throughout the nation was featured. Since virtually all of the 1,100 sample families had a unique sense of identification with the protagonists, they became instant fans, and their loyalty was statistically projected into an unprecedented 100 percent share of the television audience at large. Each segment revolved around a Nielsen family's viewing habits. Hence, an integral part of the show was clips of great moments from *other* shows, providing a powerful sense of security about the continuity of life.

The enormous popularity of "The Nielsen Family" was attributed to the integrity of its presentation. Once a grandmother muttered, "What a load of crap," in response to a presidential debate. Her comment was not omitted in the final edit. Participants were encouraged to be themselves. A college sophomore who happened to be home alone masturbated while watching the CBS evening news. Not only was this act shown (from behind the easy chair), but when the next week's Nielsen family was shown watching the episode, the onanistic student appeared again, this time to be laughed at for his poor technique.

Indeed, the program evolved into a vehicle for the editorial expression of average viewers. On one occasion, a black accountant defied tradition by looking away from his TV set and commenting directly to the camera: "Hey, listen, I just wanna say something that's been on my mind. Now, the way I figure it, the reason for

us Nielsen families existing is to get more money for commercials, except that *we*—the viewers—are the *real* products. I mean that's what they're selling, is people. Numbers of people. That's dehumanizing. Remember the Vietnam War? Well, I think that the body count they used to have every week was the logical extension of cost-per-thousand for a TV program, y'know what I mean?" Even a filmed discussion by network executives on whether or not to include that segment was left in.

The audience clamored for more. Such controversy had developed into a salable commodity. But a Fred Friendly investigative team disclosed in *TV Guide* that representatives of Procter & Gamble, General Foods and American Home Products had been bribing Nielsen family members to watch—and thus promote—programs sponsored by their companies. A public outcry ensued, forcing "The Nielsen Family" off the air.

It was replaced by a series called "Outtakes," which consisted entirely of unused material from other shows. This too became the basis of a video scandal when it was disclosed that several unscrupulous advertising agencies had been paying performers to deliberately make mistakes. "Outtakes" was in turn replaced by a situation comedy, based on the film *Being There*, about an isolated individual who, through the technological grace of a channel selector, worships the TV program of his ostensible choice. This series was quite successful, numberswise if not critically.

Quipped ratings czar Arthur Charles Nielsen II, "The quality of co-option is not strained." □





# Getting Off.

by Michael Stepanian

This is the first in a series of columns that highlight legal information, stories, concepts, ideas and rumors. It's about the yin and the yang I've learned trying drug cases since the '60s.

The changes in law enforcement have been unbelievable and drastic since I began practicing law in the Haight. At that time my partner and I created the Haight Ashbury Legal Organization, which was financed by Bill Graham's concerts in the summer of love. We represented anyone who was there and provided free legal aid for several years. Not one of our clients went to the joint. At that time, the cops were just as naive as we were. Now law enforcement is becoming more sophisticated. It's about time we all got hipper to what's happening with our legal rights.

The courts and the cops have a lot more money and are more organized than in the past. Our people have not kept up as well. The sons and daughters of our clients of the past are running into the same kinds of problems we were confronted with in the Haight in '65. In the coming months I hope to impart to you all I've learned while representing the best people in the world—the people of our culture, the people who, because of drug prohibition, are forced to live like outlaws. It will be fun, educational, sometimes sad, but always hopeful.

We're going to learn about arrests, searches, gestures, probable cause, booking, fingerprinting, body searches, blood tests, urine tests, brutal tactics, choking, threats.

Border searches, plain sight, out of sight, skyjacking, privacy, piracy. Lineups, bail, bailbondsmen, personal histories. Hunches, suspicions, tips, victims. Roadblocks, record checks. Under the influence, investigative detention, stop and frisk. Salient factors, mistakes, association, nervousness, admonitions, coercion, illegal entry. Attenuation, subterfuge, abandonment, occupancy. Wife, mistress, parents, landlords, managers, guests, tenants, hotel



Jack Abraham

guests. Parolees, probation officers, federal statutes, state statutes, the Constitution, hearsay. Sentencing, presentencing, probation reports, groveling, begging, praying, priors. Telephonic warrants, forward-looking warrants, bad warrants, stale warrants, execution of warrants. Bill of Rights, 14th Amendment, fruit of the poisonous tree. Security officers, off-duty officers, investigators, DEA agents, customs, local cops, Interpol. Wiretapping, electronic surveillance, pen registers, computers, flashlights, binoculars, radar. Substantial evidence, cross-examination, turning over. Good lawyers, bad lawyers, fees for sale, a

ton, possession, a diversion. Handcuffs, jail, confessions, money.

Interrogation, promises, shining on. Kesey, Hunter, Wavy Gravy, Pranksters, Diggers, Mime Troupe, Emmett Grogan, Superbowl, rock 'n' roll. *Aguilar, Spinelli*, Supreme Court, district courts, justice courts, small claims. Cultivation, importation, sales, transportation, penalties. Mexico, Colombia, New York, Miami, Marin. Ripping off, samples, pieces. *Prima facie* cases, substantial compliance, *Chimel*, suspects.

Pretext searches, long searches. Plants, dogs, privacy, trespass, looking through windows and cars. Impounding vehicles, boats, offshore vessels, baggage, trunks. Weapons. Magistrates, district attorneys, U.S. attorneys. Strip searches, cavity searches. Conspiracy, controlled delivery, statements, specific intent, knowledge, *mens rea*. Air Transport Security Acts, Hovering Vessel Acts, *Miranda*.

Hot pursuit, grand juries, petit juries, influencing juries, picking juries, challenging juries. Appeal bonds, preserving evidence, augmenting records, rap sheets. Loitering, bindles, dropsy cases, safety codes, roving alien searches, motions, conflict of interest, diminished capacity, chemical defenses. Innocent clients, guilty clients, ripped-off clients, blinds, dominion and control, lie detectors, undercover agents, representing yourself. Prison searches, airport security checkpoints, profiles, forfeitures. Negotiated pleas, stipulated facts, bargaining, jury trials, leverage, power. Winning, losing, copping out, getting scared, keeping it happening. And a thousand things more.

We'll start with the basics. Remember this: When you're confronted, give only your name. In the Haight I handed out a little card (they sell them now in flea markets for 20 bucks apiece) that simply stated, "My name is \_\_\_\_\_. I cannot make a statement until I talk to a lawyer. Why am I being stopped?"

The first lesson in the next column is: Don't try to alibi. ☐



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4. "PARDON ME, BUT...YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEONE WHO GIVES A DAMN." 5. "Life is like a shit sandwich. The more bread you have the less shit you have to eat." 6. "I don't know. I don't care. And it doesn't make any difference." 7. "Those of you who think you know everything are very annoying to those of us who do." 8. "Sounds Like BULLSHIT To Me" 9. "It's not that you and I are so clever, but that the others are such fools." 10. "SO?" 11. "When choosing between two evils I always like to try the one I've never tried before." 12. "QUESTION AUTHORITY" 13. "Just because you're PARANOID doesn't mean everyone isn't out to get you." 14. "IGNORE ALIEN ORDERS" 15. "KNOW THYSELF (But don't tell anybody!)" 16. "If you can't dazzle 'em with brilliance, baffle 'em with bullshit." 17. "Because I feel like it!" 18. "There are no rules." 19. "I know you think you understood what I said, but what you heard was not what I meant." 20. "I'm too honest to be good" 21. "NO COMMENT" 22. "WARNING! This t-shirt contains a highly sophisticated bullshit detector. When alarm sounds please reengage your brain." 23. "Don't ask me no questions. I just might tell you the truth." 24. "We'll get along fine as soon as you realize I'm God" Silk screened blue on tan or white on black. First quality 100% cotton Hanes t-shirts. S,M,L,XL.

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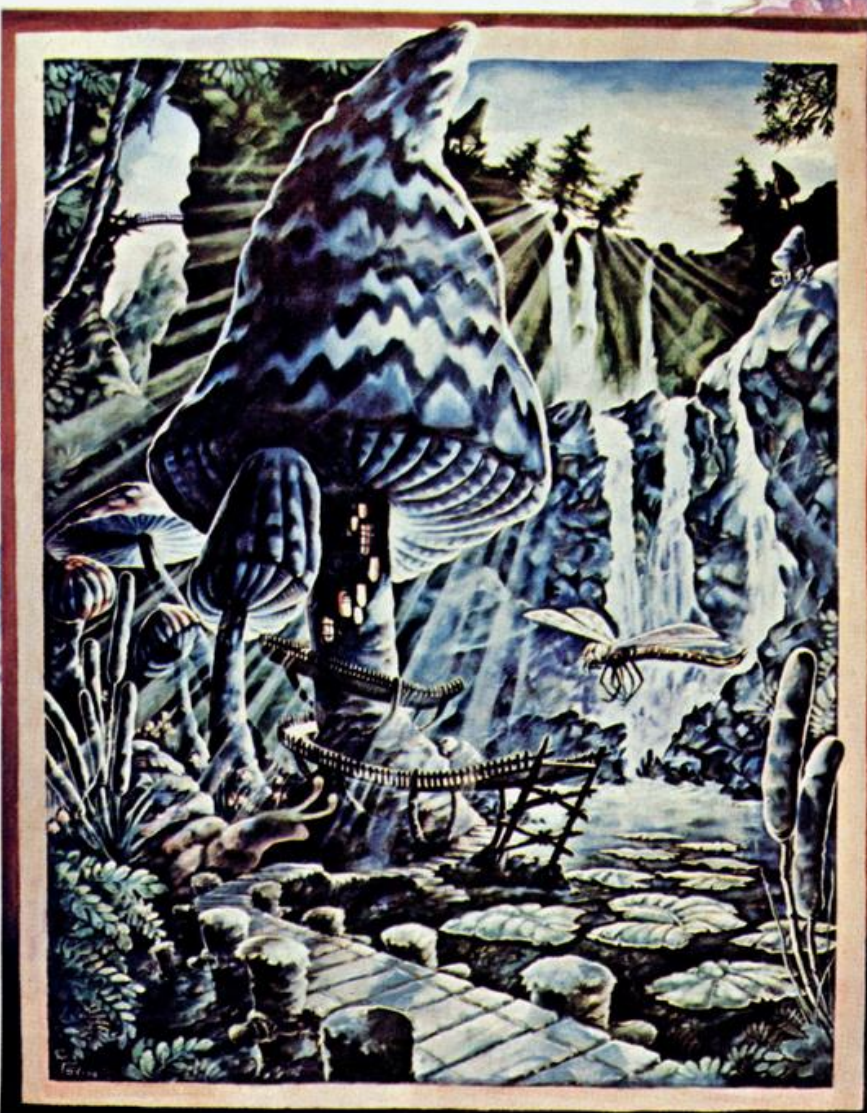
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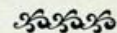
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# High signs.

John Wiser AE

October, 1980

**Don't be hasty! In the beginning of October you'll need to declare your freedom. Conditions you've been putting up with for some time will become intolerable. If you're a Taurus, Leo, Scorpio or Aquarius, it's time for something new!**

On **October 4** Venus enters Virgo for three weeks and you can focus your attention on end results in projects. If you're a Gemini, Virgo, Sagittarius or Pisces, you'll be critical in relationships and dissatisfied with anything short of perfection. If you're not critical, you may wonder what others are saying about you.

On **October 8** look around to see if your affairs are in order. Do you need to change anything? It's a new moon with the sun and moon in Libra and the emphasis on your social life. This new moon is a time to reach for freedom. You may see some of your efforts thwarted but don't let frustration lead to inaction. In the Aries, Cancer, Libra or Capricorn areas of your life, meet emergencies as they arise.

On **October 12** Mars enters Sagittarius for a six-week period when you'll act with good faith. You'll seek to be fair, won't play favorites, but won't accept obligations either. You'll live for today and if you're an Aries, Gemini, Virgo, Sagittarius or Pisces, you have to harness your restlessness. Decide what you want and take it.

Around **October 14** you may be forced to stand up for your rights. You'll work hard to accomplish your goals and can be successful, but you could also see your life fall apart before your eyes. Things may have to change radically to proceed. Anything that is an obvious failure should be left behind. If you're an Aries, Cancer, Libra or Capricorn, take advantage of opportunities as they arise.

On **October 22** Mercury goes through a change called retrograde: It appears to stop and then begin moving in the opposite direction of the sun. This begins one of the most noticeable astrological cycles and shows a time of great change on a social and political level. It is a time of communications breakdowns, when things you take for granted fail. For the three weeks Mercury is retrograde, you'll notice other people becoming preoccupied with

their own thoughts, leaving no time for you. This is obviously not the time to begin new projects. If you're a Taurus, Leo, Scorpio or Aquarius, it's better to wait and watch. Sum up your past successes or failures, decide which mistakes to correct and what changes to make in your life. Find a way to contribute your special abilities more effectively to society. If one of your relationships is breaking up now, it's probably because one of you is unrealistic and expects the other partner to live up to impossible ideals. If a relationship breaks up, let it go.

On **October 23** the sun enters Scorpio, bringing you insights into other people. Take advantage of this ability to further your own ends. Scorpio is a time of silences, when you keep important things to yourself. Once you make up your mind, nothing will change it. This can be a month of tremendous creativity, when you express yourself with great emotional force.

**October 23** is also a full moon. With the Scorpio sun and Taurus moon, this could begin a successful month if you keep your feet on the ground. Otherwise, you'll lose yourself in impractical dreams. This full moon is a time to be resourceful but with a definite plan. At the same time, share your resources, your talents and abilities. If you're a Taurus, Leo, Scorpio or Aquarius, it's time to expand your social horizons.

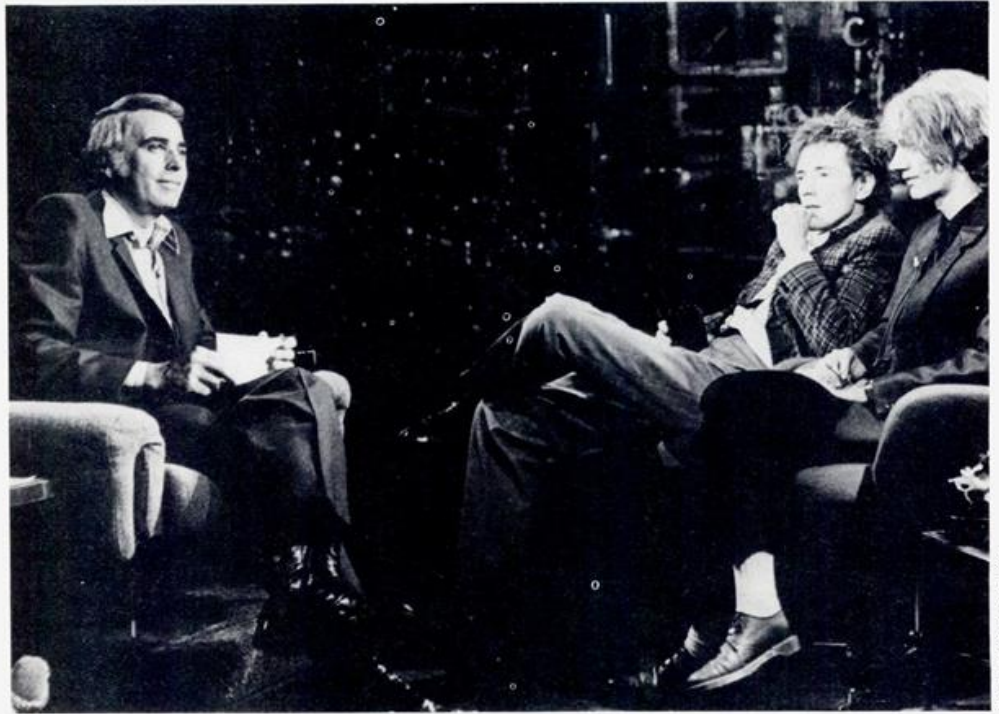
On **October 27** Jupiter enters Libra for a long stay of a year, a good time to expand socially. You can give new meaning to your social contacts, but be careful if you're an Aries, Cancer, Libra or Capricorn. Your social enthusiasms can make you too eager to please, making it difficult to commit yourself.

The end of October should be a time when you can smooth out difficulties in all of your relationships. On **October 30** Venus enters Libra for three weeks; you'll try finishing projects in a way that pleases everyone concerned. If you're an Aries, Cancer, Libra or Capricorn, you'll be romantic but unsteady and tend to end relationships and projects the minute new interests arise.

**If you have anything to do this month, do it early and then wait and watch! □**



**Heere's Johnny...** Lydon that is. Boy, did the sparks ever fly when the ex-Sex Pistol (center, at right) got together with the hulking **Tom Snyder** on the "Tomorrow Show" recently. Lydon (née Rotten) more than lived up to his rep as *enfant terrible* of the rock scene, hurling vicious mother insults at ol' Tom. Insomniacs across the nation stared slack jawed as these two titans battled each other, matching wits into the wee hours of the morning. After Rotten Johnny had gone, a weary Snyder told his audience that the show had been "one of the most interesting moments of my life." If you think *that's* heavy, wait 'til you get a load of the filth Rotten spills all over **HIGH TIMES** in next month's issue.



David McGough/Retna



Bettmann Archive



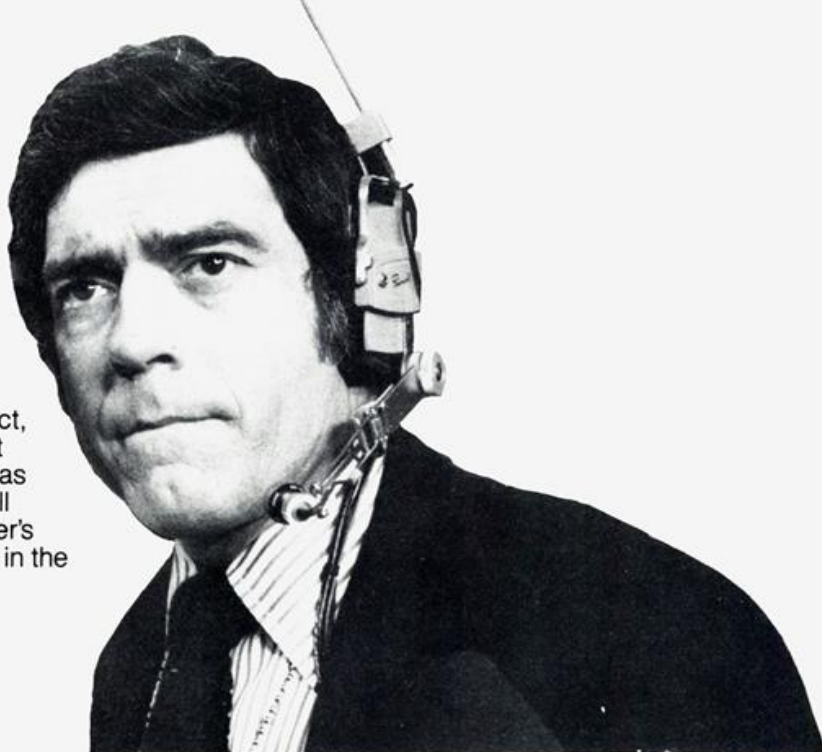
Sygma

**People's Parrrr-hic! Park!** A vest-pocket park in San Francisco's Tenderloin now wears a plaque that reads: "Honoring Winston Churchill, Ernest Hemingway, W.C. Fields, Judy Garland, **Ulysses S. Grant**, John Barrymore, **Betty Ford**, Salvador Dalí, Dylan Thomas, Janis Joplin." All these people got strung out behind alcohol. And now, all their *other* achievements seemingly forgotten, their names preside over a derelict's zone rigged with comfy nod-out benches and sleeping tubes for those without a fixed abode.

# High



That's the way it is... Isn't it?... I coulda swore... sometimes... No desk man he. **Dan Rather**, Cronkite's air apparent, likes to throw himself into his work. And vice versa. In a recent *Ladies' Home Journal* interview he revealed that he has ingested almost every known drug because of his journalistic curiosity. "I obey the law," he said. "I don't want to be coy. I have not smoked pot in this country. As a reporter—and I don't want to say that's the only context—I've tried everything. I can say to you with confidence I know a fair amount about LSD." In fact, Rather went so far as to have Houston cops shoot him up with smack in the '50s. "The experience was a special kind of hell. I came out understanding full well how one could be addicted to 'smack.'" Rather's revelations have fostered grass-roots movements in the Bible Belt to drop the anchor, man.



Don Helmy/Globe Photos



**The serpent in the garden:** CBN (Christian Broadcasting Network) is a multimillion-dollar TV facility that beams closed-circuit religious twaddle worldwide. CBN heartthrob **Robert Schuller** (below, *not* left) hauls in enough TV tithes to erect monstrosities like his Crystal Cathedral in Garden Grove, California. Meanwhile, in Manhattan, cable-porn producer **Ugly George** (left) is all set to pump out his tit twaddle to thousands of U.S. cable outlets. He'll even be beamed to Saudi Arabia to entertain the closed-circuit fundamentalists of Islam.



# society.



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LATEST  
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## NEWS

Latest Foreign  
and Domestic  
CommuniquesNo. 62  
October '80FANATICS  
RUN WILD!ANTI-POT PANIC  
GRIPS NATION

Anti-pot hysteria has gone nationwide with the formation of the National Federation of Parents for Drug-Free Youth. Claiming to represent over 370 local groups in 48 states, the federation is warmly supported by both the federal Drug Enforcement Administration (America's international dope-control cops) and the U.S. Labor Party (the bizarre cultlike political outfit currently running ex-Lefty Lyndon LaRouche for president). The federation also has close ties with the government's National Institute on Drug Abuse and with numerous anti-pot groups like the Michigan Anti-Drug Coalition, an admitted Labor Party front.

The press conference announcing the federation's formation, with Bill Barton of Naples, Florida, as president, was yet another forum for Sue Rusche, cofounder and president of DeKalb Families in Action, Inc. in Georgia. Speeches and literature from DeKalb Families make pot out to be

somewhat more poisonous than strontium 90, and Rusche was in top form on this occasion. Speaking against legalizing pot for use in cancer chemotherapy, she declared it would be "the same as giving penicillin to a sick person by making them eat the mold that creates the penicillin."



Sue Rusche, Dragon Lady of DeKalb County Families in Action, plots strategy in the war against heads and head shops.

Attending the press event in support of the new group were a gaggle of U.S. senators, congressmen and their wives and White House drug adviser Lee Dogoloff.

This linkup of 370 groups in

a national federation represents a major accomplishment for DeKalb Families, the pioneer hate-group in the field. It was Rusche's people who originated the notion of

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## AG BUREAUCRATS BLACK OUT POT CROP

by Michael Dorgan

Everybody knows marijuana is big business in California, but the state's agricultural officials are curiously uninterested in knowing just how big. Apparently fearful of being soiled by association with an illegal crop, California's 58 county agricultural commissioners ended a week of convention-eering and carousing here with a unanimous vote to continue to officially ignore one of the state's most valuable agricultural products—despite a warning that to ignore marijuana was to ignore their legal responsibility.

The warning came from Del Norte County agricultural commissioner L.J. Garrett, Jr., one of three California ag-

ricultural commissioners to include pot in his annual crop report this year.

"Section 2279 of the California Food and Agricultural Code requires the agricultural commissioner to compile reports of the condition, acreage, production and value of

agricultural products of his county," wrote Garrett in a letter read at a committee meeting before the final vote. "Marijuana is an agricultural crop. It is planted, cultivated, irrigated, harvested and sold . . . The fact that the cultivation of marijuana is illegal is beside the point as far as the agricultural commissioner is concerned in his reporting of agricultural crop production."

Despite Garrett's well-reasoned argument, the Standardization and Statistics Committee voted 5-0 in support of a resolution stating it is "not the policy of the Agricultural Commissioners As-

sociation to include in county agricultural crop reports crops not listed in the crop guidelines (of the State Department of Food and Agriculture)." And when the resolution was later put to a voice vote before the entire body of commissioners, not a single voice rose in opposition.

"I think the motion is a good one," said Riverside County's Robert M. Howie before the committee vote was taken. "It doesn't say a thing about what we can or can't do."

Howie was right. The motion stated a policy but did

continued on page 26



# Plea Bargain Takes Judge's Robes

by Peter Haley

A liberal California judge with a reputation for legal brilliance was forced to give up the bench to achieve the status of an ordinary defendant in a pot case. State court of appeals justice Paul Halvonik quit his prestigious \$65,000-a-year post while agreeing to a negotiated settlement of his eight-month-long, politically controversial pot case.

Because both pro- and anti-marijuana activists had rallied around the trial, Halvonik left to prevent the case from becoming "right wing" ammunition for an anti-pot crusade, according to his lawyer.

His supporters argue that his political prominence, rather than letting him off the hook, made him a prize catch for local law enforcement officials. Alameda County deputy district attorney Terry Bruners told reporters that Halvonik's resignation "put this case in a different posture," making it possible for authorities to deal with it "as a routine case."

"I'm convinced that no arrest would have been made, much less the prosecution, trial and toil that followed, if Paul were not a judge," said his wife, Deborah, codefendant in the trial.

The Halvoniks were arrested in September of 1979 when Oakland police raided their home and confiscated 323 marijuana plants and a small

snort of cocaine. Police had spotted the plants in an earlier investigation of a burglary at the Halvonik house. The 41-year-old judge was originally charged with felony cultivation and misdemeanor possession while his wife, also an attorney, faced similar charges and a felony rap for cocaine possession.

Deborah Halvonik, an activist in California's marijuana legalization initiative, says the facts show that the prosecution of their case was discriminatory: "In the last three years in Oakland, in over 400 cases where the police came into contact with cultivation cases, approximately 131 were arrested. Out of those arrested, 50 percent weren't charged or else had their charges reduced outside

of a trial.

"Out of the 20 cases where the district attorney actually went to trial, most involved enormous quantities of marijuana and evidence of sales."

Paul Halvonik is widely recognized as being both a brilliant and liberal legal authority. He served as director of the American Civil Liberties Union of Northern California and as Gov. Jerry Brown's legislative liaison. Brown appointed him to the appellate court in 1978.

Gray Davis, Brown's chief of staff, said of Halvonik, "During his short time on the bench he proved to be one of the most able and thoughtful judges ever to sit on the California judiciary."

Halvonik's plea of no contest in court gave him two



Ex-Judge Paul Halvonik

years probation and a suspended six-month sentence. His wife pleaded guilty to the same misdemeanor charges and was given a similar sentence plus a maximum \$500 fine.

## Tuna Honcho Calls Feds "Nazis"

"Pot dealers in America are given the same type of justice as a Jew in Hitler's Third Reich or a black man in Florida," orated herb import mogul Bobby Platshorn in his presentence statement. Platshorn, identified as the kingpin of the celebrated Black Tuna Gang, had little left to lose: Federal district judge James Lawrence King was about to slap him with a prison stretch of 64 years—with a mandatory 33 before he could be considered for parole—and \$325,000 in fines.

The DEA held that Bobby, and a number of Tuna defendants tried earlier, had imported more than a million pounds of weed, an amount they calculate made up 8 percent of the total weight moved through south Florida in the four years before 1979. Platshorn's sentence was the stiffest. His alleged coleader, Robert Meinster, was given 54 years and a fine of \$270,000.

In his 90-minute harangue at the sentencing, Bobby did all he could to justify special prosecutor Dana Biehl's as-

sertion that he showed no shred of remorse. He told the courtroom that Judge King was a victim of "a political head cold" that kept him from recognizing corruption in the justice department, and insisted that sentences for pot dealers "are as irrational and cruel as the Spanish Inquisition or the Salem witch trials."

Platshorn argued that "all that good, clean marijuana money" flowing through Florida banks in recent years had been the salvation of a regional economy that had been sagging since 1975. He charged that the government had invented "the Black Tuna Gang" for its own public relations purposes and he called the court proceedings "Soviet-style show trials... a government grandstand."

"I now face more prison time than some of the worst villains in our history," Bobby said, "more than a second-degree murderer, rapist, child molester, arsonist, more than Al Capone and probably more than Charlie Manson."

Meanwhile, feds say a twin-engine Cessna, busted in Stuart, Florida, carrying 505 pounds of weed and 78,000 Quaaludes, held documents linking the shipment to Raul Davila (Black Tuna himself). Davila, we hear, is still comfortably in control of Colombia's Magdalena Province and doing business as usual.



Ayatollah Sadegh Khalkali, chief justice of Iran's Revolutionary Tribunal, poses before a display of drugs seized at Ghasr prison in Tehran. Khalkali, who has ordered the executions of more than 100 alleged drug traffickers, accused the Mafia of trying to kill him recently when the brakes on his car failed and he plowed into a tree.

Wide World



# CUTTING THROUGH THE SHIT

Even in these dark days of politicians and "parents groups" digging up new-found "scientific" evidence of the dangers of pot smoking, a little light shines. The Drug Abuse Council, a national, independent blue-ribbon panel, has published its latest report, *The Facts About "Drug Abuse"* (New York: Macmillan, 1980), a serious plea for rationality on the whole subject of the "use and misuse" of licit and illicit drugs.

The council was created in 1972 in response to a Ford Foundation report (*Dealing With Drug Abuse*, New York: Praeger, 1972) that called for the formation of a nongovernment body to keep tabs on the drug scene. For the next seven years, it received Ford money, along with ample support from the Carnegie Corporation, the Commonwealth Fund and the Henry J. Kaiser Family Foundation. Its members have been prestigious doctors, academics, attorneys and systems analysts from across the political spectrum. If ever there was a "drug abuse" agency uncontaminated by political bias or special interests, it is the Drug Abuse Council.

You might imagine that, with credentials like these behind it, the publication of *The Facts About "Drug Abuse"* would draw some media attention: but "reefer madness" is back in town, and the council's report has been ignored like a fart at an uptown cocktail party.

The 1980 council report is a cautious appraisal of the drug scene, evenhanded almost to a fault. The section on marijuana, for example, is a flat statement of the obvious: that the herb is nontoxic as used in this society; the number of people of any age smoking it has stabilized since the mid '70s, and laws against pot are socially detrimental.

However subversive *The Facts About "Drug Abuse"* may seem to the zealots and bluenoses who make their living off paranoia, the report is ultimately nothing more than an enlightened conservative analysis aimed at making the system run a little more smoothly.

The report dodges the pitfall of offering detailed suggestions for "tinkering with

the mechanisms" of public programs, and instead proposes "a significant rethinking of our approach to drugs." Toward that end, it makes seven "observations," which, summarized briefly, go something like this:

1. "Psychoactive substances have been available for use since the beginning of recorded time and will predictably remain so."

looking for roaches.)

5. "Drug-related laws and policies center too often on drugs themselves and not often enough on the problems of the people misusing them. This leads to preoccupation with and elaboration of the adverse aspects of certain drugs, as if they themselves were somehow culpable."

6. "Too many Americans have unrealistic expectations

those enforcing it."

"To brand as criminals hundreds of thousands of American youths otherwise leading normal lives, by virtue of their experimental or recreational marijuana use, presents a fundamental problem in a society founded on principles of justice and respect for law," the report notes. "The basic problem with law enforcement efforts," it states, "lies with the drug laws themselves." The council even takes some cautious swipes at the narcs, referring to the "questionable tactics" used in developing cases against users.

The report cites some solid evidence in its arguments against the hard-liners: "Exhaustive study has revealed little deterrent impact from the so-called 'get tough' drug laws of New York State [ordaining mandatory sentences of 20 years to life for possession of any amount of smack or coke]. This study showed little change in the incidence and prevalence of heroin or other illicit drug use as a result of the new law. Similarly, in Oregon, where annual surveys have been conducted to assess the impact of that state's enactment of marijuana 'decriminalization,' no appreciable increase in use has been observed over time or in comparison to the jurisdictions where marijuana penalties have remained stringent."

Occasionally, the council seems to sidestep the logical conclusions of its own arguments, however. It states unequivocally that "the use of criminal law and criminal procedures to deter marijuana use results in more harm to society than is warranted by present knowledge regarding its potential harm with moderate use." But, instead of calling for legalization, it recommends only decriminalization on a variety of "legislative models."

The Drug Abuse Council defines the drug question this way: "The challenge facing America regarding drugs is to determine how best to live with the inevitable availability of psychoactive drugs while mitigating the harmful aspects of misuse." In that respect, at least, we are all in agreement. Who wants to be strung or bummed out? Not you. Not us.



2. "While the use of psychoactive drugs is pervasive, misuse is much less frequent. A failure to distinguish between the misuse and the use of drugs creates the impression that all use is misuse or 'drug abuse.'"

3. "While not enough is known about why certain individuals misuse drugs, it is known that there is a definite correlation between pervasive social ills—such as poverty, unemployment and racial discrimination—and drug misuse. . . . So long as these adverse social conditions persist, widespread drug misuse can be expected."

4. "Attempts to control the availability of drugs" cause civil liberties problems, and, the report goes on somewhat elliptically, "To state it plainly, the price of an effective strategy for eliminating drug misuse would be perceived by many Americans as too high in terms of the invasion of privacy and the abrogation of individual freedoms." (In other words, voters don't like cops storming through their houses

about what drug laws and programs can accomplish." In short, the council argues that people too often believe laws will eliminate drugs, which will reduce crime and in turn increase employment and restore the family. It ain't so.

7. American "drug problems" are not, as is sometimes thought, the result of a conspiracy among the Third World countries where raw drugs are generally produced: "They derive from our history and cultural traditions, our mistakes and prejudices, our societal ills and flaws—not those of Turks, Mexicans, Burmese or Colombians."

The council stops short of endorsing the "unbridled use of psychoactive drugs," but it does say, in no uncertain terms, that law enforcement has been overemphasized. The narcs' battle against heads, they explain, has "continued blindly and repetitiously" at a cost assessable not only in dollars but in "increased burdens on the criminal justice system, corruption, and decreased respect for law and



# COMMISSIONERS NIX POT REPORTS

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not restrict any individual commissioner from including marijuana in his report if he so chose. It was obvious, though, that few would.

Reasons varied. Some commissioners said that because marijuana is illegal, it is hidden, and therefore hard to document. These commissioners feared that estimates would be mere guesses and soon everyone would wonder if they were also guessing on apples and avocados.

Already the list of what the commissioners must keep track of is long and getting longer. State agricultural economist Ray Borton told them that this year freshwater fish, horses and worms were being added to the list and that manure is now under serious consideration because of its methane and other valuable components. A collective groan filled the room. But as chagrined as the commissioners were at the likely inclusion of manure, they clearly indicated they would rather be out sniffing shit than stalking the elusive marijuana crop.

Most seemed less concerned with the accuracy problem than with the unsavoriness of dealing with contraband crops and the creepy-crawly criminals who grow them. "Most of us oppose reporting marijuana because it's an illegal crop and would compromise our ethics," said Sutter County's Alfred C. Perrin, Jr.

As ethical as they may claim to be, the commissioners apparently suffered no spasms of conscience while being wine and dined throughout the week by several giant chemical companies eager to present their side in the growing pesticide and herbicide controversies. Included in a list of festivities handed out with meeting schedules were "hospitality gatherings" sponsored by Shell Oil Company, Mobay Chemical Corporation and G.B. Dupont Company. Not a company to forget the wives, Dupont followed up its hospitality hour on Wednesday with a "Ladies Strawberry Breakfast" on Thursday.

Had the commissioners voted to include marijuana in their reports, Garrett says

the figures—however they were compiled—would have been "very embarrassing" to the state because they would have indicated that "this hidden crop that's been totally unreported is suddenly one of the state's ten most valuable crops."

Garrett's ranking of marijuana is based on crop reports from four northern counties: Del Norte (Garrett's own territory), Mendocino, Humboldt and Trinity. (Humboldt County documented marijuana crops but did not include them in the annual report.) Their total estimated crop value—\$136 million—is, by all accounts, conservative in the extreme.

In Trinity County, for example, Commissioner Paul E. Smith included only dope that had been confiscated by the sheriff's department. If he had used the common formula that assumes that for every plant captured, nine survive, his \$3.9 million estimate would have bloomed into \$39 million. The other commissioners used additional sources of information, including stumps found in

fields and interviews with growers, but still, says Garrett, the estimates were "very, very conservative."

Yet even those conservative estimates from only four counties put dope in 21st place, between celery and turkeys, on the state's list of most valuable crops. If reasonable estimates were compiled of the marijuana crops in all 58 counties, Garrett says marijuana would certainly rank in the top ten and would "very likely" bump cattle and calves, valued at over \$1 billion last year, as this agricultural giant's most valuable crop.

Nobody challenged Garrett's estimates, only the propriety of his making them. And if the commissioners had needed any backup in their official lack of interest in marijuana, it was available from sources no less powerful than John Thurman, chairman of the State Assembly Committee on Agriculture, and Richard Rominger, head of the state's Department of Food and Agriculture.

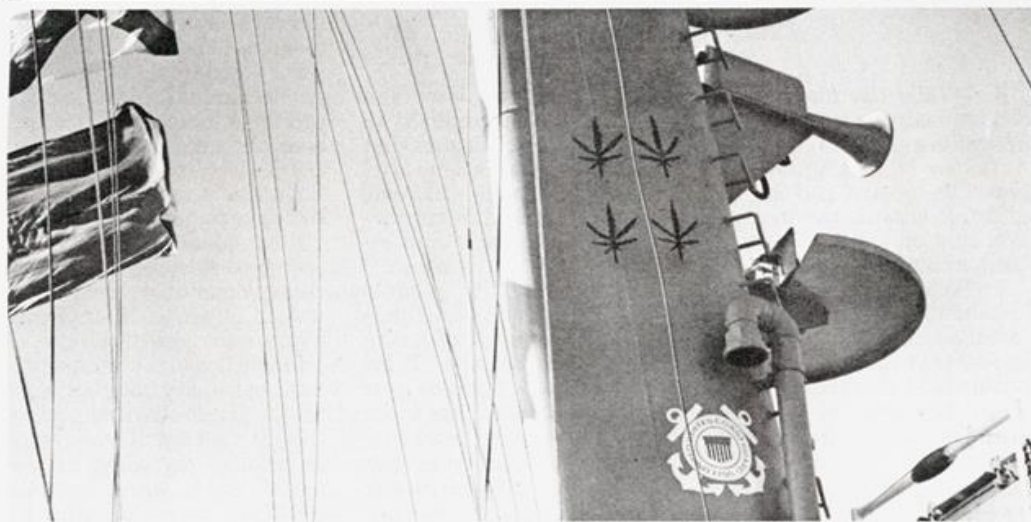
In a letter to Mendocino County's Ted Eriksen, Thurman said he was "appalled to receive today a copy of your 1979 Crop Report in which you provided data which calculated marijuana production in Mendocino County having amounted to \$90 million.... I think that it is ridiculous for you as a county employee and a representative of the director of Food and Agriculture to waste taxpayers' dollars collecting such data."

As for Rominger, he said in an interview that when the state publishes its crop report, based on county crop reports, the marijuana estimates from Del Norte, Mendocino and Trinity Counties will not be included. Furthermore, he said that even if the commissioners had voted to include marijuana, he still would have refused to include marijuana data in the state report.

Marijuana is "not a recognized crop," he said. "It's not on the list." Who makes up the list? Rominger conceded that it is compiled by his own department.

Asked why he would not add marijuana to the list, Rominger answered simply and tersely: "It's inappropriate at this time."

Got that?



Four regal marijuana leaves grace the mast of the U.S. Coast Guard cutter *Alert*, moored in Wilmington, North Carolina, following the seizure of the Panamanian freighter *Jell II* off the Carolina coast. Two smaller vessels, 10 tons of weed and 17 people were also snatched. The leaves represent not what the crew smokes in their cabins but the *Alert*'s tally of high-seas busts.

## Bluenoses Battle Dope Gear

continued from page 23

organizing on county—as opposed to state or city—levels to exploit little-known "civil forfeiture" regulations. County "civil forfeiture" procedures are a legal means by

which unpopular local entrepreneurs can be harassed out of existence without the expense and constitutional difficulty of criminal prosecution. The DEA itself wrote the tactic into its Model Parapherna-

lia Act, versions of which are now pending or have been passed—and face challenges for unconstitutionality—in nearly every state with an anti-pot group registered with the National Federation.



**Members Brand It  
a "Facade"**

## Carter Drug Council Exposed

Two members of the White House Strategy Council on Drug Abuse are so bummed out about the way the council has been stumbling along that they have asked Congress to reduce it to an advisory status or abolish it altogether. Joyce Lowinson, director of the division of substance abuse services at Albert Einstein College of Medicine in New York, and David Musto, a research scientist at Yale Medical School's Child Study Center, expressed their frustrations in a recent editorial column in the *New York Times*.

Lowinson and Musto were appointed to the council when it was formed in November, 1977. The group consists of six non-government and seven federal members, including cabinet officers and other high government officials. Its ostensible purpose is to oversee all federal strategy against "drug abuse" and trafficking, but Lowinson and Musto complained that it has not met since October 3, 1979; that they have been denied access to classified information, and that the information they have received was delayed, sometimes for years.

For these and other reasons, they said, the government is failing to deal with the current heroin crisis brought on by a new supply of smack from the Middle East that is "more potent, cheaper and more available than at any time in the last 20 years." They noted that despite a 77 percent increase in the number of drug-related deaths last year in New York City, the Carter administration, without consulting the council, has called for a \$40-million cut in funding for drug-abuse treatment programs.

"It is difficult to believe that the need for treatment can be less in 1980 than in earlier years. The cost of jailing drug users is far higher and less effective than the cost of treatment," they told *Times* readers.

"The council," the two members said, "apparently is a facade behind which bureaucrats alone continue to establish policy."

## Pot Power

What to do with all that imported weed confiscated in the Sunshine State? Well, Florida Power and Light execs and DEA representatives are studying the possibility of burning it to drive steam turbines that produce electricity. Someone in the federal government has calculated that about a barrel of oil could be saved for every 1,000 pounds of herb burned. We await the environmental impact statement on medical dangers of THC fallout downwind of the smokestacks.



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# Out of the Closets and Into the Streets

by Bud Bogart

Not gays, pot. Indoor growing methods have advanced so rapidly that this summer housepot turned up in the marketplace and proved what indoor growing aficionados have been claiming for years: Pot from the basement can be as good as pot from the mountains. In Vancouver they're growing it with metal halide lights, controlled temperature, humidity and CO<sub>2</sub> levels in hydroponics systems; in Alaska, where several judges have ruled in favor of those busted, heads are setting up greenhouses that are sometimes bigger than the houses they're living in; and in New York City, within a few blocks of Madison Square Garden, a man has converted his studio loft into a city plantation that yields about two pounds a month—worth \$1,200 each on the streets.

## TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

While the quality of most housepot is less than that of the top-line outdoor sinsemillas, it is definitely on a par with the commercial-range sines that now dominate the market at \$900 to \$1,600 a pound. Actually, the indoor pot has been test-marketed for a couple of years. Sellers often didn't mention that it was housepot, fearing consumers would distrust "unnatural" growing methods. But the pot elicited good reviews and now the dealers are breaking in the public. Ultimately, though, the big winners will be the do-it-yourselfers who incorporate these evolutionary breakthroughs into their own stashboxes.

**Geritol Smugglers:** Well, not quite, but the next best thing: KH3, the "wonder" youth elixir so popular in Eastern Europe—where it is legal—is now pouring into the U.S. Startled Customs agents have been rousting gray-haired little old ladies with bagfuls of the stuff as they enter the U.S. Like laetrile, KH3 isn't a recreational drug but one that a lot of people think will work despite the U.S. medical establishment's protests. It uses a procaine base and is supposed to slow the aging process. D-men have been told to be on the lookout for it.

**South Seas Adventure:** From the dealers' point of view there are two main consumer marketplaces for dope: the U.S. and Western Europe. Now comes a third area, running roughly from the eastern Asian island nations through Australia. Japan is right up there among the top two or three

dope-using countries, while Australia, New Zealand and even the Philippines are not far behind. Pot grown on South Pacific islands is said to be truly a wonder—probably the best pot that can be grown in the world today, under the best conditions. These reports come from vagabonds who have spent growing seasons in New Zealand, the New Hebrides and elsewhere. And while there is virtually no harvest from these areas at present, there are a growing number of Western emigres planting their seeds on the ground, so look for it in the future. Meanwhile, we're told the next big growing region in that part of the world will be the Philippines.

### Different Strokes for Different Smokes:

It's official: The smuggler's moon over Miami has waned. As readers of these pages knew long ago, seagoing Caribbean smugglers have abandoned the warm climes of Florida as their main port and shifted their operations to a number of new locales. The heat was just too much.

Now the feds have come up with the stats. Last year 2½ million pounds of reefer got popped in the southeast region of the U.S., the Bahamas and the Caribbean, as opposed to 4 million pounds the year before. Cocaine seizures were also down. Last year only 191 boats were seized, down from 240 in 1978. The only increase was in the number of planes, up to 81 from 39 the year before. Explains Miami Custom's official Jim Dingfelder: "They were hurt bad in 1978 with the mother ships. Now they're cutting back and flying in smaller loads on planes. We don't get many 50-ton busts anymore."

**Narc Narc, Who's There?** Northern California growers are shaking in their Pumas over ominous and ever-increasing rumors that this fall will be the showdown between the growers and the law. Supposedly sympathetic local fuzz have tipped off some people that a joint state and federal strike force is out to prove you can't flout the law quite so openly as they love to in the sinse lands. Also, reports of satellite surveillance have added to the jitters. The feds are keeping mum.

**Hear Hear!** Pot prices have been tumbling in southwestern England the last few months, partly as a result of the hot new Colombian market there. Also, some homegrown is in the works. Some of this pot, along with mushrooms, is being turned into some verry interesting potables. These home brewers, who claim to derive from ancient Celtic stock and to be privy to age-old brewing secrets, say the recipe for psychedelic ale is thousands of years old and part of the basis for the British Empire's longtime world domination. (Look out—they gave us Dylan Thomas and Tom Jones too.)



# TRANS-HIGH MARKET QUOTATIONS

AUSTRALIA			
Domestic grass	kangaroo boo	oz	30-40
		lb	350-550
Colombian pot	mostly 'merish	oz	75-225
		lb	800-1200
Thai sticks	super but sparse	one	15-20
		100	1000-1200
Pseudo sticks	hold out for the	one	8-13
	real thing	oz	100-120
New Zealand	budding market	oz	75
homegrown		lb	600-750
Domestic	rotten	oz	50-100
homegrown		lb	300-500
Putty hash	adulterated	oz	210-250
	Lebanese	lb	2800-3000
Nepalese fingers	critic's choice	oz	250-400
		lb	3000-4500
Indian hash oil	at times primo	gm	20-45
		oz	420-620
Pakistani hash	knocks your	oz	350-400
	socks off	lb	3500-4000
Mushrooms	ubiquitous	oz	50-75
LSD	seek and ye	one	4-6
	shall find	100	300-500
Mandrax	still pharmaceutical	one	3-6
	here	100	150-400
Cocaine	almost	gm	140-175
	nonexistent	oz	3000-3200
	of late		

CANADA			
Commercial	surfeit	oz	50-75
Colombian		lb	600-800
Gold and red	Montreal &	oz	75-125
Colombian	Vancouver	lb	800-1050
Hawaiian buds	aloha	oz	250-350
		lb	2800-3600
Jamaican pot	comeback bid	oz	50-70
		lb	500-800
Mexican tops	Yo-Yo market	oz	60-100
		lb	600-800
California	top dog on the	oz	175-275
sinsemilla	streets	lb	1750-3000
Homegrown pot	some shit,	oz	10-35
	some shinola	lb	50-200
Hash	lots of Leb	oz	140-175
		lb	1900-2500
LSD	your choice	one	4-10
		100	200-450
Mandrax	authentic;	ea	3-6
	Old World	100	275-450
Cocaine	disco toot	gm	85-150
		oz	1850-2500

COLOMBIA			
Santa Marta	bales or crokers	oz	7-15
golds, reds		lb	60-100
Commercial	more than ever	oz	2-5
domestic		lb	30-80
Colombian hash	back to the	oz	8-25
	drawing board	lb	100-225
Hash oil	a loser,	oz	150-200
	surprisingly	lb	1500-2000
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	oz	40-75
Cocaine	lots of lines	oz	175-225
		lb	2500-3000

DENMARK			
Imported weed	lots of 'lombo	oz	75-125
		kilo	1250-3750
Homegrown pot	not bad	oz	free to \$10
Moroccan hash	passable	oz	85-135
		kilo	1250-3000
Lebanese hash	conventioneer's	oz	85-150
	choice	kilo	1700-2700
Black Afghani	top banana	oz	175-200
hash			
Pakistani hash	ditto	oz	175-200
Cocaine	brisk market	gm	100-150
		kilo	50,000

ENGLAND			
African grass	Congo bongo	oz	90-100
		lb	750-1000
Colombian grass	lots of 'merish	oz	90-110
		lb	750-1050
Kashmir twist	small but good	one	10
sticks		oz	110-130
Thai sticks	great, rare	one	15-25
Homegrown	shaping up as	oz	free to 50
	record year	lb	100-350
Jamaican pot	seedy, super	oz	100-125
		lb	800-1050
Black Kashmir	high tide	oz	100-150
hash			
Moroccan hash	cheaper than ever	oz	60-85
		lb	750-1000
Paki black hash	hold onto your	oz	100-125
	eyeballs	lb	1100-1250
Nepal temple	from 6000 yrs	oz	150-200
ball hash	experience	lb	1750-2000
Hash oil	cheap rates now	gm	20-30
		oz	475-525

LSD			
	back in business	one	7-10
	lately	100	500-700
Cocaine	scarce but there	gm	135-180
		oz	270
Opium	sticky as flypaper	oz	180-300
		lb	1800-2100
Mandrax	limey 'ludes	one	3-6

JAPAN			
Colombian pot	scarce, feeble	oz	120-300
		lb	1200-1600
Philippine pot	expanding market	oz	45-50
		lb	500-600
Homegrown	around, not bad	oz	90-120
		lb	900-1200
Thai sticks	tourist special	one	40-75
		oz	400-750
Buddha sticks	rarity, superb	one	40-60
Hokkaido sticks	handsome but	oz	115-125
	dumb		
Philippine hash	prices up	gr	25-40
		oz	300-375
Lebanese hash	not worth it	gr	50
LSD	surprising variety	one	10-20
Mushrooms	greenhouse	oz	50
Opium	excellent	gr	25-50
Cocaine	huh?	gr	80-150
Speed	advanced	gr	75-85
	Japanese		
	model		

MEXICO			
Oaxacan tops	a real skullfucker	oz	7-12
		lb	60-120
Mexican	much pollinated	oz	5-10
sinsemilla		lb	50-80
Acapulco gold	soon to season	oz	10-20
		lb	50-100
Guerrero gold	muchos pesos	oz	7-12
	when around	lb	65-125
Emerald hash	long time no see	oz	45-100
		lb	450-550
Cocaine	don't be a chump	gm	30-50
		oz	400-700
Opium	searching for a	oz	50-100
	market	lb	400-600

NEW ZEALAND			
Buddha sticks	chewed-looking	one	12-15
	but great		
Homegrown	ace pot	oz	60-65
"heads"			
Afghani hash	inferior grades	gm	20
		oz	120-175
Hash oil	good stuff	cap	15-20
		oz	80
Psychedelic	local varieties	oz	30-50
cactus			
LSD	less than	one	4-6
	impressive		
THAILAND			
Pattaya Beach	intoxicating sticks	ea	50-83
buds		lb	200-250
Loose buds	smooth as	lb	150-250
	Amaretto di		
	Saronno		
Philippine buds	thanx to the	oz	30
	anchor crankers	lb	250-300

USA			
Commercial	Southern	oz	10-50
Mexican	standard	lb	100-500
Top-grade	back in the	oz	50-75
Mexican	saddle again	lb	475-650
Mexican	dormant	oz	60-75
sinsemilla		lb	500-600
Quality Jamaican	East Coast	oz	40-60
	mostly	lb	475-550
Jamaican	slim pickins	oz	75-125
sinsemilla		lb	800-1250
Commercial	petering out	oz	35-45
Colombian		lb	450-500
Connoisseur	spot droughts	oz	50-85
Colombian		lb	500-800
shake	look for it in	oz	20
	the fall	lb	200-275
Colombian seeds	from gold shake	lb	25
Pseudo Thai	phhht	oz	75-125
sticks		lb	750-1250
Thai sticks	rolling in	one	15-35
	heavily	oz	150-175
Loose Thai	often too much	oz	110-160
	lumber	lb	1200-1800
Various Africans	unimpressive	oz	40-75
		lb	425-550
Hawaiian	top dollar	oz	200-320
		lb	2000-3200
Moroccan hash	huge, mediocre	oz	90-125
	slabs	lb	1100-1750
Lebanese hash	business as usual	oz	100-150
		lb	1400-1750

Black Afghani	costly but boss	oz	150-200
hash		lb	1600-2200
Nepalese hash	here again	oz	140-180
		lb	1600-2000
Paki hash	suitcase stashes	oz	150
		lb	1350-1800
Hash oils	good but slow	gm	30-60
	movers	oz	500-1000
Palkocybin	fresh	oz	25-45
mushrooms		lb	100-250
Peyote	grow your own	oz	25-40
		lb	200-500
LSD	many "brand	one	1.50-5.00
	names"	100	150-300
Cocaine	off	gm	80-120
		oz	1800-2500
Methaqualone	surprisingly strong	one	3-8
	supply	100	300-500
MDA	best to analyze	gm	65-100
Crystal meth	back to normal	gm	45-85
		oz	900-1450
Crosses and	everywhere	100	25-200
black beauts			
PCP	devil dope	gm	60-75
Opium	Iranian war	gm	25-40
	surplus		

Alaska			
Commercial	booming business	oz	55-80
Colombian		lb	500-650
Connoisseur	scarce as seal	oz	90-125
Colombian	feathers	lb	650-900
Domestic weed	a joke	oz	15-35
		lb	75-175
Mexican weed	surfaces	oz	50-75
	occasionally	lb	550-750
Hawaiian	slow train comin'	oz	275-375
		lb	3000-3800
Mainland	B-grade here;	oz	250-350
sinsemilla	A-1 there	lb	2000-3500
Lebanese hash	standard issue	gm	15-20
		oz	130-200
Hash oil	sleazy too often	gm	50-75
Cocaine	playing possum	gm	125-175
		oz	2000-3000
Methaqualone	fluctuating	one	6-15
White cross	mainland boots	one	.50
		100	20-35

Hawaii			
Puna buds	stoney as hell	oz	175-250
		lb	1800-2500
Kona gold	forever amber	oz	150-225
		lb	1500-2500
Mauna Loa	wet with resin	oz	150-225
		lb	1500-2500
Mauli wowie	some say world's	oz	175-275
	best	lb	2000-3000
Oahu shake	pounds like	oz	50-100
	pillows	lb	500-900
Leaf sticks	fluffy clean	one	7-15
Mountain seeds	like Ping-Pong	four	25
	balls		
LSD	dots and blots	one	2-4
Mushrooms	for cheap	free	
Cocaine	not a big mover	gm	75-125
		oz	1800-2500
Amphetamines	bzzzz!	one	2

WEST GERMANY			
Thai weed	great	stick	10-20
		oz	250-350
Asian and	extremely rare	oz	200
Colombian pot		lb	1750-2500
Moroccan hash	green slabs	gm	5-8
		oz	125-150
Lebanese hash	harsh and potent	gm	7-12
		kilo	2800-3200
Turkish hash	available of late	gm	10
		kilo	3000-4000
Afghani hash	popular best-seller	kilo	6
		kilo	4000
Manali hash	knocks off your	5 gm	7
(India)	socks	kilo	5000-5500
Nepalese hash	scarce	gm	7
		kilo	5500
LSD	mikes, tiles and	one	7-10
	"Green	100	125-150
	Monster"		
Cocaine	cheap European	gm	60-75
	prices		

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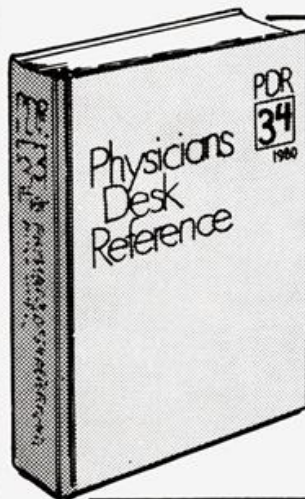
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It's early afternoon and the law is driving through Liberty City. Officer Tony Henry, 36 years old, a ten-year veteran of the Miami Police Department, cruises the ghetto. Five-nine, weighing near 185, he's meaty and tough, with a black, pockmarked face and flattened nose. Growing up in the Miami ghetto, he boxed in a southside gym for \$3 a round in the afternoons. "That was before football practice," he boasts, running a finger along a badly healed scar above his left eyebrow, "before I went home from school."

He wings the late-model Plymouth onto 62nd Street, a chute of butchery during last May's rioting. Shards of glass still litter certain storefronts. It was in this vicinity that 16 luckless people were so badly mauled—before being killed—that, in some

cases, it required days to identify them. One white kid, Jeffrey Kulp, was pulled from his car on this street, beaten, shot and stabbed. One of Kulp's ears was severed and his tongue was cut out. And somebody shoved a rose down his bloody throat.

He and two other victims had been driving down 62nd Street when they swerved to avoid a dumpster barricade. The vehicle then skidded out of control on an oil slick spread for that purpose. Before slamming into two bystanders and smashing into a wall, the car was pummeled with bricks and concrete blocks by hoards of blacks, later compared by a cop to "a Zulu tribe." For hours, the scene raged so violently that ambulance drivers and firemen could not maneuver into the neighborhood.

Any car with white people in it was attacked. More than 400 people of all races were injured, 1,500 arrested.

Bombed-out, ugly and flat, the depraved district in all its oppressive glory stretches out across policeman Henry's windshield. It's hot enough to drain buckets of sweat from a mule. Because tenements are so crammed together, trees are practically nonexistent. Garbage is rife. Inside a laundromat, a few wasted young blacks squat on the floor, staring at the ceiling, stoned. Out front, a lone youth with a massive, uncombed Afro leans against a telephone box, slapping an empty pop bottle against his palm. Farther along, another lookout of males jitterbug in the rubble of a busted-out liquor store. A filthy, sick looking dog pants at their feet. It is a perfectly

normal scene. Twenty-eight percent of the adult male black population in Miami is unemployed—four times the white percentage.

On the seat beside Henry is an official police report describing, in part, the relationship between Miami's cops and the 80,000 blacks who live in this part of town. "The police, as individuals, because of their upbringing and training, are sometimes suspicious of minority groups," it says—a ludicrous understatement. "Official contact is often under negative circumstances.... The police do not understand the cultural, economic and social influences that contribute to the behavior of these groups."

But everybody knows why a lot of blacks like to shoot cops. Last spring, four white Miami metro policemen stood trial for murder



**SPECIAL REPORT:**

# DOOM OVER MIAMI

**BY JEFFREY MAYNE**



Photo by Bud Lee

after the sickening death of Arthur McDuffie, a 33-year-old black insurance man. The trial was held in Tampa, as the defense requested. On the stand, officers admitted attacking McDuffie, whom they'd chased on his motorcycle—beating him until his blood and brain tissue splattered their clothes. William Hanlon, a cop referred to by his peers as "Mad Dog," drove his police car over McDuffie's motorcycle, to feign an accident. McDuffie never regained consciousness, and four days later, died. By then, the cops had faked their "official" report.

The trial lasted for months. But it took an all-white jury less than three hours to judge the defendants not guilty. Three hours later, Liberty City was in flames. (In contrast to Miami's 1968 riots, last spring's

terror was somewhat organized. Instead of throwing firebombs arbitrarily, rioters hit mostly white-owned businesses. Snipers were active. Black Vietnam vets used submachine guns.) "Negative circumstances," indeed.

The Miami police force, which is 13 percent black, 20 percent Latin and the remainder white, habitually breaks in its rookies in the ghetto fever pit—quarantines them, in effect, until the kiddie cops are sufficiently hardened to move up another notch. In the 1950s, Liberty City was patrolled completely by black officers, until it was forcibly integrated. Now, the district wants its all-black precinct reinstated—not that the change would bring about any peace.

Henry became a cop partially to escape his back-

ground. His mother worked two jobs—as a cook and domestic—through the years he spent growing up in a crowded, one-bedroom apartment. But he knows firsthand that upbringing and skin color are useless shields in the ghetto. Last May when the riot broke out, he was patrolling Liberty City when a black man approached and advised him the revolution had come. Henry jumped into his squad car and hauled ass back to the station house, wanting no part of the ghetto until the National Guard moved in.

"You couldn't pay me to live up there," he says with conviction. "I wouldn't do it. You couldn't give me a house and make me stay. There are people up there who don't want to do anything but kill a policeman. You don't know who they

are, but they're out there, all mixed up in the community. You go out and answer a call at an apartment house in the middle of the night. You don't know *what* you're going to find, or if you'll ever see your wife again." To be assured of seeing his wife as often as possible, Tony Henry resides in a South Miami neighborhood affectionately called "Dreamland."

\* \* \*

Miami is a city of almost two million people; the metropolitan area has more than twice that many. It is a city of extremes, a gigantic South American marketplace, thanks to the presence of more than 600,000 Latins, mostly Cubans, who outnumber whites three to two and blacks three to one. "Calle Ocho," or Eighth Street, is the heart of "Nuevo Habana," but bilingual street signs and totally Latin



neighborhoods are all over the city.

Antiblack feeling runs high among the Cubans. At least two blacks were gunned down during the riots by thugs, identified by witnesses as Cubans, who drove through Liberty City in a war wagon, blasting away with rifles and pistols. One of the victims, a 14-year-old boy, had his head blown off as he walked to the store with his sister.

"I think you should take the niggers, put them on a boat and send them back to Africa," was the suggestion of a Cuban restaurant owner on Calle Ocho, himself a second-class citizen where many Anglos are concerned. "They do nothing good. They do nothing but stink and tear up everything." "Niggers cause the big problems for everybody in Miami," said another Latin businessman. "They kill you in your sleep and rape your children."

In spite of such hatred, numerous half-Latin, half-black neighborhoods exist in many Miami districts, and recurrent street violence is inspired by the fact that Miami's staggering black unemployment rate can be attributed, at least partially, to the Cuban presence. Since they began arriving in Miami in large numbers 20 years ago, the Latins have entered all levels of the labor force, edging out blacks even in the bottom levels of the restaurant and hotel industry. In two decades, Cubans, though bitterly divided about their homeland and Fidel Castro, have successfully established banks, medical centers, import-export firms and other businesses.

So ubiquitous is the Cuban population that the Dade County School Board advocates mandatory bilingual instruction in its schools—though a referendum on the issue failed earlier this year. The effort angered many white voters, particularly those on the lower economic end of the scale. "Businesswise, economy-wise and jobwise, the Latins have got it made," com-

## One of the victims, a 14-year-old boy, had his head blown off as he walked to the store with his sister.



*Dennis Stonestreet, one of two white students at Miami Northwestern High School in Liberty City takes his lunch in the school cafeteria.*

plains Garth Reeves, publisher of the *Miami Times*, the reigning black newspaper. "They're a slap in the face to the black community, because the white power brokers know they're here and use them for industry."

Reeves's office is located on Northwest 54th Street, a boulevard of sagging tenements and burned-out buildings. Its residents threw stones and pop bottles at President Carter when he spoke there last June. In an editorial, Reeves had warned of impending violence and riot, weeks before the McDuffie verdict. Of postriot efforts to aid Liberty City and its residents—most of the improvements are expected to be merely cosmetic—Reeves says, "The white community looks at this as 'special treatment.' But I look at it and say, 'You owe me this. You've been ignoring me for 40 fucking years.

It's time you did something!' We're talking about jobs and justice."

"It's a general feeling among black juveniles that employment opportunities are dismal at best," reports George Koonce, principal of Liberty City's Northwest Senior High School. "But we make a heck of an effort to show our students the job alternatives available." Koonce was attempting to sound optimistic. He is the kind of black adult that publisher Reeves believes there are too many of: locked into the white system, following established social patterns, unequipped to promote black economic progress. Across the street from his school is an entire block of charred and ruined buildings. No doubt, scores of Koonce's 1,500 black students looted those buildings. Yet he claims, "The riots gave our young people

a chance to make some somber kinds of reflections." It's a sad comment. The school itself looks like a penitentiary, squatting in playground rubble, broken glass and surrounded by high fences. Only two white students take classes there. Miraculously, they have been allowed to live.

A typical, well-to-do tourist in Miami can check into a beach hotel, subsist on piña coladas and leave town without being too affected by boiling internal pressures that threaten to blow the city apart—again. Without too much trouble, he can avoid personal contact with the new Cuban refugees, so numerous and indignant that frequently the downtown streets teem with homeless stragglers, sleeping in doorways, begging for food and urinating in alleyways.

He can disregard statistics showing that 30 percent of Miami's black high-school population drops out of school, and that the police department apparently hates Mayor Maurice Ferre. Ferre is a member of the wealthiest Puerto Rican family in America. Sixty percent of Ferre's support is Latin, and he's been accused, among other things, of sidestepping the police and ignoring ghetto problems to placate his electorate. When President Carter came to Miami last June—a month after the riots—Ferre sheepishly told him the city had yet to implement any major new programs to assist ghetto residents, nor actually had it done very much since the riots of '68.

The tourist can ignore Miami's crime rate—fourth highest in the nation—and be oblivious to the city-wide race paranoia. No one, very likely, will tell him about the machine-gun caches in Liberty City, truckloads of ammunition, or embittered black Vietnam vets exhorting violent anarchy or dying as junkies. In short, it's easy for tourists to take advantage of the city, so long as they don't venture too far uptown. □



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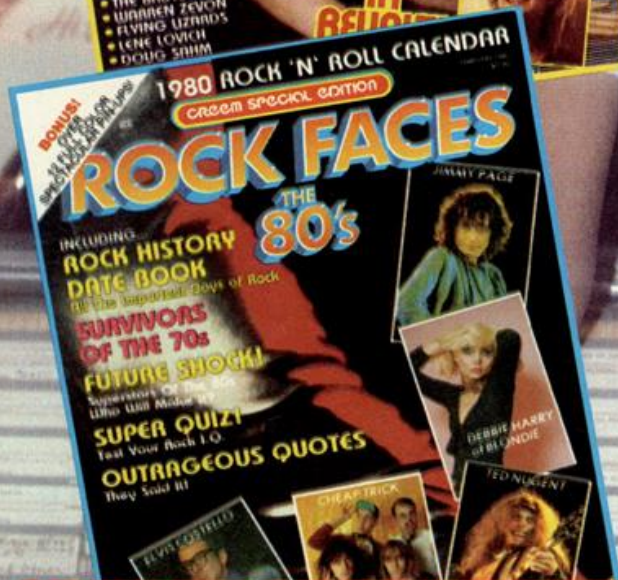
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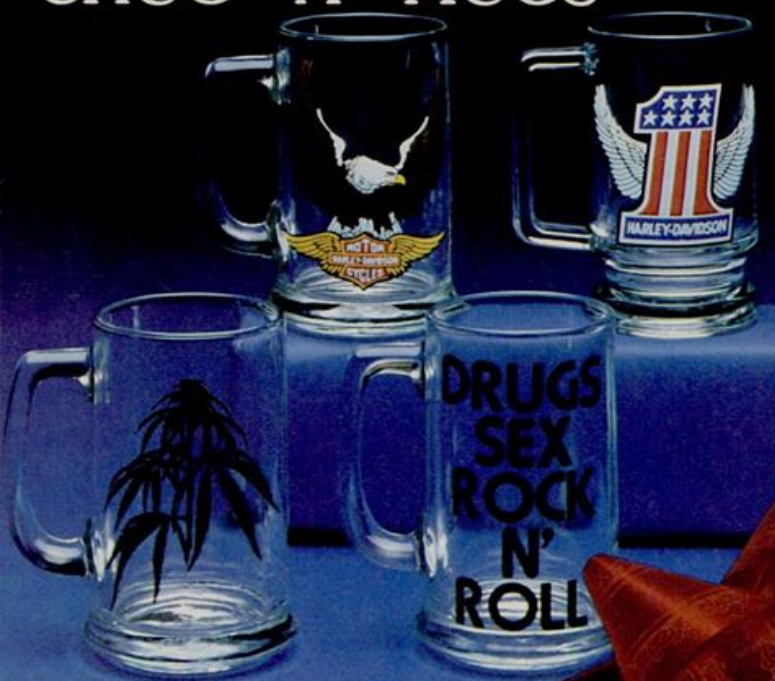
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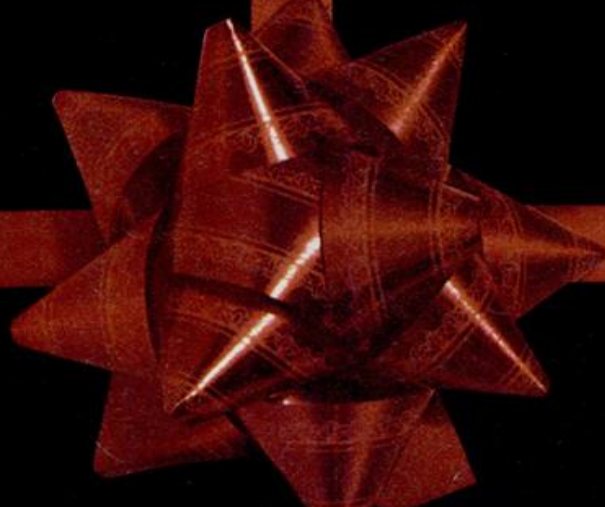
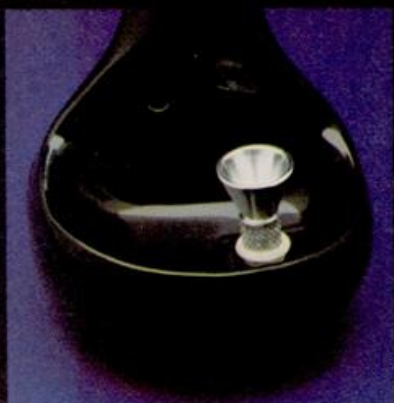
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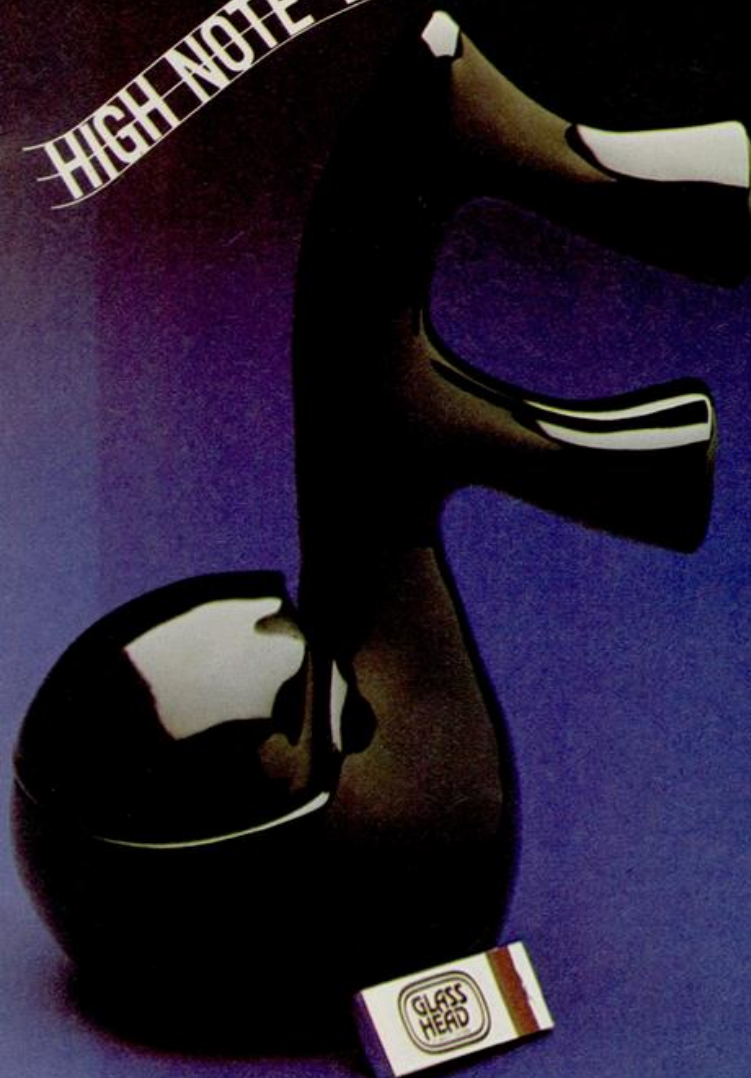






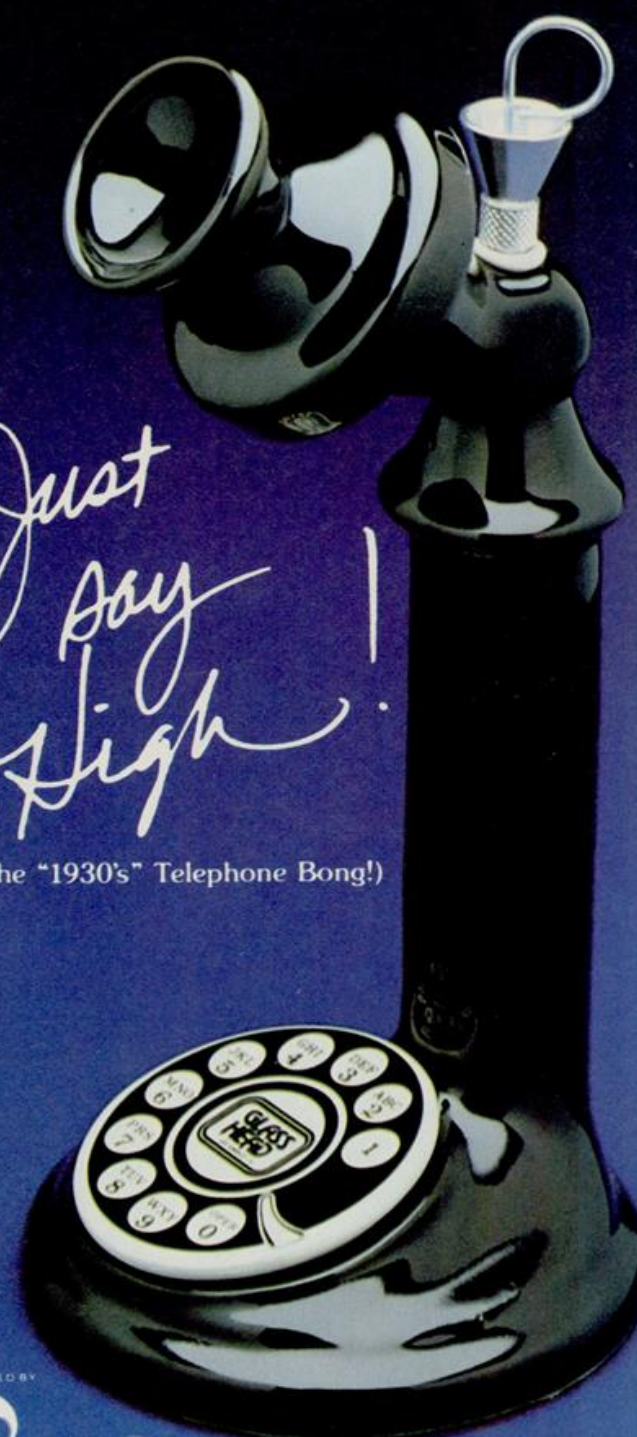
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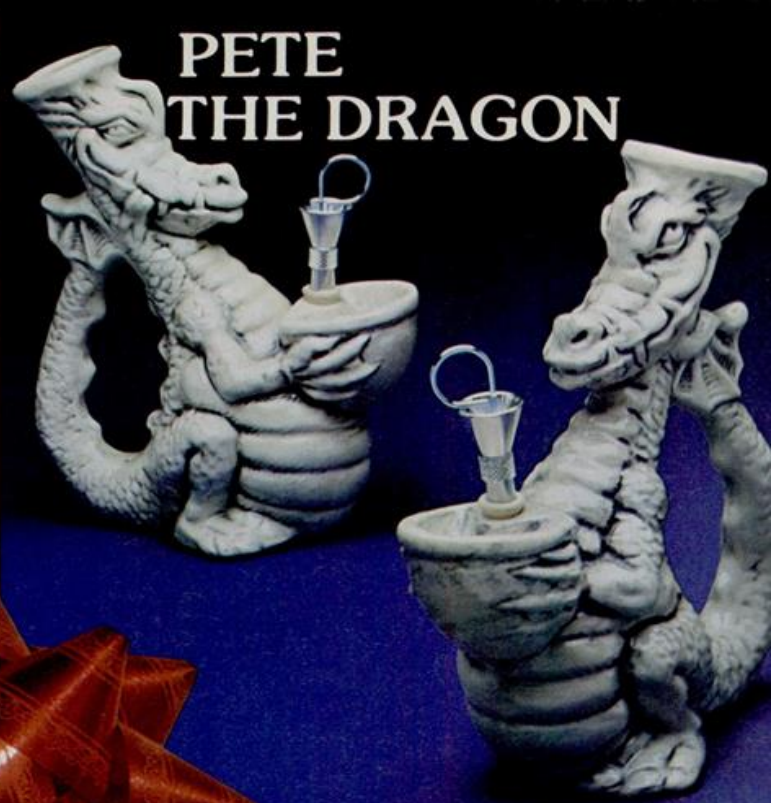


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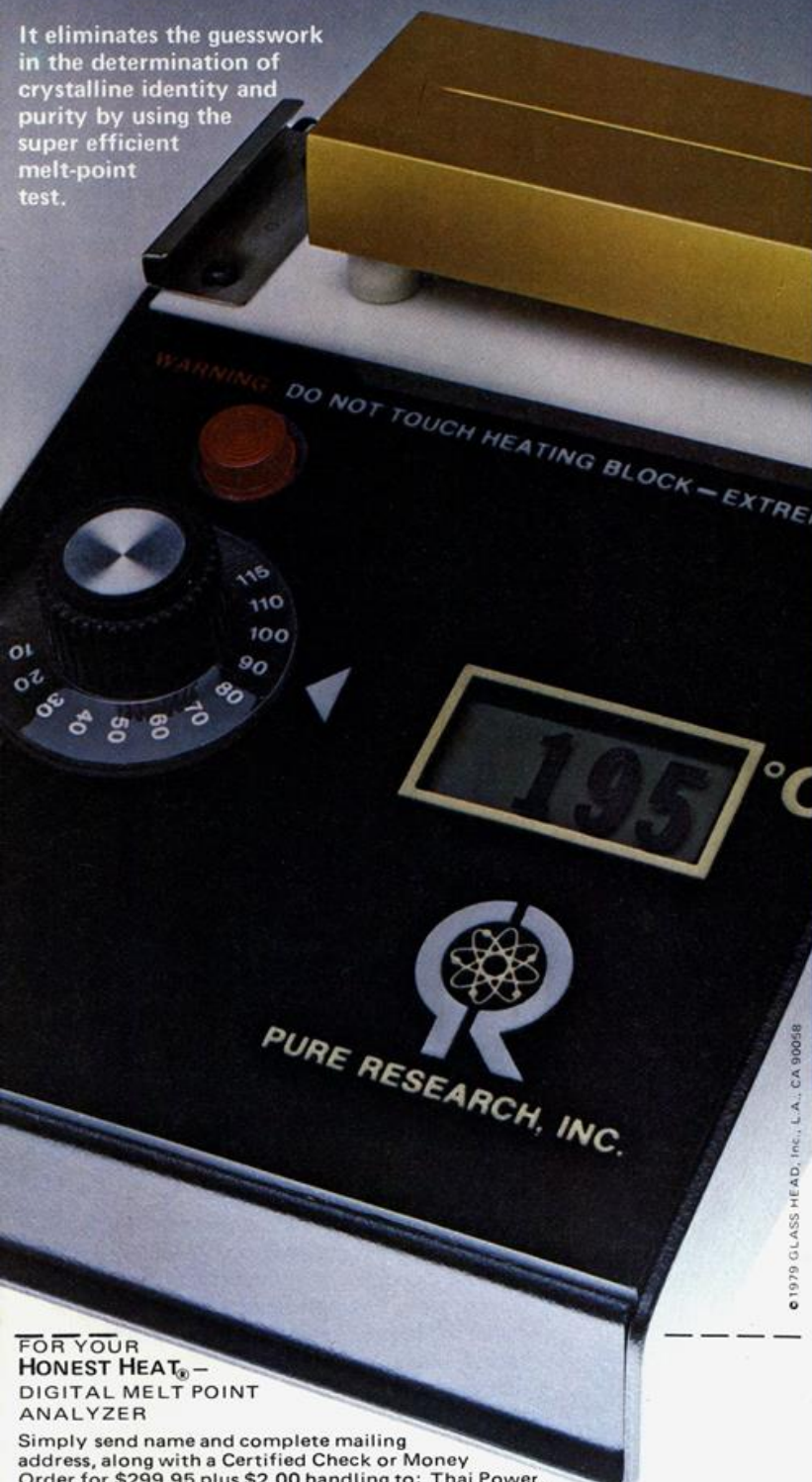
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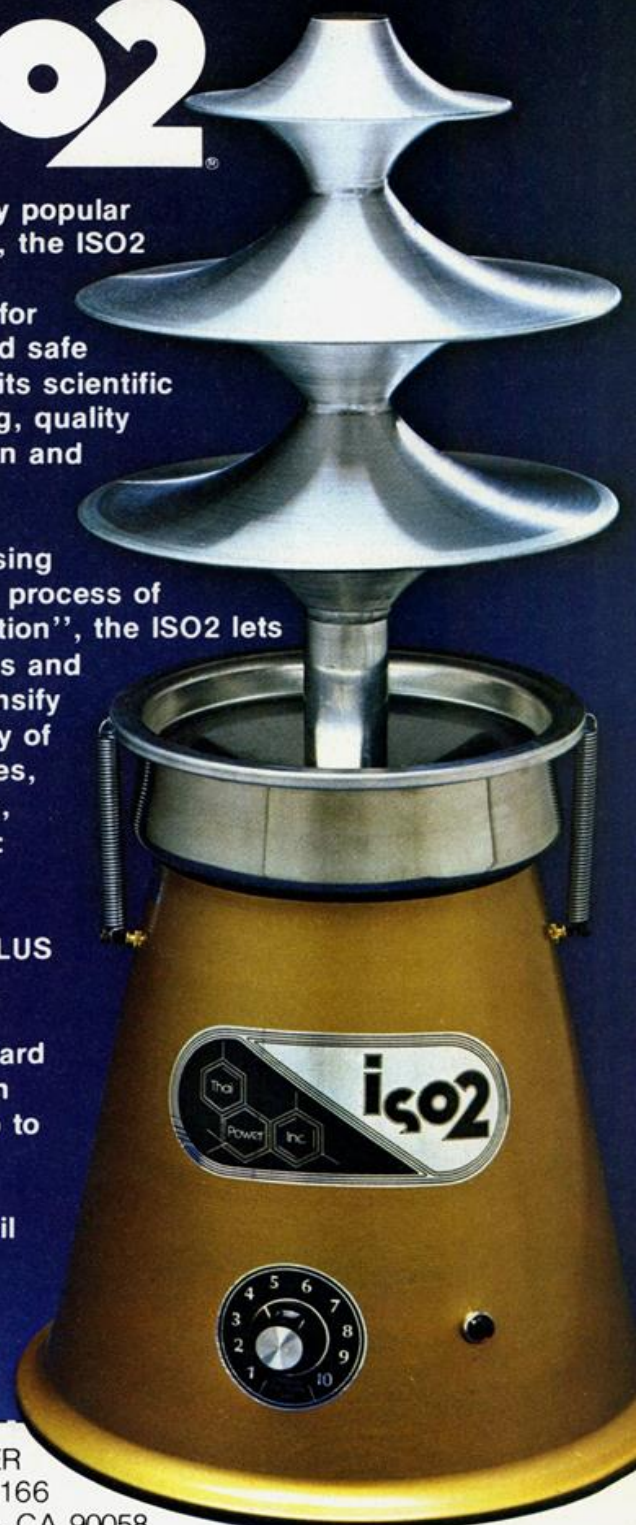
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Interview:

# Marianne Faithfull

**A candid conversation  
with the punk Dietrich**

**by Ann Bardach**

*Marianne Faithfull slouches in her hotel bed, nursing a sore throat while talking on the telephone. Though semiclad in the finest of lace and silk black minislips, her modesty is shielded by a quilted cover, secured in place beneath her chest by a tray precariously laden with a teapot, saucers of honey, plates of lemon and assorted teacups. Her impeccable diction is spoken through the huskiest tones heard since Marlene Dietrich in *The Blue Angel*. "Listen and understand that I intend to direct, yes, direct plays," she explains emphatically into the receiver. "Then, you see, no one could call me another rock 'n' roll clone."*

*The new Faithfull album takes its title and a lion's share of its thematic concerns from the infamous, banned and highly esteemed 18th-century French novel, *Les Liaisons dangereuses*, by Choderlos de Laclos. Structured entirely around the letters written from one character to another, *Les Liaisons* remains a mesmerizing, sinister chronicle of the aristocracy's peculiar penchant for intrigue and the amoral. (After Marie Antoinette literally lost her head, a copy of the not-for-ladies novel was found in her bedchamber, deceptively bound into a nondescript white book.) Published to a scandalized, but sufficiently titillated readership in 1782, Laclos's novel gave new meaning to the word decadence. As opposed to de Sade's romanticized cruelty, packaged in flypaper philosophy, Laclos stripped decadence of any lurking glitter, gloss or glory, down to the bare bones of sterile self-degradation. It's easy to see how such a novel would be of more than passing interest to one who attended and dropped out of both Catholic Convent School and the Rolling Stone Academy of Living Arts.*

*Marianne Faithfull was perhaps one of the few who wasn't stunned senseless by the critical accolades and commercial bonanza of *Broken English*. Not long after the title track scurried up to the top of the charts, Faithfull and her backup assault troop were*



back home in London recording her next album. "This one is for art and me, not the critics," Faithfull said firmly, while penning tunes in early April. "Fuck the critics." Producer-maestro Mark Miller Mundy describes Broken English as "somewhat Gothic" in relation to what they were recording at press time, recalling that "someone we met in Germany compared listening to it with the same feeling he came away with after seeing *Apocalypse Now*."

**High Times:** When you were 17, having made your first record, did you feel that you had an artistic impulse?

**Faithfull:** Oh no. I wanted to make some money. I was a cultural snob when I was 17. I suppose that I must have been extraordinary in the way that a 17-year-old girl is, from a convent in Reading. You have no idea if you are pretty or ugly or beautiful. There were no mirrors in my convent. I was probably amazing looking and I had this really extraordinary name. I've lost it all now of course.

**High Times:** While you were living with Mick Jagger you still had that attitude?

**Faithfull:** I didn't live with Mick Jagger until three years after.

**High Times:** So that's a myth.

**Faithfull:** Yes. Absolutely. You see, the myth is that I met Mick Jagger, he writes "As Tears Go By," I record it. That's all shit. No—I met Andrew Oldham. He had an outtake, I recorded it. I only met Mick Jagger like "How do you do"—nothing. He was at the session and—I might not have known if I was pretty or beautiful, but I certainly knew I thought I was very special and I didn't talk to people like that.

**High Times:** Because of the working-class thing or your own special beauty?

**Faithfull:** No, not the working class. No, no. Just because I was more special, and London at that time was, was all so cool.

**High Times:** Were you married to John Dunbar at that point?

**Faithfull:** No, no, no. No, I was just at school getting ready to go to university. John was at Cambridge. He was my boyfriend, he was my first boyfriend.

**High Times:** When do you meet again, live with Jagger?

**Faithfull:** That's three years later. That's 17, 18, 19. "As Tears Go By" was a hit in 1964. I immediately started to work like... [Groans.] That really was the reason that I haven't done anything. That's what happens; I mean I'm not the only person that this has happened to.

**High Times:** You become a media phenomenon. But the role though was as this pretty, classy, mysterious girl.

**Faithfull:** I was so pure! I married John, I had Nicholas in 1966. I just worked very hard, and then when I was 19 and John was still not really doing anything, I was still going up to Manchester to do three clubs in one night, coming back with a thousand quid. I knew at that moment—it sounds so arrogant—but I could have





done what I wanted and I decided to...

**High Times:** This is before the Stones?

**Faithfull:** Oh no, I'm married to John, I've had Nicholas and I'm now into my fourth hit. I got very sick of working so hard and I thought perhaps I should get with somebody with some money and then I wouldn't have to work so hard. Because I was keeping the whole situation and I really got sick of it.

**High Times:** People associate your fame with Jagger and forget you were a star before you lived with him.

**Faithfull:** What really annoys me, the only thing that annoys me, is that it implies that I had to fuck Jagger before I got the record deal, which is bullshit! Nonsense! It so happened that Mick and Keith wrote "As Tears Go By." That's all they had to do with it.

**High Times:** When you did start living with Jagger, did you feel overshadowed?

**Faithfull:** Well I stopped making records.

**High Times:** How come you never got the credit on "Sister Morphine"?

**Faithfull:** Well, I suppose bad blood a lot.

**High Times:** But they acknowledge now that you wrote it, begrudgingly so.

**Faithfull:** No, what happened was Keith wrote to Allen Klein. This is what I've heard. I haven't asked Keith because I haven't seen him, but it's possible because Keith does do these sudden fits of honor you know. He wrote to Allen Klein and said, "I don't know whether you know this, but Marianne wrote the words to 'Sister Morphine.' Therefore she must get half the royalties." Because that was something between me and Mick.

**High Times:** When was it written?

**Faithfull:** 1968. I guess when I did eventually live with Mick I just became very dazzled by it all. I'd been away from school by then for long enough to forget. My God, you know, how could I possibly compete against the Rolling Stones? Of course there was no need for me to compete, but I didn't realize that.

**High Times:** It was also a time when women had limited roles in the rock world. You made a nice home for Mick to be creative in.

**Faithfull:** All this stuff, yeah. Yeah.

**High Times:** Which brings us to Tony Sanchez's book, *Up and Down with the Rolling Stones*. Did you cooperate?

**Faithfull:** He wasn't a chauffeur, he was the dealer!

**High Times:** In Sanchez's book, does he lie, does he distort, do you have another version? There is an incredible chapter with you, him and his girl friend, Madeline. The three of you go to bed and she overdoses and you come out of bed and you write a song about her...

**Faithfull:** Madeline. [Pause.] Obviously months went by in between.

**High Times:** You would say that in its own crude way it's an honest book?

**Faithfull:** Sort of, yes.

**High Times:** It doesn't bother you? The



Robert Mapplethorpe

*"I took all my clothes off, put the rug around me and sat down, at which point 25 policemen walked in."*



Robert Mapplethorpe



Rolling Stones are upset about this book.  
**Faithfull:** But I mean—how can I be upset? I saved Tony's fucking neck when Madeline died. I went to the inquest and did the whole thing for him. I knew Tony wasn't going to slag me off in that book.

**High Times:** You're very much the convent girl in it. Even during the Stones' first bust, when you're "the naked girl in the fur rug," there is still a little halo over you.

**Faithfull:** Well, that's nonsense!

**High Times:** Not "the naked girl in the fur rug" in the London bust?

**Faithfull:** Oh yes! Oh yes!

**High Times:** Is that in the police report?

**Faithfull:** I don't know. I mean nobody would ever have known if I hadn't said I was. We'd gone down to the country to get high on acid. It was the first acid, Owsley acid, we had ever had—any of us. I didn't know the routine yet. I didn't bring a change of clothes. We spent the day having a wonderful time in the woods and everything in the country. When we got back, I had a bath. I had nothing else to wear, but on the bed in the room was a beautiful—not really that beautiful but it looked beautiful at the time because I was very stoned—rug. So while my bath was running—you know, you can't wait to get your clothes off because you've been sweating—I took all my clothes off and put the rug around me like you would a bath towel. Ran the bath, came down and sat down with my rug around me, at which point 25 policemen walked in. That's all.

**High Times:** There wasn't a panic that cops had run in on everybody's first trip?

**Faithfull:** No, no, no. We were just quietly coming down by then, having a few joints. It only hit us like five hours later what had happened. It was really funny. There was nothing really there. I don't know what they expected. I didn't have anything on me anyway. I didn't even have any clothes on. I just had a rug on. So there was nothing found in the pocket of my rug. Oh fuck! I didn't know that they were so angry about that [Sanchez book]. I gathered that Keith thought and felt the same way about it almost that I did.

**High Times:** With the image of all of you as junkies, what did—

**Faithfull:** I think Tony overdid it there. I'm sure. I was already out of it by then. I never went to the south of France. I was gone. I really don't think it could have been that bad. See, I think the turning point is that tiny incident where Anita [Pallenberg] and Keith said they were going to give Tony back his dope and he waited outside till four o'clock in the morning and they never did. I'm not joking. It's so typical. "I'm going to get them!" You know, Tony said things in that book that he really shouldn't have said. It doesn't matter, it's not the point. It was just cruel. About Anita. I'm very fond of Anita. She's one of my few friends in New York

and I see her when I can. Everyone sort of hates her at the moment. Because Anita was at the Mudd Club when I performed, Mick wouldn't come down.

**High Times:** He wanted to come see the show?

**Faithfull:** Well, I'm quite glad he didn't come, because it wasn't such a great show.

**High Times:** You would have felt bad disappointing him?

**Faithfull:** Yes, I would actually, because I think he's proud of me at the moment. And I want him to be.

**High Times:** What was your great moment of truth, your *deus ex machina*?

Was that *Ned Kelly*, the overdose on the set?

**Faithfull:** Oh yeah, the overdose. Already when I was doing *Ophelia*, I would get back from work and stare at the river, you

**"My mother was a dancer  
with Max Reinhardt in  
Berlin and she is not a  
prude. I could read the  
Marquis de Sade but I  
couldn't read  
pornography."**

know. I was hardly into junk then at all yet.

**High Times:** Not yet?

**Faithfull:** I only really got into junk because I wanted to *know*. He was always being busted for what—

**High Times:** For what you had?

**Faithfull:** Yeah. And it's not on. And I knew what he wanted to really do. He wanted to be such, all that, you know—

**High Times:** A superstar.

**Faithfull:** Yeah! And I would have held him back or something or I would have died. Probably I would have died. I'd been doing *Ophelia*. I'm not a real actress. The only way I can do something like that, is to become...

**High Times:** The part.

**Faithfull:** Yes, so it's possible that I had a leftover thing—feeling from playing a suicide. It was all very quick.

**High Times:** Playing the suicide, wanting to be an addict and going to Australia?

**Faithfull:** No, no, no, no. Nothing to do with being an addict. Playing *Ophelia*, Brian dying, the whole Hyde Park thing and then going off to Australia. It had nothing to do with smack.

**High Times:** Was it to do with breaking up the relationship with Jagger?

**Faithfull:** He was amazing. I mean, he saved my life!! I don't know how I did it. I still don't know how I managed to take 150 Tuinals. That's not funny!

**High Times:** Let's jump a decade. When you chose to record *Broken English*, I understand that this book, *Hitler's Children*, inspired you to write the title track.

**Faithfull:** Ben [her husband] bought that book. He wanted to write the RAF Love Song. But I'm a quicker reader.

**High Times:** The Luftwaffe Love Song—not the Royal Air Force?

**Faithfull:** Well no, the RAF is Red Army Faction, Baader-Meinhof symbol. I happened to read it quicker and I was fascinated with [Ulrike] Meinhof because while we were at the end of this sort of beginning of the '70s, while we were fucking up ourselves with drugs, or a lot of people were, they were going out robbing banks in Germany for 50 million deutsche marks. And it was interesting because it was like one of those "there but for the grace of God go I." Except that most people say that when they look at me. But I'm still alive and she's dead with a hole in the back of her neck. Suicide I believe. Hah!

**High Times:** It's a great political song. I mean we haven't heard things like that since "Blowing in the Wind."

**Faithfull:** I'm not really very political. It's simply my sum-up of that situation. She was the one that I felt was the only one who was politically sound and pure. Her aims were true in some way. Not right, but pure. And so pointless really. As pointless as being a junkie, but she was trying. The German people are so flipped by that war, you know. They have the highest suicide rate in the world in Berlin.

**High Times:** Highest overdoses too.

**Faithfull:** But all those people, Meinhof and Gudrun Ensen and all of them, came from East Germany. Personally, I think that's the most brilliant thing the Russians have ever done is build that wall and keep it there. Because all that happens is it manifests itself in some kind of glamorous terrorism. Which is a really stupid thing to say, but you know what I mean. Whereas without it, something else might happen. Much bigger.

**High Times:** Why did you choose Heathcote Williams's poem "Why D'Ya Do It?" to record?

**Faithfull:** I was looking for material. They'd just done a movie, the video of *The Abdication of Queen Elizabeth II*.

Heathcote would love in a way—one of his fantasies is to be a bit, is to be Mick Jagger. He never would be because he's more interested in art. He turned to me and said, "Well, I really wanted Tina Turner to do it." So, I said, "Well, that's great—Tina Turner or Diana Ross. Come on, Heathcote, *they're not going to do it*."

**High Times:** So you weren't coaxed into doing it?

**Faithfull:** Oh no!

**High Times:** Didn't you feel a little embarrassed singing it at first, a woman's jealousy song?

**Faithfull:** Well, that rage had been building up for years! It did have to come out one day and now, thank God, it's gone! It makes it all sound very dramatic,

*continued on page 70*



# Teachers' Pests

## 12 li'l rascals that done sumptin' anyhow

by George Barkin

*The lifeguards have all flown South for the winter, the ice-cream men are collecting unemployment and the boys and girls are back in school. All over the country they're putting down their Frisbees and picking up their notebooks. As a public service, then, HIGH TIMES offers this handy compendium of men and women who managed to secure their place in history despite the opprobrium of their teachers, parents or fellow students.*

*Students especially will find this little list most helpful. Tack it to your wall, or carry it in your wallet. Think of this collection as you would of any study tool. Refer to it after exams when poor grades have dashed your hopes of writing the Great American Novel and/or subjugating the whole of the civilized world to your iron will. It can calm agitated parents. For example: You've just failed your history exam and your folks are raking you over the coals. "No this, no that," they run on, cutting your social life down to an occasional trip to the bathroom. Now all you've got to do is say, "Mom, Dad. Relax. Y'know Albert Einstein not only failed his entrance exams for college—he couldn't even speak until he was nine years old. Hey, give me a break! At least I can speak." It's uses are manifold and it's guaranteed to work every time.*



### Thomas Aquinas

Fully grown, Saint Thomas tipped the scales at an astounding 400 pounds, earning him the distinction of being the world's fattest philosopher. In Paris, where he attended school, his fellow students taunted him mercilessly, calling him "The Dumb Ox," and later when they found out where he came from, they amended the diminutive, hailing him as "The Dumb Ox from Sicily." When he walked down the street, people would turn their heads and cross themselves. It all got too much for Thomas and he quit school to become a saint.



Painting by Picasso

### Gertrude Stein

Entering Radcliffe in 1893, Gertie soon became enamored of her philosophy professor, the eminent William James. In between making gaga eyes at the father of radical empiricism, she found time to study. For taking tests, though, she had no time.

When a final in philosophy interfered with an otherwise lovely spring day, she quickly scrawled on her exam, "Dear Professor James, I am so sorry but I really do not feel a bit like an examination paper in philosophy today," and immediately left the classroom.



### Buffalo Bill

More at home on the range than in the classroom, Buffalo Bill had his education cut short after he stabbed one of his playfellows in the school yard. Forced to quit school at

an early age, Buffalo spent the next 30 years traveling through the country killing Indians and buffalo, proving dramatically the axiom "A little education is a dangerous thing."

### Albert Einstein

He did not speak until the age of nine and even then only with great stammering and difficulty—who could blame the Einsteins for thinking their son Albert retarded? Upon asking the child's teacher what sort of profession the boy should adopt, his father was told bluntly, "It doesn't matter. He'll never amount to anything." Talk about your late starters—Einstein did so poorly in high school, he was asked by his teacher to drop out.

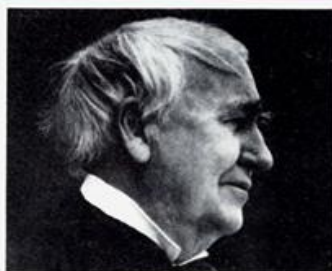


Pictures Courtesy New York Public Library



**Thomas Edison**

Father of the electric light, young Tom Edison appeared none too bright to his teacher Mrs. Dale. He was called "The Dunce" by the other children, and his mother was told by the school inspector that her son was "addled" and not worth keeping in school.

**Adolf Hitler**

Breathing new life into the old saying that "as the twig is bent, so grows the tree," Adolf Hitler's schooling proved wise augur to his career as chancellor of Germany and raving madman. Eschewing his studies for a more commodious pastime, little Hitler would cut school regularly and spend his time shooting rats from his second-story window. A consistently poor student, he was promoted one year under the proviso that he promise to change schools at the end of the term.

**Algernon Charles Swinburne**

On the theory that you can never get too much of a good thing, "Mad" Swinburne would cut classes at Eton and spend all his time hanging around the "flogging block." While most healthy Etonians and their masters would occasionally "get down," the young poet's request that his head be soaked in eau de cologne before receiving his whipping struck them as a bit much and they summarily gave him the gate.

**George Orwell**

A public pronouncement by his headmistress designating him as a chronic masturbator helped make Orwell's school days far from pleasant. In his own words: "It is not easy for me to think of my school days without seeming to breathe in a whiff of something cold and evil smelling—a sort of compound of sweaty stockings, dirty towels, faecal smells blowing along the corridors, forks with old food between the prongs, neck-of-mutton stews, and the banging doors of the lavatories and the echoing chamber pots in the dormitories."

**Leon Trotsky**

Even *then* he knew. Accused by the Supreme Teachers Council of fomenting a riot in class and attempting to usurp the authority of his French teacher, Leon Trotsky was a pain in the ass even as a kid. A

special investigating committee was convened to examine the charges against the baby Bolshevik, and in light of their findings, Trotsky was declared "the moral outcast of the second grade" and immediately expelled.

**Susan B. Anthony**

Try as she might, Susan could not please her Quaker bitch of a headmistress, Deborah Moulson. When Susan showed her a composition of which she was particularly proud, bitch Moulson asked her if she knew the rule about the dotting of the "i." Susan admitted she did not. This set Moulson off on a shrieking tirade in which she accused Susan of lacking a moral capacity. Little Susan broke down and ran hysterically from the classroom. Such was the abuse she suffered for the improper dotting of an "i." One can only guess at her torment the following day when she accidentally broke Moulson's desk.

**Lee Harvey Oswald**

Victim of an overprotective mother who evinced a suspicious resemblance to Nikita Khrushchev, Lee Harvey marked his school days mostly by his lack of attendance. Grabbed playing hooky by a truant officer in the Bronx Zoo one day, Oswald, originally from New Orleans, called the official a "damned Yankee" and ran away. When he did show up for class, he would spend his time sailing paper planes across the room. His teachers noted him as being "beyond control." During the Pledge of Allegiance he would refuse to salute the flag. □

**Thomas Hardy**

Possessing an unusually large head as a boy, Hardy was subjected to the incessant teasings and cruel name-calling that are concomitant with childhood disfigurement. A shy, quiet lad, Hardy was to develop at school a lifelong aversion to being touched. While this worked to his benefit as a youth, allowing him more time for his writing, in later years he found it put a distinct crimp in his social life.





**“I knew I really licked it one morning when I couldn’t stand television anymore. When I was high and wanted to stay that way, I would watch TV by the hour and love it. Who can tell what detours are ahead? Another trial? Sure. Another jail? Maybe. But if you’ve beat the habit and kicked TV, no jail on earth can worry you too much.”**

**Billie Holiday,  
*Lady Sings the Blues***

# TV Turned on, tuned in, strung out OD

It started when I was four years old with my first television. I’d wake at dawn to part the doors of our RCA console. (In the early 1950s, staring screens were household embarrassments and TVs infiltrated American living rooms disguised, somewhat ominously, as liquor cabinets.) I was a television head—one of the first—I probably had antenna marks on my arms. But if being a TV junkie was funny, then the joke was on me and the laughter sounded canned. My brother and I escaped from adolescent tensions with nearly identical habits; from after school ’til midnight he shot speed and I watched TV. We both lost a hell of a lot of time to junk, namely amphetamines and “The Beverly Hillbillies.” Side effects: He got hepatitis and I became a teenage hermit.

Bill never shot up after 19; but until just recently, in times of trouble or just plain aggravation, I’d revert back to video abuse. There were days when I fell into my set like Alice down the rabbit hole or an alky into his flask of Richard’s Wild Irish Rose. Eight, ten, twelve hours; lost weekends where the only exercise was the wrist action from flipping the dial between three stations during commercials. Not counting the time spent sleeping with a test pattern as a footboard, I’ve logged over 40,000 hours with a TV monkey on my back.

I’m not the only one strung out on video. I began noticing that a number of my friends, while they may not all be TV addicts, had at times nodded out on the “Late Late Show,” gotten stoned on “Dragnet,” “Leave It to Beaver” and “Petticoat Junction” or were what could be termed weekend tube chippers. One friend calls his affliction “EZTV” because watching TV is easier than anything else. “Easier,” he says, “than reading Pushkin or even Dr. Seuss. Easier than taking a bath, for God’s sake. You just lean back and television does you, and it will never insult anything but your intelligence.”

A man I know told me he can’t get to sleep until he’s watched the “Mary Tyler Moore Show” reruns from two to three A.M. He’s worried that if they’re ever moved to four or five in the morning he’ll never get any rest at all. But the most extreme case (besides my own) was that of a New Yorker who only left his apartment about once a week. “Why should I go out?” he asks. “I order in Chinese food and I have cable.” I watched still another friend break a heroin habit by shooting speed, break speed by learning bass guitar, then recover from the breakup of his rock ’n’ roll group by curling up in a ball in front of his TV set.

A little library research convinced me there’s a trend afoot. I found out, for example, that Dr. Peter Crown was videotaping people on their viewing habits for a WNET Television Laboratory special, “The Tube and the Eye.” He encountered one response so extreme it sounds like a dramatization (it wasn’t): “I’d come home every day, get into bed and lie there like a zombie until I fell asleep. After several years of this I realized I had no other life and I finally threw my TV away.”

In Marie Winn’s book, *The Plug-In Drug*, a lawyer confesses, “I watched TV the way an alcoholic drinks...any program at all even if nothing appeals to me.” He said he frequently finds himself watching “The Tonight Show,” “and I can’t stand Johnny Carson!” Michael Antonoff, editor of *Accessories Digest*, a paraphernalia trade magazine, told the *New York Times* that when he was hooked on TV, “I’d sit there for hours in a trance, my mind turning to guacamole mix.”

International studies point to a worldwide trend in video abuse, which bears an uncanny resemblance to narcotics addiction. In a 1972 test sponsored by the German magazine *Stern* in which 184 volunteers were asked to give up TV for a year, the first subject broke down in three

**by Judy Brown**







weeks, the last after five months. All claimed that lack of TV made them grouchy and more apt to smack their little Kraut kiddies. When England's BBC conducted an experiment in which three middle-class families were paid not to watch TV for one month, only one family group was able to hold out that long, but not without suffering from bouts of depression, anxiety, irritability and listlessness. Finally, Dad kicked the telly screen out in a truly English attempt to avoid the shame of surrender.

As habits go, it's clear that TV is a tenacious one—and what's even more frightening, it's got a grip on almost all of us. Here in the States, 99 percent of homes are stocked with at least one set; your average American adult gloms the tube 3.9 hours a day—more time in front of a screen than for any other leisure time activity—and up 11 percent in the last five years. U.S. kids feed on video from 26 to an almost unbelievable 54 hours a week, according to the survey of your choice. And the tube-hooked lawyer may be right—while one-third of all Americans watch more than six hours a day, only 2 percent of viewers tune in to catch a specific show. If TV viewers could tear themselves away from their sets long enough to see the movie *Being There*, they'd probably identify with Chauncy Gardiner, the retarded TV addict. We like to watch anything, as long as it moves across a screen. Like other substances of abuse, the problem with TV is not the quality of its content. It's the way the medium takes over its victim.

The term *addiction* in the physiological sense should not be applied to television viewing. Or should it? There is, after all, evidence of physical side effects of media mainlining. Remember X-radiation? There used to be enough of it zapping out of your picture tube to prompt mothers everywhere to make their kids sit at least six feet away from the screen. In one series of studies, plants grown in front of color TVs developed roots that burrowed up out of the ground. Mice similarly placed got cancer. Over the past 20 years, therefore, Congress has cut back the allowable X-ray emission by 95 percent. Better tell Mom to worry instead about the wavering TV light, which has been known to set off epileptic fits in those not otherwise prone. That's still going strong. Television researchers and professionals don't want to seem too quick to equate TV use with drug use, but as Dr. Crown puts it, "Television is not exactly addictive, it's just very hard to stop watching once you've started."

Now, none of this applies to viewers who can keep their habit under control—such as

## Plants grown in front of color TVs developed roots that burrowed up out of the ground. Mice similarly placed got cancer.

Fonzie fans, Dallas freaks, Donahue groupies. True TV junkies are spiked on whatever flits across the hertz line and they don't even read *TV Guide*. The video abuser is drawn to the box initially because the TV signal itself produces a hypnotic effect. Turn on, tune in, drop out.

Jerry Mander, the current Carrie Nation of TV and a reformed advertising hack, has attempted to document TV's hypnotic effect in his book *Four Arguments for the Elimination of Television*. Mander is serious in his crusade to get the whole medium abolished altogether—and his evidence may at least convince some people that a list of contraindications should be included in the small print of every warranty. First of all, the usual TV-watching environment is the ideal setting for hypnosis: a darkened room, no conversation and absolute attention focused on the screen. Once settled into a comfortable slouch the TV viewer rarely budges, so heartbeat slows down to a crawl and pulse evens out. Only two senses are required or used: Eyes are focused on a flashing light flickering 60 times a second, ears attuned to the skinny range of TV's mono audio.

If one can be seduced into a hypnotic trance with the simple traditional devices of a swinging watch and hypnotist's boring monologue, it should be a slice of Sara Lee for a glowing, multicolored droning box to induce hypnosis in anybody's rec room. There is no conclusive physical evidence that television watching brings on a hypnotic state, but that's because there *never* is any physiological proof when a subject is in a trance. As Mander points out, you're mesmerized when you get lost in the hypnotist's imagery—whether the mesmerist is Svengali or your Zenith Panorama.

Another way TV puts you in a trance is the severe restriction of eye movement involved in video viewing. The normal field of vision is 180 degrees; in a typical movie theater it's 25 to 45 degrees. Saccadic eye movements—the exploratory movements that seek out information—are known to be directly connected to thinking. Watching the little window of TV produces fewer eye zags than reading; the electronic beam scanning the

fluorescent dots, zigzagging every 30 seconds, prereads the TV screen for us. Recent studies with children who can't read indicate that their eyes may have been trained not to move by habitual TV watching. Heavy kiddie viewers stuck staring at a full page of print must be taught how to move their eyes left to right and top to bottom before they can learn to read. And according to remedial reading expert Dr. Edgar Gording, "Part of the therapy is to reduce the amount of television viewing."

The virtually unconscious focused stare of the television watcher, like that of a deer frozen by the headlights of a car, may even mean that cognitive thought has stopped. Crown sees a relationship between the narrow focus of TV watchers and the visual concentration meditators use on Hindu mandalas to attain an alpha state. Of course TV provides mental images in one case, and the individual his own in the other; those good at meditation are often difficult to hypnotize. The alpha connection seems to check out. Psychophysicist Thomas Mulholland attached electrodes to the heads of children and adults as they watched TV and discovered that while viewing TV the subjects' alpha waves increased, no matter how exciting or dull the content.

In 1978 Crown compared the physiology of watching television with that of reading words flashed on a television screen. As expected, his subjects' theta-wave patterns (associated with *active* thought) dropped off dramatically during TV program viewing, and swung up again while reading print off the same tube. Similarly, saccadic eye movement multiplied six to nine times while reading. But researchers were surprised to find that there wasn't much difference in the alpha-wave levels (brain passivity) produced by TV shows and a screen full of words.

Again, the response was to the medium rather than the content—even if that screen message was print rather than pictures. Why? One Australian study lays the blame on the flickering light and dot patterns of TV broadcasting, which supposedly lull the left-hand side of the brain into a kind of holding pattern. Psychologists Merrelyn and Fred Emery at the Australian National University likened "the continuous trancelike fixation of the TV viewer" to "daydreaming."

The left cortex is supposed to be the center of logic, analysis and memory. The Emerys claim that the repetitive light stimuli overwhelm this area preventing it from processing any information. The Emerys believe that dumps TV



# Dialing for Dopers

If the government ever gets around to reclassifying TV as a narcotic, we may yet see the day when the Food and Drug Administration runs tests on the new shows. Meanwhile, **HIGH TIMES** has checked out the major networks' new uppers, downers and hallucinogens to provide some vital pharmacological info for media mainliners. Here's what you'll be doing when you turn on this fall:

**ABC**, the network that brought you "Charlie's Angels," continues its tradition of introducing the finest forms—in family entertainment, that is. Five count 'em five waitresses in bodysuits are all the action you need (and all the action you get) in "It's a Living." Best feature: Ann Jillian, a contender for This Year's Model. Incest and voyeurism link arms in "Too Close for Comfort" when Ted Knight's nubile daughters move out—and into the downstairs apartment. Knight eavesdrops on the action below and worries about the sweet-smelling smoke wafting toward his bedroom. Blond, buxom Lydia Cornell (a contender for This Year's Model) plays an anachronism, attesting to her virginal innocence while dressed in running shorts.

Catch the double entendre in the title of "Bosom Buddies," America's first prime-time drag show. The story so far: Two rising young admen find urban paradise when they move into a hotel for women.



Although they're surrounded by lovely ladies—Donna Dixon is a serious contender for This Year's Model—the exigencies of the plot force them to disguise their own sexual identities. Noticing that drag is essentially a one-note joke, the network moves the action to the office, where Peter Scolar and Tom Hanks maintain a tenuous hold on their acting careers with driving deliveries of fractured ad lines. The determined duo deserve better than the Billy Joel theme music. "Breaking Away" is ABC's solemn spinoff of the movie. The story—four youths on the brink of adulthood—is grist for the old metaphor-for-America mill. But this show is basically an overendowed sitcom: The Shaun Cassidy character will pursue his identity through countless contrived

situations, as long as the ratings hold up. Better bet—grow your own adolescent.

**CBS** comes on strong this year with new faces in familiar plots. If you figured



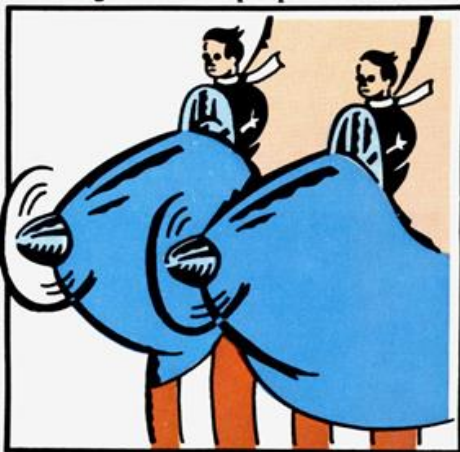
you'd pine away for Five-O's Steve McGarrett, you're out of luck. Hawaii has a new supercop: younger, hairier Tom Magnum, a good ole boy from naval intelligence who comes to us by way of Vietnam, now a private eye living on an estate in Hawaii and... Oh, never mind. Whenever the story line runs out of gore, Magnum flashes back to 'Nam for some nifty veins-in-their-teeth scenes. "Magnum" will be pure porn to **HIGH TIMES** readers: Our hero investigates dealers we wish we knew. Despite the gothic ring of the title, "Secrets of Midland Heights" is just another prime-time potboiler, with most of the steam generated at the high-school hop. Should be very hot with types who post pictures of Brooke Shields over their beds.

Only third-place **NBC** will pioneer new video outrages this year. Thanks to the



popular success of last year's "Real People," the network introduces two new magazine-format programs. "Thursday's Games" (the title was tentative as we went to press), is video's answer to *Self* magazine. Each segment will feature an unusual sports event illustrating the lengths to which otherwise normal people will go to be part of the national fitness craze. Beware an outbreak of unusual sports events. "Speak Up America" is the logical extension of a radio call-in program. The show will provide a forum for the so-called man in the street to sound off on a wide range of emotionally charged issues. Marjoe Gortner will be on hand to whip the studio audience into a frenzy.

Treatments for several new shows still in the planning stages were slipped to **HIGH TIMES**. We can't identify the networks, but here's what may be coming: an hour-long police drama, tentatively titled "Busts," involving two former pot pilots and a



blond, buxom Afghan refugee in the employ of a federal narcotics-control agency... a half-hour sitcom entitled "America Held Hostage"... a prime-time soap, reported to be stirring controversy among media moguls, based on the real-life heartbreak of a deposed network president adjusting to his new life as head of a small-town affiliate.

As the responsible dope magazine that we are, we've got to warn all you tube heads out there to be especially careful when you're mixing new drugs. Turning on two sets at once, in order to view the picture of one channel with the sound of another, produces a synergistic effect similar to that of downs and booze—and potentially just as lethal.



# Great Moments in TV History

Now, addiction is one thing and Great Moments are another. Let's not throw the baby out with the bathwater on this one, okay? Toward that end we present you with these five really great moments from TV history. Are they worth 30 years of soap commercials, moronic game shows and the Gabor sisters yakking nonstop with Merv? You decide.



**Gavel to Gravel Coverage**—Camera shy? Not these boys. Even with the whole world watching, Chicago cops kept their cool and turned in brilliant performances, maiming and crippling their way into our hearts.



**Take My Life... Please**—Who could forget the memorable morning Jack Ruby served breakfast in lead to Lee Harvey Oswald, force-feeding the assassin from the barrel of his .38.

Bob Jackson/Dallas Times-Herald © 1963



**Am I Elected Yet?**—No, ol' Jimmy is not about to be offed by a posh Polish firing squad, he's just getting set to go seven rounds with the clowns from "What's My Line?" In December of '74 it took the panel that long to figure out exactly who the then-unknown candidate was. The mystery was broken by publishing magnate Bennett Cerf (panelist at far right) shown here looking surprisingly fit for a man who has been dead for three years.



**Y'all Come Back Now, Hear?**—No they're *not* the Beverly Hillbillies, but these young Turks look just as ornery, posing in front of the Tabriz TV station they stormed mid broadcast. Enraged by Ayatollah Khomeini's new repressive constitution, the rebels demanded increased representation in the newly formed government and reruns of "Gilligan's Island."



**Ed is Dead**—So's Brian Jones, but both were alive and kicking back in 1964 when the Stones first appeared on the Sullivan show. Naughty Mick spooked the program's censors and

"Let's Spend the Night Together" became "Let's Spend Some Time Together." Once placated, though, Sullivan boogied down to the sound via a modified duck walk.

Leonard Lautenberger/CBS



programming directly into the right half of the brain, which deals only in dream images, fantasy and intuition. So as long as the left lobes are out to lunch, information has to bear right, where it can't be easily analyzed or perhaps even recalled. This may explain the frequent findings that viewers often can't remember what they have just seen on television. A recent consumer study sponsored by the American Association of Advertising Agencies concludes that 90 percent of the TV-watching public apparently misunderstands some part—at least one-fourth to one-third—of anything they see on the tube.

Out of 2,700 people tested in 12 major cities, 84.6 percent miscomprehended some part of two 30-second segments of "Charlie's Angels" and 82 percent went blank on at least some part of 30-second commercials immediately after seeing them. Researchers point out that even these figures may underestimate the national TV misinterpretation quotient, since the test subjects were "more attentive" than if they had been at home and had slightly higher income and educational levels than the general public.

Well, so *what* if the mind boggles, literally, when confronted with a TV signal? What if we *want* a simple noninvolving electronic fix? According to Mander, TV's hypnotic effect makes it necessarily addictive and is turning even average viewers into junkies. He implies that television entertainment could be banned under existing federal narcotic laws.

TV reformers exhibit the kind of fundamentalist fervor, overstated moralistic outrage and underjustified conclusions we've seen let loose on many of life's simple pleasures. Take senseless violence. Somebody's always blaming the gratuitous bloodshed of network TV for real atrocities outside the living room. For instance, the Annenberg School of Communications, which seems obsessed with violence, has turned up some weird little differences between heavy viewers (six or more hours a day) and light viewers (less than two): TV heavies tend to envision the outside world as more dangerous than it really is, distrust nearly everybody and feel more need to resort to physical force to solve their problems, whereas TV dabblers felt safer and tended to be more trusting and less violent.

The Annenberg researchers figure that the TV heavies see a distorted, violent world on TV that drives them indoors, back to their sets, while the recreational users had time to find out that reality is mellow. To draw this conclusion, however, the Annenbergs have to ignore a lot of other studies that show no link whatsoever between TV violence and viewer fear, and their *own* finding that reclusive bookworms, those who read six or more hours a day, shared the same phobias as the TV junkies, without having seen anyone beaten to death on "CHiPs" or "Daffy Duck." Video users have been getting loads of other bad press. A

the most inexpensive, socially acceptable, inexhaustible and legal recreational drug. As William Burroughs put it in *Junkie*, "You become a narcotics addict because you do not have strong motivations in any other direction. Junk wins by default." Since *Homo sapiens* first stood upright, and more than likely even before, we have needed recreational escape—otherwise known as fun. In times of troubled mind or bank account, we need just plain escape: falling into fantasy or an altered state of consciousness, drinking mead, staring into the fire, eating magic mushrooms, watching the "electronic fireplace" of TV—TV, the chewing gum for the eyes.

## Kicking the Set

How do you know when your TV habit has gotten out of control? As with social drinking, recreational drug use and self-medication, the danger signal is different for each individual. For some, it's when they start to grope for a vertical-hold knob on their washing machines; for others it's when meals, work, sleep and all human relationships take place only during commercial breaks; for those who are really fargone, it's when the only thing that bothers them about the nuclear power plant next door is that the radiation fucks up their reception.

But even if you're so hooked you find yourself squeezing toilet paper and asking waiters for Purina, you may still be able to kick. Here are some tips from ex-junkies who've kicked their sets:

1) Meditate. If you can control your own alpha waves, even the Incredible Hulk can't take over your brain cells. Studies show meditators are hard to

hypnotize.

2) Switch to PBS. Even if you dig 19th-century Bulgarian drama, you might break your boob-tube habit simply because commercial-free shows are paced so differently. In all likelihood, without a bunch of loud, coked-up sales pitches for things like Bounce and Tang every ten minutes, you'll nod out and sleep off your urge to view.

3) Step down. If you're watching a large-screen Advent, step down to a five-inch Sony. Then chuck the small screen and get an aquarium.

4) Read all you can get your hands on about TV. You'll never want to watch the stuff. Try *Panorama*, "the magazine that watches TV," or a more specific remedy such as *Soap Opera Digest*.

5) Stop paying your dealer NOW. Before the next episode of "One Day at a Time," he'll come over and take your set away.

6) Stop paying your electric bill NOW...

Michigan study shows that heavy viewers tend to label themselves as "less ambitious than the norm," and a reader survey in the *National Enquirer* connected heavy tube-viewing habits with obesity, smoking and heavy drinking. And besides, behavior characteristics such as distrust of the outside world and the tendency to withdraw into a mind-absorbing compulsion are also shared by drug addicts, alcoholics, overeaters and heavy gamblers—junkies in general.

Why don't we all become "vision zombies"? After all, television is undeniably seductive, all pervasive and is

TV researcher Dr. John P. Robinson reports that we even like the set on when no one is around; one-third to one-half the time the set is on, no one is in front of it. Television is also a "secondary activity" for most of us 20 percent of the time, he says, used as a background to eating, reading, making love. TV functions as "audible wallpaper" or "viewzak" in which we're surrounded by a familiar blanket of humming to blot out stray unpleasant thoughts and to provide a backdrop for boring routines. One viewer summed up his dual use of TV as mentor and dementor: "Television is something I watch either because I want to learn about what's on or it's something to turn me off and take me over."

Some say it is only when entertainment or escape are pursued relentlessly that they become addictions. Social psychologist Dr. Stanton Peele maintains that "drugs are not addictive when they fulfill a larger purpose in life, even if the purpose is to expand consciousness or simply enjoy oneself." But an addict is driven to "obliterate aspects of an environment he dreads." In his book *Love and Addiction* Peele

views addiction as a dependency on "experience" rather than blaming it on the pharmacological properties of the drug involved. Thus his theory can be applied to electronic and emotional addictions. For instance, most GIs who shot high-grade heroin in Vietnam in response to unbearable conditions were found to withdraw with little or no difficulty once they reached home and sane surroundings. No doubt they felt physically good on junk when they would otherwise have felt bad; but the mythological tales of the horrors of kicking didn't apply when the experience was no longer necessary.

*continued*



Since nearly every pleasurable experience can be used compulsively, all drugs and situations that produce a painkilling effect, reassurance or relief from worry can be addictive, says Peele. TV can certainly produce a lovely, numbing sense of oblivion, the perfect setup for the waiting experience addict, for whom heroin is too scary, socially unacceptable, expensive or unavailable. It kind of figures, then, that a preponderance of heavy TV users are over 65 years of age or under 5, unemployed, housebound and lower-middle-class.

The problem of a TVOD comes in when the video hermit, who is three-dimensional, longs for a prolonged passport in the television wasteland. Any deficiencies in the user's life are ignored while in TV land, but they don't disappear. They either grow worse from neglect or he's less able to deal with them after seeing TV scenarios where the problems of the ages are solved before the last commercial break. For example, two Air Force pediatricians studied 30 children aged 3 through 12 who were admitted to two Air Force hospitals with a mysterious ailment that went away during their stay and came back full force upon their release. All victims were newly arrived military brats who simultaneously developed lack of appetite, chronic fatigue, headache and vomiting, except for two periods when they were in the hospital. The docs finally figured out that the kids were depressed because they hadn't made friends at school yet and had been spending six to ten hours a day at home watching TV. In the hospital there was no TV, and the greenhorn kids started playing with one another.

Self-described video abusers say that you can tell your habit is getting unhealthy when viewing is no longer fun but compulsive. Another symptom of TV dependency is using it to obliterate pain, tension or anxiety. The shah of Iran reportedly plays all the "Mork and Mindy" episodes continuously to help him forget the annoyance of exile. You're also in trouble, say former TV freaks, when TV competes with more important involvements—compulsive soap-opera watching keeps you off your job, a rigid nighttime viewing schedule takes the place of sex, hobbies or social life. Other bad signs are threatened self-esteem (the I-hate-myself-for-having-watched-so-much-junk syndrome), relying on TV because it's always predictable (it turns on at your touch, unlike a lover), experiencing withdrawal pains, nervousness or simply the loss of the sense of well-being. In a Minneapolis survey whole families with heavy viewing habits were found to use television as a shared drug to mask

**TV produces a lovely, numbing sense of oblivion for those who find heroin too scary, socially unacceptable, expensive or unavailable.**



incompatibility or teeth-grinding tension. Withdrawal symptoms invariably included the outbreak of arguments because conflicts had been delayed by TV programming.

With all this going for the TV habit, it's amazing that the rehab racket hasn't swooped down on the poor TV junkie. There are no methadone-maintenance clinics that guarantee painless withdrawal for tube shooters, no halfway houses where they have picture and no sound or sound and no picture. To quit you've got to have the guts to pull the plug. But if you are living with a tubaholic there are ways you can help the person kick. One friend sank deeper into her postmiscarriage depression each day the color set played at the bottom of her bed, but when her husband moved the TV to the living room, she gradually recovered, forced to at least stand up and then walk into another room for her fix.

Peele suggests that for a complete detox, an experience junkie must deal with the reasons for retreat into addiction. He must be "prepared to cope with novelty and challenge" instead of turning himself over to EZTV, "develop work competence" (as a TV critic, perhaps?) and "form relationships of genuine emotional sharing" beyond one-sided crushes on Sarah Purcell or Larry Hagman. In my case it was someone close to me who gave me the impetus to become a controlled TV user (and proud of it). After I had been through all of the above (whew), my boyfriend split with the Sony. Now that I no longer need to "turn on," I am more

aware than ever that TV has its place. After all, much we consider ordinary can be abused or addictive, but needn't be. Howard Hughes may have OD'ed on aspirin; Betty Ford was hooked on Valium. It isn't junk that creates the junkie, so how can we turn around and say that television makes the zombie? Besides, TV habits are rarely dangerous to others (one is less likely to wrack up a Toyota while under the influence of a Zenith than, say, a fifth of Wild Turkey).

Just as TV appears to be the opiate of the masses in the 20th century, 100 years ago opium was the opiate of the masses. Like its electronic successor, it was everywhere—dispensed in every pharmacy and grocery in inexpensive patent medicines and "soothing syrups." It was also used recreationally, as a baby-sitter, an amusement for the elderly and insane and boredom relief for housewives. Today, housewives have soaps that last the livelong day; insane asylums, old-age homes and day-care centers are routinely equipped with TVs.

If it's any consolation, there were probably as many 19th-century citizens confused by a developing dependence on something they'd considered safe and ordinary because it could be bought at the general store as there are 20th-century types feeling wigged out when they notice they're watching utter nonsense more than six hours a day. It's easy to understand how half the adult population of China could be hooked on opium before 1900 when you realize that one-third of all Americans watch TV more than six hours a day and even the skin poppers are increasing their dosage. Dr. Robinson has noted that in a ten-year period from 1965 to 1975 a select group of urban, educated, employed viewers had increased their primary viewing time nearly 50 percent from 89 minutes a day to 129. He attributed the gain to improvements in TV technology, more cable and color and a "withering of mobility" (the gas shortage).

So if some of us are junkies for 12-inch, 2-D, mono, black-and-white TV, how can humanity hope to resist the coming technology that offers holographic, quadrasonic, wall-size, true-color, commercial-free, 3-D TVs with newspaper and mail-order printouts? But then again, TV is only a threat if the outside world is less appealing. If our brave new future world fulfills doomsday prophecies we may all prefer 3-D TVs with the attitude of the classic junkie—better an attractive hallucination than an ugly reality. And as pot comedian Chris Rush puts it, "I don't care what the afterlife is like as long as there's cable." □



# Everything you ever wanted to know about **Quaaludes** but were too comatose to ask

## **Q. Are Quaaludes (methaqualone) really the ultimate love drug?**

**A.** Different strokes for different folks, really. A lot of people do 'ludes to get high, lower their inhibitions and go to town. A lot of other people use grass, booze and fast cars for the same thing. Since lots of people *expect* to get horny behind 'ludes, more often than not they do. But there are always some people who use the Quaalude euphoria as an excuse to act out pent-up hostilities or self-pity, and that gets decidedly antiaphrodisiacal. And there are always some people for whom the drug euphoria becomes an end in itself, and these folks *will* tend to prefer getting high to making love. Basically, no, sexual arousal is *not* a specific pharmacological property of methaqualone.

## **Q. Are Quaaludes as addictive as barbiturates?**

**A.** As with reds and Tuies, regular 'ludes users *do* tend to develop a tolerance to the euphoria and need progressively higher doses to get suitably stoned. But unlike barbiturates, 'ludes don't tend to promote heavy withdrawal symptoms—craving, convulsions, cramps—when a moderate user gives them up. Most people who do 'ludes can voluntarily and independently kick their dose down from, say, once a day to twice a week, without anything like the trouble they'd have with barbiturates.

People who get strung out on 'ludes to the point where they're socially dysfunctional *will* need help kicking the habit. The Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic detox center in San Francisco switches heavy 'ludes junkies to phenobarbital, a far less euphoric trunk, for a standard ten-day step-down kick; they could probably step them down just as easily with methaqualone itself, detox chief Dr. Daryl Inaba says, but the euphoria would probably undermine their determination to kick at all.

## **Q. How safe are bootleg 'ludes?**

**A.** Alas, the boot 'lude scene has been rendered *entirely* unsafe this year, with the appearance on the streets of "Valium 'ludes." These are counterfeit 'ludes containing massive amounts of diazepam, the active principal in

Valium. People who've been burned with these things typically experience vomiting, prolonged sleep, hours of general spaciness on awakening and amnesia for the whole wretched, ugly episode. People who pop these weird diazepam boots along with *real* 'ludes in the same mouthful stand a substantial risk of going into coma, respiratory depression and dying. Contrary to common street rumor, there's really no dependable way to tell one of these killer boots from a real 'lude by checking the pill markings, size or weight of the tabs. Bootleg Quaaludes are simply *not* a safe deal anymore.

## **Q. Well, how do you tell for sure if you've got real pharmaceutical 'ludes?**

**A.** Your best shot is to get them on prescription, and even *then* it gets confusing. The William H. Rorer Company of Pennsylvania *used* to put out Rorer 714s. Then last year they sold the copyright to the Lemmon Company of Pennsylvania, who currently produce Lemmon 714s. But now *Lemmon* says it's about to change the name of the drug itself from Quaalude to Mequin, so God knows *what* 'ludes will look like a year from now.

## **Q. What are 'ludes supposed to be good for, anyway?**

**A.** Their official indication in the PDR is to promote sleep for hard-core insomniacs and to promote "daytime sedation." However, almost everyone we know who's ever done the recommended therapeutic "sleep" dose—150 to 300 milligrams, representing a half or a whole Lemmon 714—has reported that the conscious euphoria is *far* more interesting than plain old trunked-out dreamless sleep. Methaqualone was supposedly developed as a nonbarbiturate sedative with a low addiction factor, and it's still billed that way. However, very few hospitals or clinics issue 'ludes routinely anymore, and fewer and fewer GPs are writing 'srips for them.

## **Q. If HIGH TIMES isn't that enthusiastic about 'ludes, why are you running such a snazzy Quaalude centerfold?**

**A.** It got you to read this, right? Now you know everything you ever wanted to know about 'ludes, and maybe a little *more* than you ever wanted to know. □





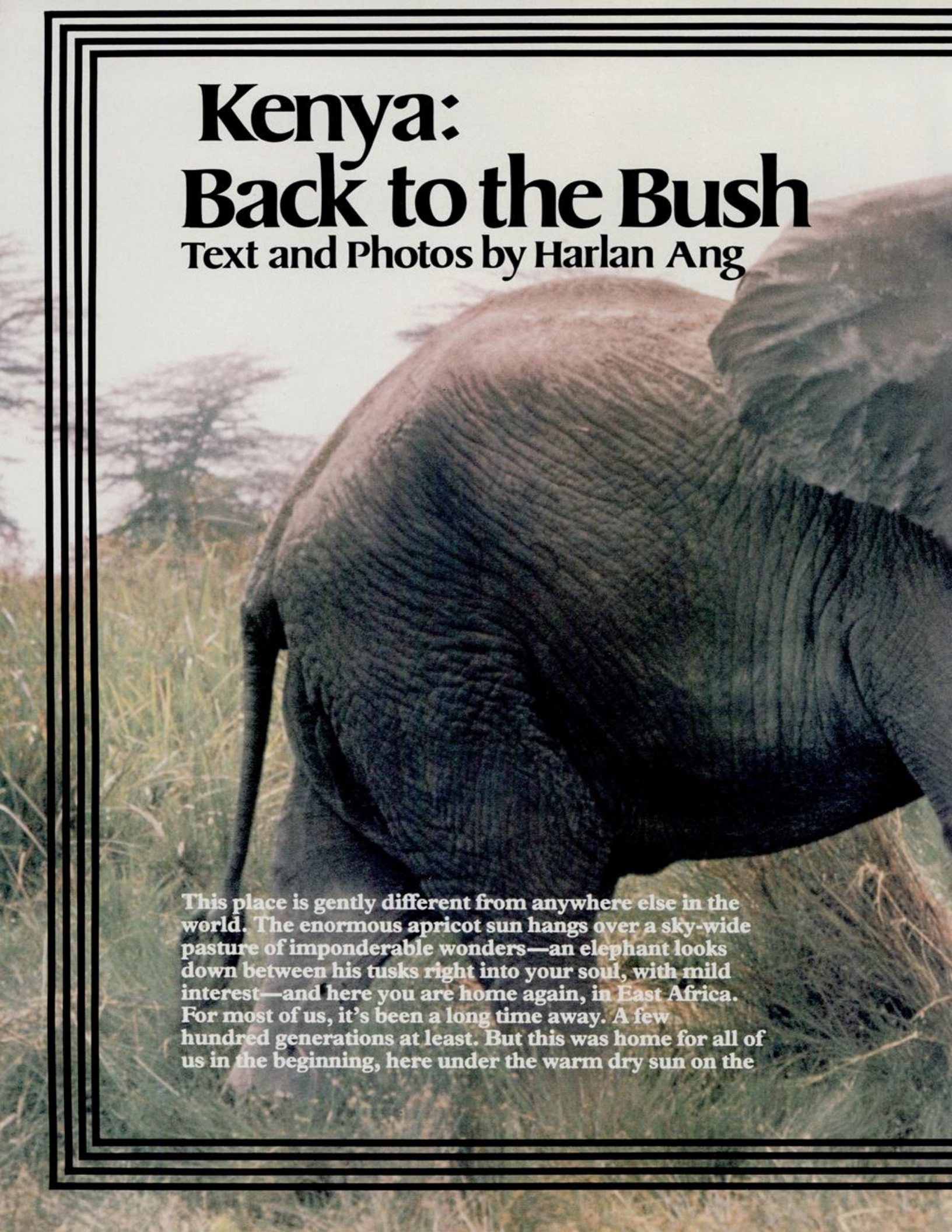






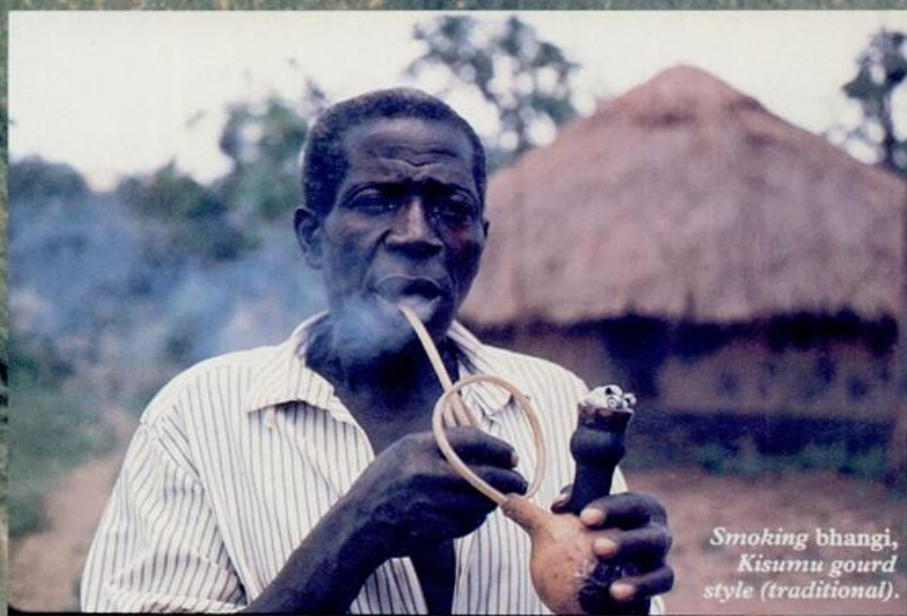
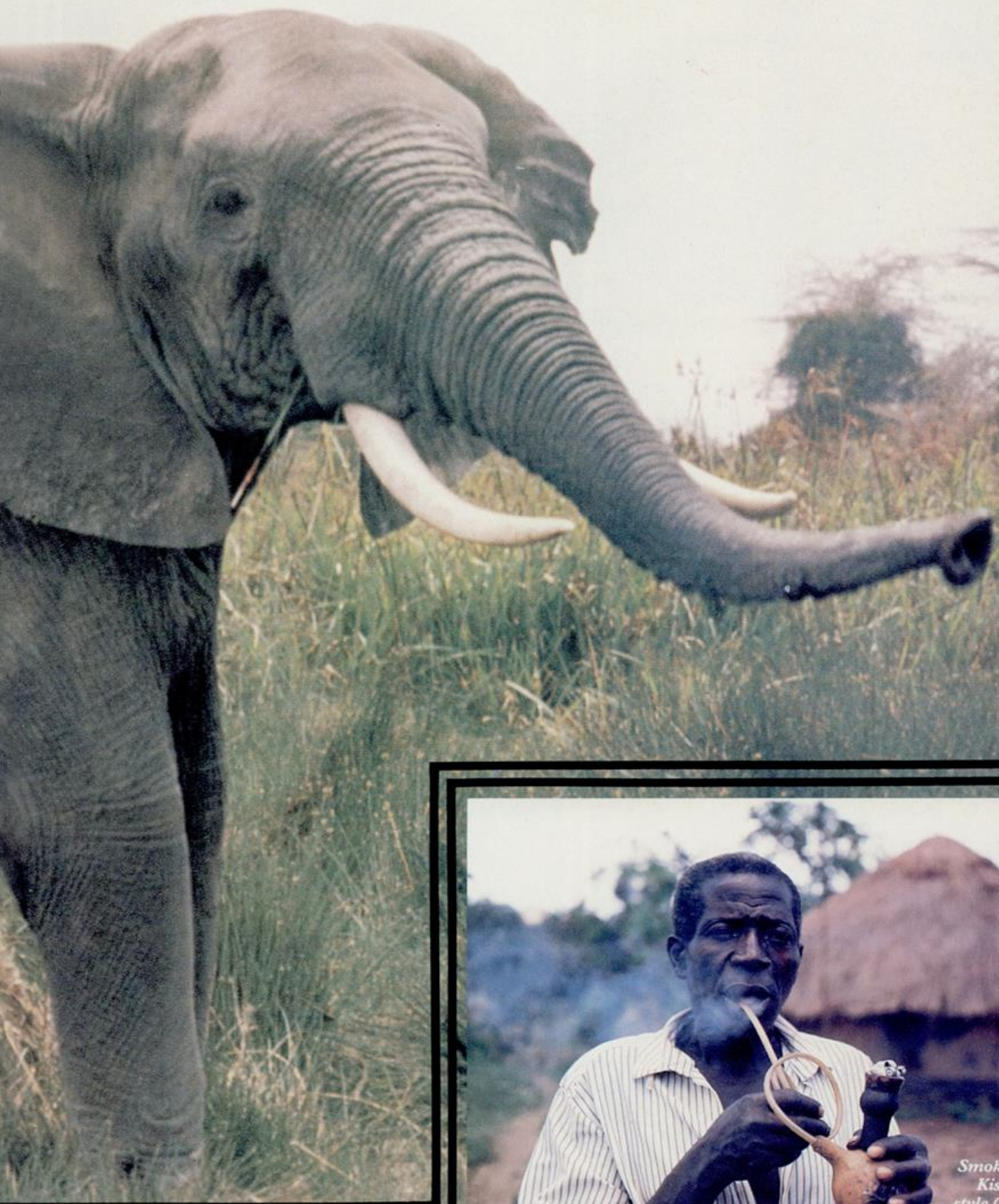
# Kenya: Back to the Bush

Text and Photos by Harlan Ang



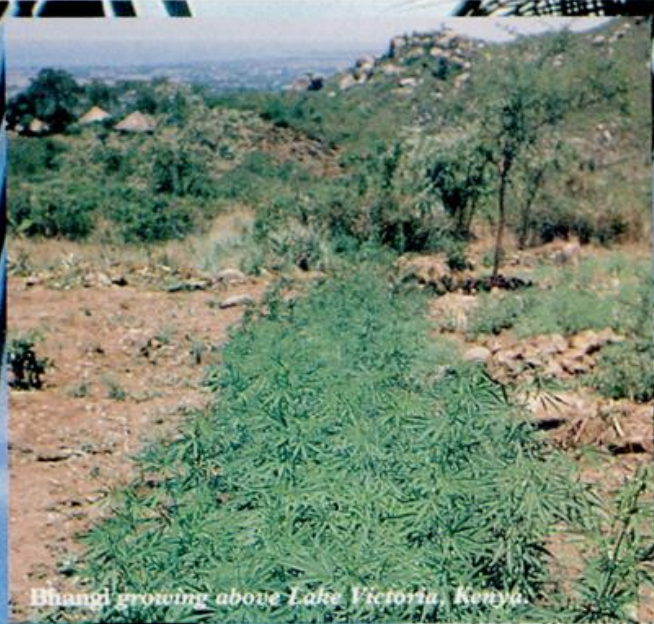
This place is gently different from anywhere else in the world. The enormous apricot sun hangs over a sky-wide pasture of imponderable wonders—an elephant looks down between his tusks right into your soul, with mild interest—and here you are home again, in East Africa. For most of us, it's been a long time away. A few hundred generations at least. But this was home for all of us in the beginning, here under the warm dry sun on the



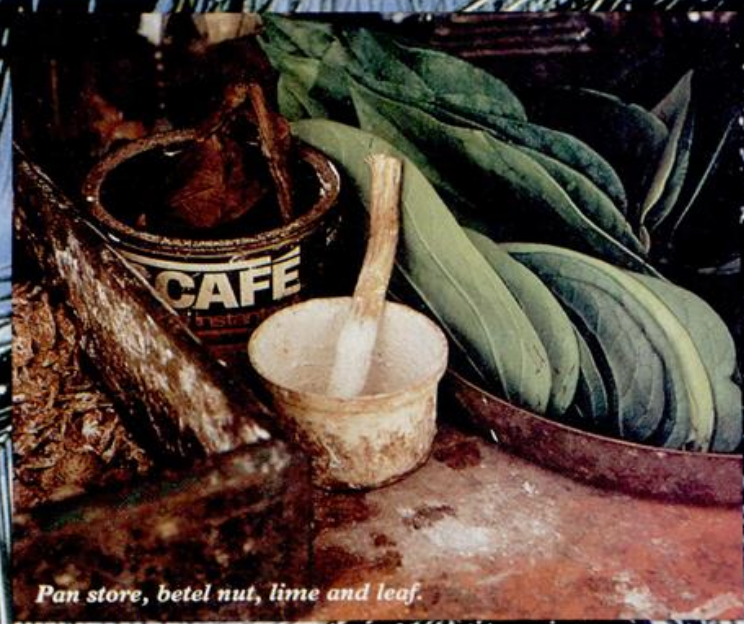


*Smoking bhang,  
Kisumu gourd  
style (traditional).*





*Bhangl growing above Lake Victoria, Kenya.*



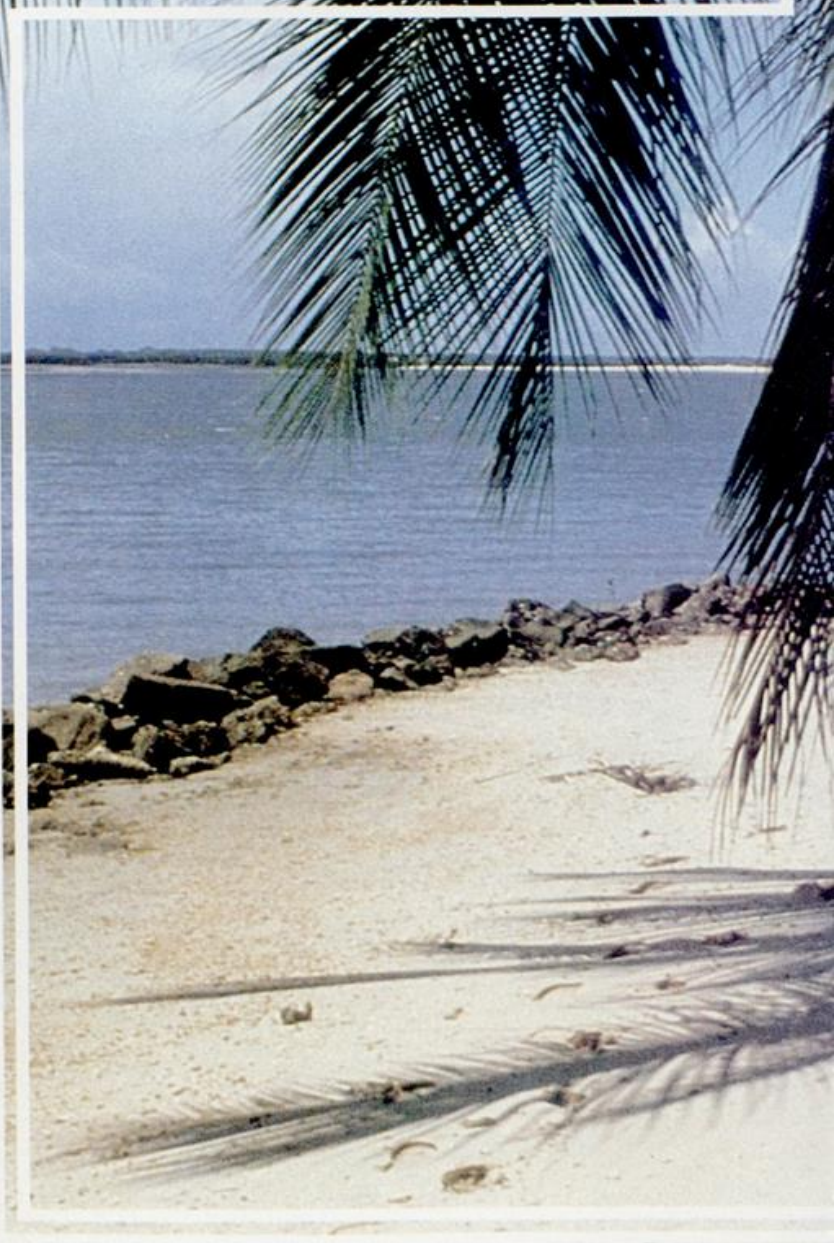
*Pan store, betel nut, lime and leaf.*



*Mirah, cangeta quality.*

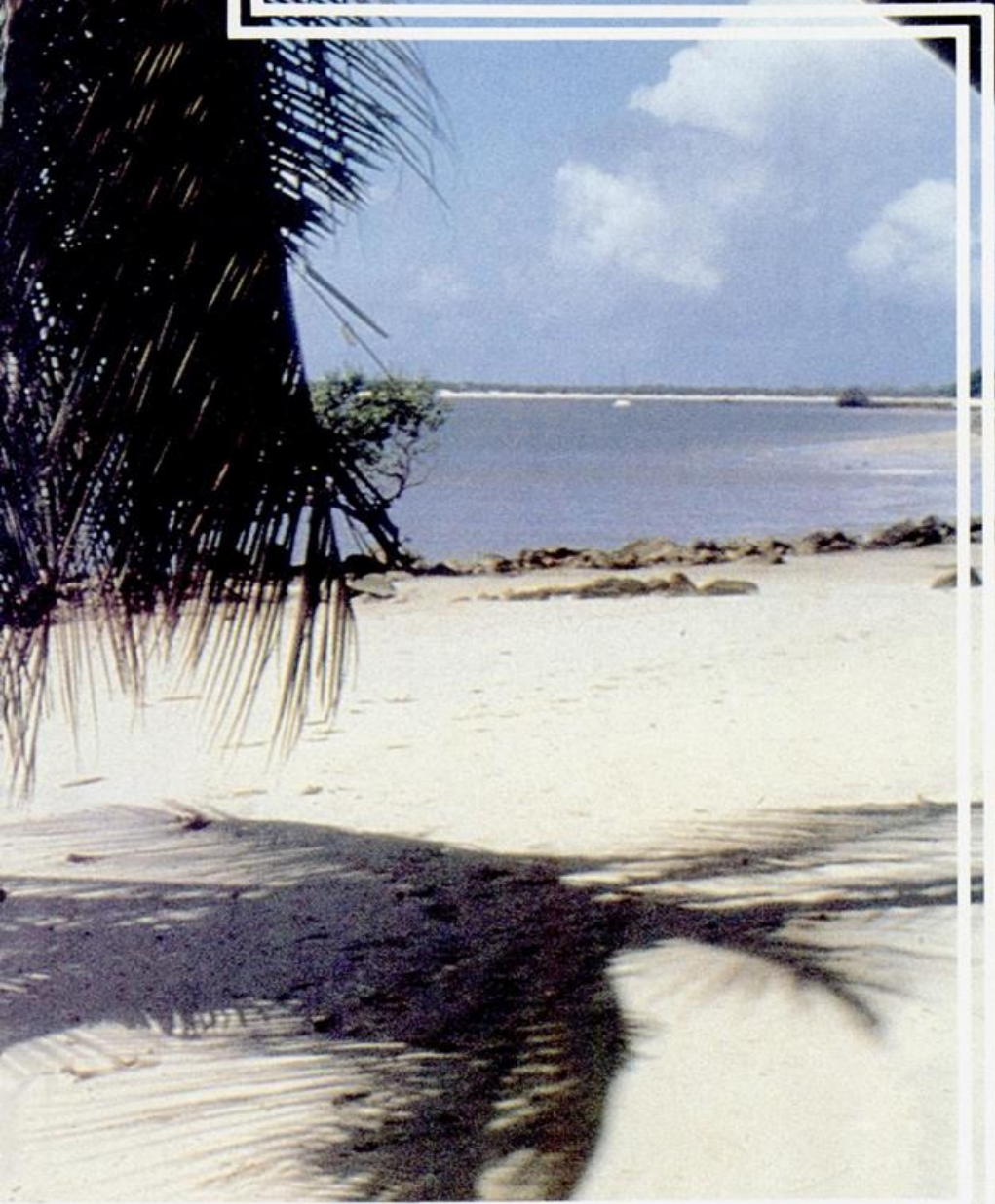
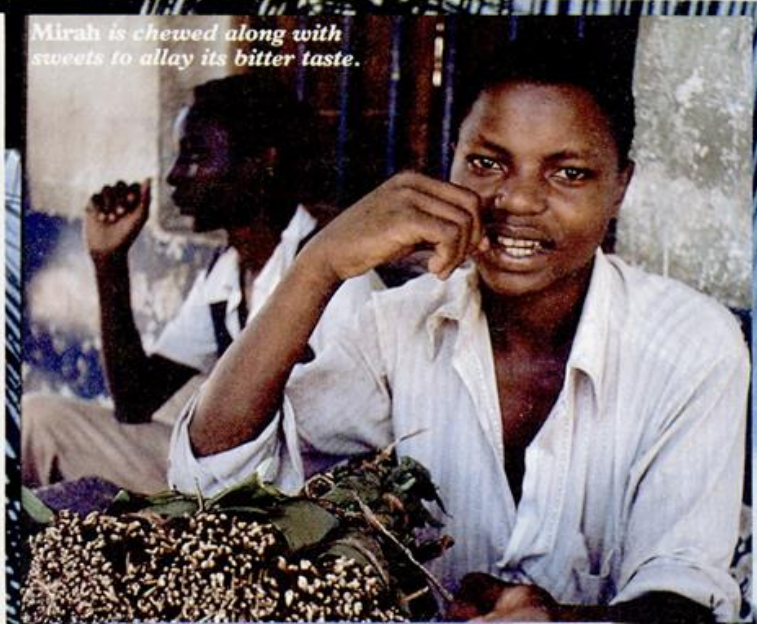


*Bhangl bunch 50 cents an ounce.*





Mirah is chewed along with sweets to allay its bitter taste.



never-ending savannah, among the elephants and wildebeests and spotted jackals, with hordes and hordes of flying birds. Long, long ages before Adam we were here. We were lemurs here, and long after we were humans, we went away awhile.

Now we come home, and are recognized here. Squat on a warm rock, take a deep pull on your gourd pipe, and the earth cups and holds your heartbeat like before. A flock of antelope peer at you inquiringly, decide you're not hunting today, and go back to grazing while you squat and dream in this place, like a million years ago...

## Kenya, Calabash of Head Goodies

Swahili pot (*bhang*) grows abundantly everywhere under the tropical, high-altitude Kenyan sun. The unique African cannabinol tetrahydrocannabinol (THCV) lends the head a unique chuckly bubble. You yawn and grin like a toothsome cheetah, and hear weird night noises that probably *are* really out there somewhere. Two joints in brown wrapper, thumbs, are 15 cents. Four jays for a quarter are fingers. A fist, four ounces, is \$5. A half-pound arm is \$8, and you can score a whole *leg*—a full pound—for just \$15.

Mombasa, where the trade routes have converged ever since people began trading things, is one big brothel and dope bazaar. Red Lebanese, black Pakistani and Moroccan blond hashish invariably go at \$1.50 a gram, but the street vendor will be perplexed and let down if you don't start out much lower, and haggle up reluctantly, with plenty of threats and coaxing. Goopy black Indian opium is the same price and worth ten times that just for the fragrance left on your fingertips after you've rolled up a pipeful nugget of it.

The locals dote on pan, or betel nut, chewed with tobacco and lime as a reagent. They score it, 15 cents per massive grinning cheekful, for the good of the digestion, but tourists do it frankly for the heat-vanquishing energy buzzzzz.

Unique to Kenya is the *mirah* or *mirungi* bush, peddled stemmed and bunched in six grades of potency: *giza hassin* is the strongest, and thence down through *cangeta*, *mirah*, *marangu* and *giza* to *lary*. Its precise pharmacology is still uncharted, but it's locally prized as an aphrodisiac and stimulant. □



## HOME ON THE RANGE

The King William District lies to the east of the San Antonio River just a few blocks south of Center City. The land on which the district now stands was once farmland for the Alamo. The area flourished in the late 1800s as the fashionable place to build a house. The district declined in the 20th century as the children who had grown up here left and moved to suburbia. The grand Victorian homes were changed to multifamily dwellings.

In the late 1960s a drive for restoration reversed the deterioration of many years. Chris and Gerry Goldstein bought their 98-year-old house in 1975 and began an 11-month restoration. The Goldstein home was one of the few houses that remained a single-family dwelling throughout the period of the neighborhood's deterioration, so few structural changes were necessary. Gerry, a Texas criminal trial attorney and longtime NORML and ACLU lawyer, concentrated on the design aspect while Chris participated in the physical construction work.

The house is limestone with wood trim. Many of the downstairs walls have been taken back to expose the stones. These natural stone walls, discovered under layers of wallpaper and plaster, are now exposed in the dining room, kitchen, library and foyer.

The front veranda was completely redesigned to remove the "modernization" and return it to the original character of the house. Spindles were hand worked and given a fresh coat of hunter green paint: a vibrant contrast to the white stucco facade and terra-cotta tiled roofs.

A contractor, crew and troop of carpenters took almost a year to strip, scrape, sand and refinish all the original

woodwork (hidden under five layers of paint) and floors.

In addition to restoring, renovating and preserving, the Goldsteins brought in some additional character. Wood-burning, potbellied stoves from England and ceiling fans, purchased locally, were installed in each room in place of furnace heat and air conditioning. A pair of cypress doors with etched glass were saved from a neighboring demolition and hung at the entrance to the pool. The owners installed twin stained-glass windows in the bath and hall area and covered several ceilings with embossed tin panels. The furnishings combine period pieces found in and around San Antonio with new furniture handcrafted in Texas and Mexico. Accessories from their families and travels are placed throughout and add thoughtful personal touches. Persian rugs of various patterns are scattered everywhere. All hardware in the house is the original and works well with the decorative reproduction window locks.

The neighborhood's dramatic revitalization has provided a sense of community for the residents of King William Street. People here care about their neighbors and about preserving this architectural legacy.

*1) The Old English bathroom features a footed bathtub and dark wood paneling. 2) The front parlor is distinguished by an embossed tin ceiling and a fan hanging over an antique Russian carpet. 3) The kitchen—formerly two bedrooms—features all Texas materials. 4) Ties are hung from a brass horn and beads from an animal horn in this alternative closet. 5) A small fan caps the redesigned veranda with its antique wicker furniture and south Texas breezes. 6) The library blends furnishings of the past with the latest stereo system.*

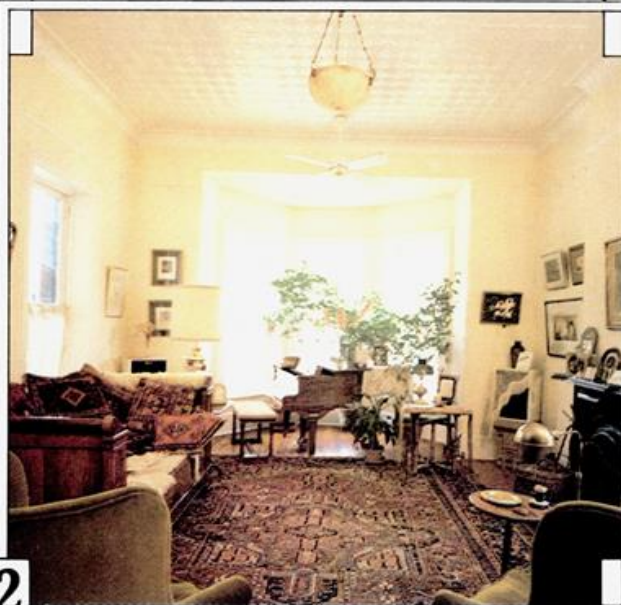
BY ELEANORE KENNEDY







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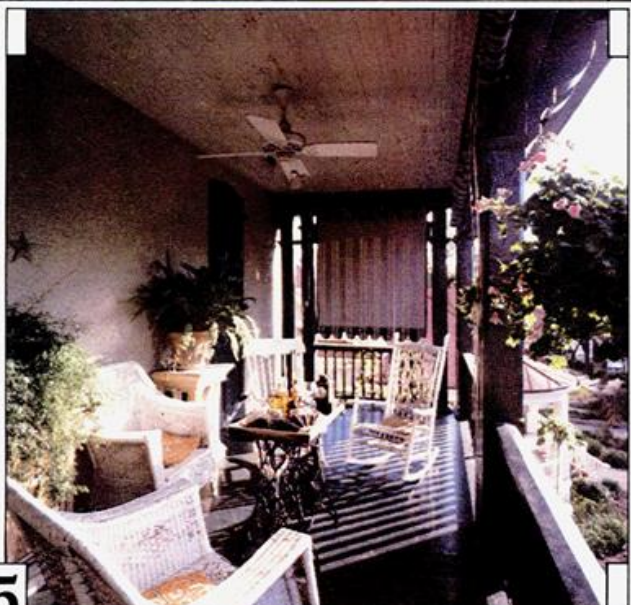
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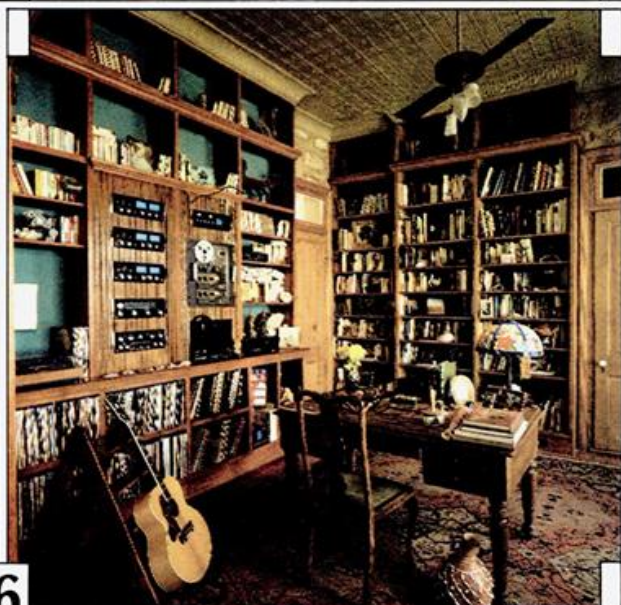
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# **RICHARD PRYOR:** *A public burning*

**by Mark  
Christensen**



At the Whisky in Hollywood a couple of the local Antichrists are talking to a guy who says he's Johnny Carson's coke dealer. All the guy's really important circuits were probably burned out years ago, but he can still finesse a linear point. "If it don't lead to stupor or ejaculation," he reveals, "I ain't interested."

The event tonight is yet another wake for Jim Morrison and the drinks are on the house. Two pool table-sized television screens project twin images of the now-gone Jim writhing prone on a stage sometime in the late '60s or early '70s, microphone to mouth, howling. Cops take to the stage on screen. Doors fans are seen being cracked with long billy clubs. Cut to scenes of the National Democratic Convention in Chicago in 1968. More cops, more smacking. Cut to a closeup of J. Edgar Hoover. Cut back to the Doors, gothic maestro Morrison crooning, "This is the end, my only friend, the end..."

Welcome to uptown L.A., land of spandex and insanity. Where a snazzy hovel down the street in Bev Hills can cost you half a million and the best live entertainment is free: winos on roller skates, spike-heeled call girls from Mars wobbling delicately along Rodeo Drive, gay Jesus freaks beating the streets for Ronald Reagan, you name it.

Here at the Whisky (née A Go Go), Cars mastermind Ric Ocasek stands three steps to the right of former Doors keyboard player, and now godhead of the punk group X, Ray Manzarek. New Weird and Old Weird respectively. The Whisky has brought 'em out of the woodwork tonight. At least two geriatric Doors fans are in togas, and Timothy Leary—or a Timothy Leary hallucination—works the crowd. Posing for pictures and whatnot. Morrison continues to devolve in the two TV screens.

Fifteen or twenty miles away, America's greatest stand-up comic, the freshly flambéed Richard Pryor, is doing the same thing—'80s style. He has been charbroiled from the belly button up, is lying suspended on a protective mattress at the Sherman Oaks Burn Center in the San Fernando Valley, and has been given a one-in-three chance of living. A pioneer on the frontiers of feral zonkitude, Pryor fell hapless victim to an astounding freak accident: A glass of rum blew up in his face. Honest to God.

Now, sure, you've heard stories that he was using the wonderful cocaine derivative, freebase. And that he caught fire while cooking some up. Well, hey, don't you believe it. Puerto Rican did him in and that's a fact. Just ask his attorney. A hot

ash from his cigarette was all it took and *bwaaammoooo!*

UCLA pharmacologist Ron Siegel estimates that here among the local rockers and TV folk an annual per body investment in cocaine of \$250,000 is not uncommon. He would know. Siegel is one of the world's experts in the effects of brain-altering drugs. He has spent ten years investigating a whole slew of potions, everything from acid to belladonna. His work has included a study of everything from alcoholic lab rats to ketamine junkies and, in the wake of this, he has become convinced that sane people can handle a spectrum of drugs including pot, psychedelics and cocaine without physical or mental detriment.

### **Charbroiled from the belly up, the freshly flambéed Richard Pryor "is as sick as a human being can be and still be alive."**

Still, a quarter of a million dollars a year for cocaine? That's about a garbage can full of the stuff per annum. Who would have a mind left after putting all that up his nose? Also, where would all the cash come from? That works out to about the cost of a new VW Rabbit a week.

"In the entertainment industry," Siegel says, "it all gets written off under 'food and cash.' Just business as usual. And these days, it doesn't go directly up everybody's noses. It goes to make freebase. Which is very pleasant stuff...and very dangerous."

Indeed. For the as yet uninformed, the wonder drug freebase is simply cocaine alkaloid. Coke sans hydrochloric acid; made by mixing ammonium or sodium carbonate. You mix equal parts carbonate with petroleum ether, add cocaine and shake. This elixir subsequently separates into two water-clear layers, the top one consisting of freebase and ether. You then suck the freebase/ether solution off with an eye dropper, squirt it into a petri dish and wait for the ether to evaporate, leaving the white, talclike powder in the dish's bottom. Voilà! Freebase. Now the fun part. Because freebase will not burn, it must be superheated in order to be smoked. Unlike cocaine, freebase doesn't do its work when snorted, so...

Enter the blowtorch. Or at least the Bunsen burner like you used in Bsc. Chem. 107. Freebase is usually then inhaled through a glass hookah.

Siegel fires some up for demonstration purposes. We are in his office and the torch's long arrow of blue flame cooks the powder in its little screen cup. A thin tendril of smoke twists up into the air. Smoke worth about 25 bucks.

I inquire: Perchance a sample hit? For scientific purposes. Siegel shakes his head and passes me a copy of his now landmark report, *Freebasing: Hazards from Smoking Cocaine*. He estimates that freebase is a fad that swelled from nothing three years ago to about a million users currently in the USA alone. He details also an impressive smorgasbord of freebase liabilities: "Effects include dry lips, black sputum, mydriasis, rapid pulse, restlessness, insomnia, anorexia, tremors, paranoia and psychosis." Sounds like the effects of the last job I held down, so what's the big deal?

"I'm surprised," he answers, "that the bodies haven't started popping up before now. We've had several freebase-related burn cases before this Pryor thing. People take hit after hit of base and then get so wasted, they lose track of the torch. A couple of them have had to be awakened after they've caught fire."

But that's just part of the freebase package. "The attraction to compulsive use is greater than heroin," Siegel says. "The initial rush is tremendous, but tolerance develops rapidly—users seek to replicate the original superhigh experience. Which they usually can't. But they chase it, using more and more base, and it really starts taking a toll on their systems."

Siegel estimates that it takes a minimum of three months to really lunch yourself on base, but once you've got the ball rolling, it's hell. Take the hallucinations, for instance. "Unlike LSD where you observe the hallucinations, with freebase the hallucinations become a direct part of your reality." He goes on to recite the already famous case of one of his patients (Siegel does extensive counseling) who became convinced that worms were crawling out of his body and brought Siegel bits of skin he'd tweezed from his arms. "The guy was totally convinced the worms were real," Siegel says. "All he wanted to know from me, in fact, was how they could have contaminated his cocaine supply to begin with."

But wait. There's more. "The freebase rush lasts only a couple minutes, but there's this huge compulsion to repeat it over and over at short intervals. Which really can string you out. It leads to subsequent use of a lot of downs. In fact, freebase fosters poly-drug use like no substance I've ever experienced. And if you make yourself too crazy on the stuff,



well...in an emergency-room situation, it's relatively easy to deal with somebody who's taken too much LSD—you can handle their fears by talking them down. But a guy who is really messed up on freebase may take seven to ten days just to detox."

What makes it so attractive then? "Well," Siegel says, "it's simple." He looks out the window of his Westwood office-apartment. A thin, youngish man with a high forehead, he wears jeans and a pressed khaki shirt. "The rush from freebase feels better than anything else we've ever encountered. We've had at least one case where a man got so excited over the stuff that he ejaculated through a flaccid penis. For a couple of minutes, you can feel better than anybody has ever felt before in his life."

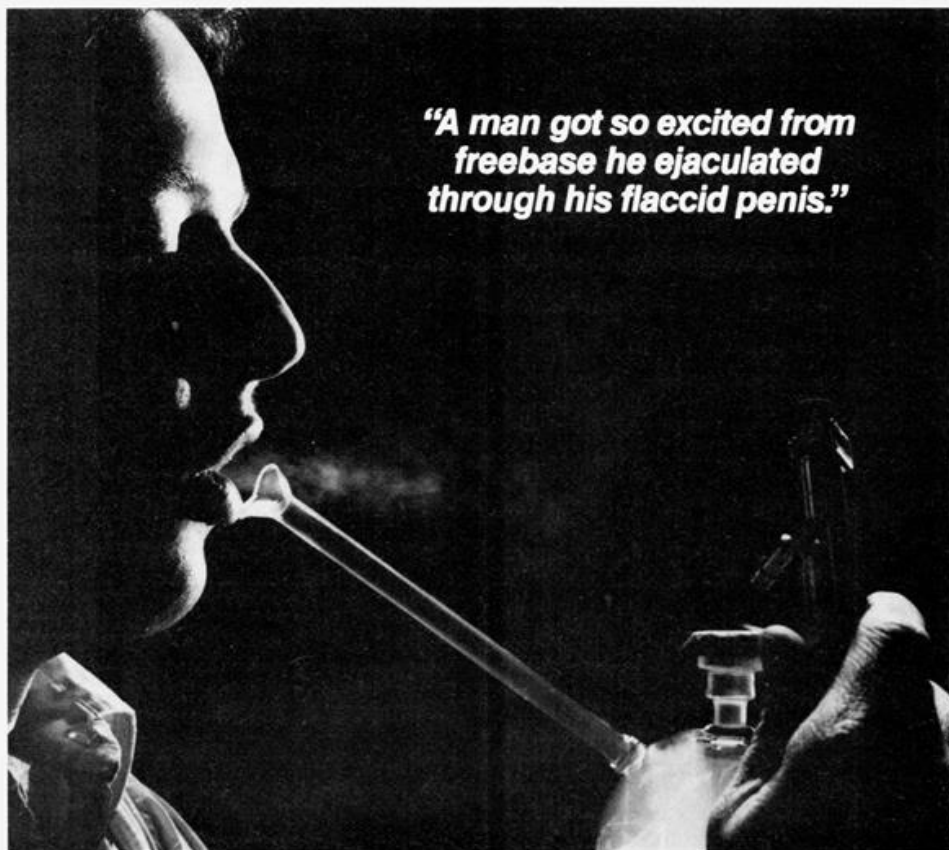
The Sherman Oaks Burn Center has now been hosting an obligatory press circus for days and days. Guys with TV camera portapacks are thick as junkies on 42nd Street. They wander the portals of this little hospital, a trim structure that could double as a suburban police station or insurance office; that uninteresting.

There is, however—right this minute—some interesting activity hereabouts. A little woman, for example, is going bats. "This is it! I've had all I can take," she screams. "I don't want anybody talking to this writer! This is the last straw. I'm not talking to anybody from *HIGH TIMES*. That's a drug magazine! They don't care anything about Richard Pryor—all they care about is drugs!"

She is Richard Pryor's P.R. lady. A little bird of a person. White. White skin. White dress. White eyes. It's been several days since Pryor's accident, and the night before, a TV announcer had intoned over the air, "Pryor is as sick as a human can be and still be alive."

We're standing in the lobby of the burn center. Pryor is asleep, still unconscious following surgery that included a flexible bronchoscopy, a myringotomy and the first-stage extensive debridement of his chest, shoulders, back, arms, neck and face. Which means, in English, that surgeons have removed extensive secretions blocking his breathing passages, pierced his eardrums to facilitate treatment in the pressurized hyperbaric chamber and removed dead skin from all over the place.

Accounts still vary as to what actually had happened to the poor guy. *Time* reported that an "explosion" had taken place in Pryor's bedroom the night of June 2. Indeed. The cops found scorch marks on the walls and ceiling. But that was it. No coke, no freebase, no paraphernalia. No rum or Camel straights, either.



**"A man got so excited from freebase he ejaculated through his flaccid penis."**

© 1980 Brian R. Wolf

At any rate, this much is known—or at least agreed upon: After Pryor "exploded," his elderly aunt, Jenny, was alerted to the now-flaming comedian by Pryor's live-in watchman. She rushed into the bedroom and smothered the fire with a blanket. By then, probably already in shock and almost certainly in tremendous pain, Pryor rocketed out of his house on foot, running in order—as the *Los Angeles Times* put it—to "seek relief in sheer motion."

Outside, Richard, his shirt burned away and his chest and arms a bloody pizza, caused quite a stir. Traffic along the street in front of his house in suburban Northridge (where most of his neighbors were unaware a black person lived) congested as motorists slowed down and tried to talk to him. A passing squad car noticed the ruckus and stopped. Pryor kept walking, crying, "I can't stop. I can't stop! I'll die if I stop!"

Then he started jogging. One of the two cops radioed for an ambulance while the other leaped from the car and trotted alongside him, afraid to halt him physically for fear of causing further injury. A dithered Pryor had to be restrained when the ambulance arrived. Yelling and screaming, "Give me a second chance. I know I did wrong but I got some good in me," he fought the rescuer's attempts to place him in the ambulance.

Needless to say, physicians at the nearby burn center saw their patient as a challenge. Third-degree burns covered

pretty much everything from the belt line up. Much of his epidermis was simply gone. Given a whirlpool bath and swathed mummy-style in antibiotic dressings, Pryor was sedated and put to bed for the night. And doctors were relieved when he lived to see the dawn.

Gary Shaye, a burn center spokesperson, reveals, "Richard is in pain, an extreme amount of pain; but pain, unfortunately, isn't the worst thing we have to deal with in medicine." A burn center staff person who asks not to be identified says, "Even if he makes it through the next few days or weeks, he's in such bad shape that he could go at any time. Burns like these really destroy the body's defense system. People seem to be getting well and then suddenly—he snaps his fingers—they die like magic."

This, of course, is but the latest of Pryor's heavy scrapes with reality. A native of Peoria, Illinois, and a veteran of between three and six marriages—depending on where you get your information—the 39-year-old comic had had a rough go of it. To wit, the federal income tax. In 1974, he forgot to pay and was rewarded thereafter with a ten-day all-expense-paid vacation in jail. Then, at dawn on New Year's Day 1978, he got into a beef with his wife and a few of her friends following a party at his house, and, well, one thing led to another and Richard ended up ramming his Mercedes into a Buick occupied by the wife and the pals. Then, in his words, he "killed" the Buick. That is to say, he produced a gun and shot the car. About six



times. The car died, Pryor paid another visit to the slammer and his wife moved out.

And, oh yeah, he did some other things, too. Like the time he got into acid and detonated his future in Vegas by saying, "What the fuck am I doing here?" before walking off the stage in the middle of a performance. Then, let's see; well, he broke actor George Memmoli's head with a chair, and then his heart also attacked him. Good old cardiac arrest. And now this.

"What I hear? God damn Ted Kennedy for calling him up. Funny thing, just around election time, too. God! *Damn!* That makes me mad. Blacks, were an emotional people; now Ted Kennedy figures, 'I give Richard Pryor a call while he's so sick and look at all the votes I'll get. Makes me sick.' The man speaking is Prophet Jennings and he is pissed. A friend and consultant to Pryor off and on for years, Jennings is a painter, filmmaker, philosopher, ex-confidence man and sportswriter. Right now we're holed up in his West Hollywood apartment. 'I'm staying away from that hospital,' he says. 'Richard don't need me there. All'a hangers on be showin' up now scrapin' and bowin' and prayin' there. 'Cause they know. Richard die and it's gonna be the end of all the freebies.'"

Jennings's phone rings. It's Dizzy Gillespie, in town for the Playboy Jazz

Festival at the Hollywood Bowl. They confer, the skinny and somewhat grizzled prophet pacing his living-room rug, receiver to his ear. The bull is shot and then Jennings hangs up and returns to the subject at hand. "Richard die, it's gonna be some loss. He's the only fellow I know in show business what can make great material just from livin'. That's right. He sit down with you and listen to you talk and then he takes what he hears and just changes it a little bit and all of a sudden, you never heard anything so funny. He picks up on everything. Reads newspapers, books, magazines, sees three, four movies sometimes in a day! Sees movies like a mothafucka! A great man. Now I don't know anything about any of this drug stuff. That's none of my business. All I know is what a good man he is. I'll give you an example," he says, grimacing as if the memory is still painful. "This party he had one time on Memorial Day at his house. Invited everybody over to rollerskate at his house! Got two trucks fulla roller skates. One truck don't have all the right sizes so he sends for another! He took care of everybody. I've spent all my life studying great. Great athletes, businessmen, musicians, politicians, pimps, artists and whores—studied 'em all. And there is none greater than Richard Pryor."

John Moffitt, coproducer of ABC's late-night "Fridays," concurs. "Pryor is a comic genius almost without equal. But he's one

of those people who can't avoid extremes." Moffitt *knows*. He was directing the "Ed Sullivan Show" when Pryor made his first appearances. And Moffitt also produced Richard's disastrous NBC show a few years ago. "He always got to be very, very good or [he would] screw up completely."

"An example," Moffitt says as he leans back in his chair in an office whose furniture looks like it was cut directly from standing trees, "is when several years ago he made a deal with NBC to do a variety series. They made him a financial offer he couldn't refuse. Then he realized what he'd committed himself to. Richard writes 90 percent of his own material and he saw that he'd go crazy trying to do that on a weekly basis. He tried to squeeze out of the deal but NBC wanted four shows, minimum. By that time he hated the entire idea. He hated it so bad he cried. He thought TV would ruin his career. Then he got into some battles with the censors over material and the whole thing more or less fell apart. He'd come to shows so blasted that the audience would have to be sent home. One time I was over at his house and showed him a tape of one of his skits and he couldn't even remember having done it."

Morning, June 18. Pryor is mobile. He can walk to the john. To the therapy pool. Nevertheless, doctors at the burn center

*continued on page 103*

## Pryor Live(s)

Richard Pryor spent no small amount of time in his monologues chatting about cocaine and death. A lot of this material doesn't translate well to print, depending as it does on his voice, timing and delivery. Nevertheless, herewith, a Richard Pryor coke-and-death sampler:

- "I snorted cocaine for about 15 years, my dumb ass. I musta snorted Peru.... I coulda bought Peru, all the shit I snorted... just give 'em the money up front and had me a piece of property.... I started out snortin' little tiny pinches—so I wouldn't get hooked.... Can't get hooked on no coke. I got friends been snortin' coke 15 years, they ain't hooked.... [but] took me a long time to realize, this shit'll kill ya."

- "My mama did a voice that made me stop snortin' cocaine.... [I say] here mamma, I'm puttin it down the toilet... \$1,600 worth a shit.... She found out how much it cost, she got mad: 'Ya dumb muthafucka! You coulda sold some a that shit back to the man you got it from. I told you that stuff make you stupid.'"

- "Leon Spinks: There's a nigger that gets

busted for a \$1.50 worth of cocaine, a dollar and fifty cents worth of cocaine.... Have you ever *seen* \$1.50 worth of cocaine? A-dollar-and-fifty-cents worth of cocaine melt before you open the paper.... you gotta have a ballistics expert on the scene to examine that kinda shit.... And I gotta theory.... if you buy \$1.50 worth of cocaine from any dealer in America, he gonna tell on your ass."

- "Death don't give a fuck where it goes... you can't fuck around with death, boy. Death gonna take you away and forget it. 'You thinking about dying [to himself, after his heart attack], aren't you?.. Why didn't you think about that when you were eating the pork, drinkin' that whiskey and snortin' that cocaine?.. I woke up in the ambulance... lookin' up at all these white people... starin' down at me. I say 'Oh God, I fucked up and ended up in the wrong heaven.... They [put me] in intensive care... they hook you up with all these wires and shit and you be lookin' like Frankenstein lying there with tubes and shit up your nose.... You get to see your life beep away [on the monitors] *do do do do*. If you hear *doooooo*, cancel Christmas.... Life's a bitch ain't it? One day you're here, the next day you're gone.'"



Wide World



# Ginseng

## Can 999,999,999 Chinese be wrong? by Andrew Weil

The root of life. It was said to restore sexual potency and cure syphilis. It could bring the still-warm corpse back to life. Always expensive and difficult to obtain, its rarity fed the myths of its supernatural powers and the myths fed the demand. In turn-of-the-century China, the market value of ginseng topped the price of gold.

Although it has not kept pace with the price of gold, ginseng is still one of the world's more costly botanicals, and trade in it has become very big business in North America, the Soviet Union and the Far East. One estimate places the number of regular users in the United States alone at more than five million, many of them drawn by claims that it is a supertonic, promoting health and longevity, not to mention sexual vigor. But misinformation and outright deception have characterized the ginseng market, with some plants sold under the name that have no relation to the real thing.

True ginseng is the root of two species of *Panax* in the ginseng family (*Araliaceae*): Oriental ginseng, or *Panax ginseng*, grows in the mountainous forests of East Asia; American ginseng, or *Panax quinquefolium*, is native to North America, growing from Quebec and Ontario as far south as Georgia. A few minor species of *Panax* are also sources of supply; for example, a valuable root called Tienchi ginseng in China comes from a variety of *Panax japonicum*.

Ginseng is a slow-growing plant, taking up to five years to produce a mature root. The slow rate of growth combined with drastic overharvesting almost caused the extinction of ginseng in North America. It still grows wild in many areas, but the bulk of market demand is now met by cultivated roots, grown on a wide scale in the United States and the Orient. Although cultivated roots are

larger than wild ones and can be good, connoisseurs maintain that wild roots are always better.

The magical properties ascribed to ginseng were not entirely out of proportion to its medical use. The name *Panax* is related to *panacea*, our word for a cure-all, an indication of ginseng's reputation as a powerful medicine. Among Native Americans and in the Far East, ginseng has been used as traditional medicine for centuries. In China it is used as a tonic in well-to-do homes and both Chinese and Korean doctors prescribe it in clinical practice. In the last century it was used in American medicine as a tonic for the digestive system, as a mild stimulant and as a treatment for nervous disorders. But with the rise of the modern pharmaceutical industry, ginseng was relegated to the scrap heap of old-fashioned, superstitious remedies and forgotten by doctors. Very few American physicians know much about it and fewer use it. One reason for its neglect is that ginseng doesn't produce immediate dramatic effects: It is not a "magic bullet" of the sort doctors like to use today.

Thousands of ordinary folks, however, have discovered that ginseng, taken regularly or in special ways, does have real and interesting effects. It seems to improve health and resistance to disease, protect against stress and make people feel more energetic. That is just what a tonic is supposed to do. Ginseng won't get you high, but some people say they experience a low level of stimulation from it. Or that ginseng

improves skin and muscle tone, or cures hangovers or livens up their sex lives. When former *New York Times* writer Raymond A. Sokolov sampled some for an article, he proclaimed in that paper's venerable pages, "All that day I was randy as a teenage mink." Nevertheless, Chinese doctors protest that claims for ginseng as a sexual stimulant have no basis in fact.

We do not know just how ginseng works. Experiments with animals tend to yield encouraging results, but there have been no in-depth studies of effects in humans. Chemical analysis reveals that both Oriental and American ginseng contain large numbers of triterpenoid glycosides—unusual compounds derived from sugars. Those that seem to be responsible for the effects have been dubbed ginsenosides (also called panaxosides). I.I. Brekhman, a Soviet scientist, has found indications in experiments with animals that *Panax ginseng* is effective as an adaptogen—a substance that increases general resistance and helps the body adapt to stress.

The main problem that confronts you if you want to get into ginseng is to find products that really deliver doses of these ginsenosides. For, in addition to being sold as whole roots, ginseng is packaged in the form of extracts, capsules and tablets. Many of these products have little or no ginsenoside content: Recent studies pointing to the need for standards for commercial ginseng preparations found that one-fourth to one-third of the samples tested had no activity whatsoever. Ara Der Marderosian of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy and Science, who conducted one such study, suggests that one way to ensure that you get the ginsenosides is to choose preparations that look like they contain root, such as thick, tarry extracts. He pointed out, though, that a clear extract could be just as useful if it were obtained through a process









## Buying Ginseng

Listed below are some of the reputable companies marketing ginseng in the United States. You can contact them directly to order by mail or locate a supplier near you.

- American ginseng preparations are available from Eagle Eye American Ginseng, 1917 North Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60614, (312) 787-0532; Biobotanica, 2 Willow Park Center, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735, (516) 752-1533 and Fmali/Wildcraft, 831 Almar, Santa Cruz, Calif., (408) 423-7928.

- *Eleutherococcus senticosus*

is distributed by Imedex International, 9399 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif. 90210. Biobotanica also sells an extract of this plant.

- Chinese Tienchi ginseng is distributed only by Po-Chien, Inc., P.O. Box 29038, Los Angeles, Calif. 90029, (213) 663-9294.

- A government monopoly controls the red ginseng industry in Korea; nonetheless, Korean ginseng is highly variable. One source is Gae Poong Korea Ginseng Company, 79 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10003, (212) 242-0246. It is also available from Fmali/Wildcraft.

that preserved the inherent properties of the root.

Most of the ginseng preparations in discount stores and supermarkets are worthless, as are many Chinese and Korean preparations and such novelty products as instant ginseng, ginseng chewing gum, ginseng toothpaste and ginseng cheddar cheese. Even if you invest in a whole root, you have no way of knowing its potency: Roots may be one to seven years old, and the relationship between the age of the root and its ginsenoside content has not been studied. All ginseng roots are creamy or yellowish white in their natural state. Steaming turns them red, but this change in appearance does not alter their tonic properties, so that whether ginseng is red or white does not mean much.

Chinese Tienchi ginseng (cultivated in Yunnan Province from a minor species of *Panax*) is high in ginsenosides, as is much American ginseng. In fact, American ginseng tests out better than most of the Oriental varieties. It seems to be lower in or lacking the ginsenoside that is a stimulant but higher in many of the others. Whether you buy American or Oriental ginseng, buy only from reputable dealers and know what you are getting for your money.

Some things sold as ginseng are not ginseng at all. For example, there are products made from an unrelated plant of the American West, *Rumex hymenosepalus*, an edible green known as wild rhubarb or dock. Its root is sometimes passed off as "red desert ginseng" or "American wild red ginseng," but it has no measurable activity.

Another herb on the market is *Eleutherococcus senticosus*. Although its importation and sale are officially barred by the FDA, eleutherococcus is widely available here, labeled "Siberian ginseng." *Eleutherococcus* is native to the USSR and has no history of use in folk medicine. It was discovered by Soviet researchers looking for a substitute for ginseng in the face of dwindling supplies and increasing demand for the real stuff. Although it is a member of the ginseng family, it has none of the ginsenosides of *Panax* nor its stimulant effect. Yet it does contain other glycosides and may be a good adaptogen in its own right: Brekhman's studies show that eleutherococcus is more effective than ginseng in some cases. Some Western scientists think the Russian research is

Ginseng  
Panax  
by Maria Rabe  
Ginseng  
Nov 1973



mostly hype designed to give the Soviets a bigger cut of the booming ginseng market. But others say there is definitely something to it. Millions of Russians are said to take it daily.

Until recently, the USSR controlled the world supply of this material and let very little come to the West. Fake and adulterated eleutherococcus has appeared in U.S. health food stores. Now more is coming in from other Asian sources and good products are available.

Ginseng is not necessarily beneficial for everyone. Whether it is for you or not you will have to find out by experimenting. Read up on it if you are curious: The best book on the subject is Joseph Hou's *The Myth and Truth about Ginseng* (Cranbury, N.J.: A.S. Barnes). Then buy good ginseng from a reliable source, give it a reasonable trial and see whether you can notice for yourself the effects that have caused so many people to seek out this root.

### Using Ginseng

If you are lucky enough to obtain good, whole roots, try sucking on them or chewing small pieces slowly. Ginseng has a characteristic bittersweet taste with a somewhat licoricelike flavor that becomes very likable. (However, the chemicals responsible for the taste are not those that make ginseng work.)

Chinese people sometimes drink decoctions of whole roots: Boil a root slowly in two quarts of water in a nonmetal pot with cover for eight hours, adding water as necessary to maintain the level. Strain, and sip slowly throughout the day, preferably after fasting for two days. You can also take capsules or extracts of ginseng as a daily supplement. Some people say they only notice effects after several weeks or even months of regular use.

You should not take ginseng with other stimulants or if you are hypertensive (have high blood pressure). *Panax ginseng* is considered a hypertonic or heating herb in Chinese medicine, and Chinese doctors prescribe it for low blood pressure. (Tienchi ginseng is not considered effective in treating hypotension.) Recent Western studies seem to confirm the hypertensive effect of ginseng. Take moderate doses if you decide to consume ginseng on a regular basis. Megadoses have been linked to nervousness, insomnia and diarrhea. □

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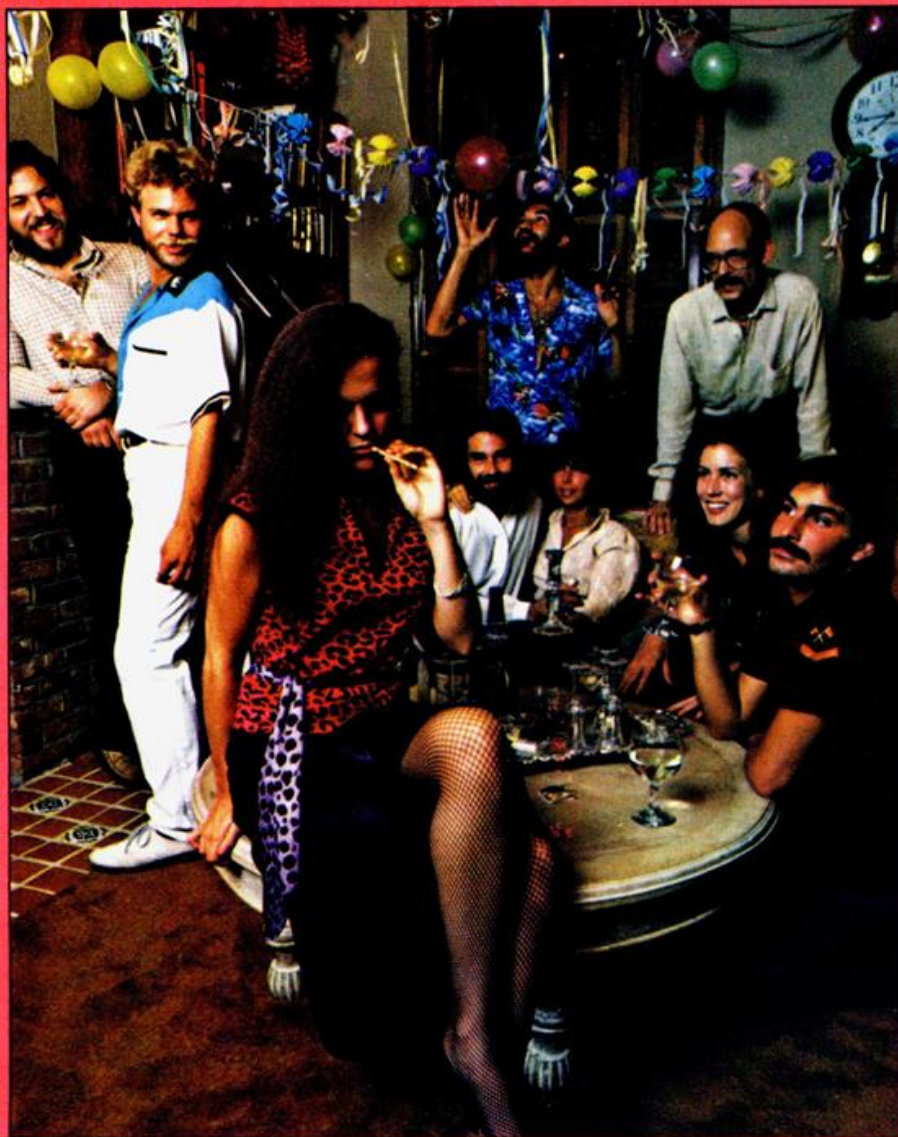
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## Interview: Marianne Faithfull

*continued from page 43*

yes. I did it in one take, the vocal. We all did. It's so ooh, you know, that was what was such a drag about the Mudd Club, you couldn't hear a word. I couldn't get the real inflection that I wanted.

**High Times:** Did you worry that your mother was going to hear you singing those words?

**Faithfull:** My mother was a dancer with Max Reinhardt in Berlin, and she is not a prude on that level at all! She never minded what book I read when I was a child, growing up. She just wouldn't like me to read bad books. I mean I could read the Marquis de Sade but I couldn't read pornography. She's a bit like that. I find I have to wait. I'm not very good at singing it in the morning—I still get embarrassed about it. I've got to loosen up a bit.

**High Times:** You never went through a period where you thought, "No one has ever done this. I haven't done anything in ten years, and now I will do something that is truly a precedent. I could make a fool of myself."

**Faithfull:** I couldn't make a fool of myself if I stuck to the truth. The only point of doing it again was to make a record that was the truth. You've read Tony Sanchez's version of the truth and then there is mine! [Laughs.] Fucking hell! I've had lots of people come up to me from musicians to record-company people saying we can release this as an underground version or something like that. People have said this or "Take it off the album." We've lost a lot of sales in England because of it. You can't sell it in W.H. Smith or Boots or Woolworth's. EMI wouldn't press it. Though I must say for Chris Blackwell [president of Island Records], he never did *that*. A lot of people have been very shocked. But it hasn't really mattered to us because it's the best thing on the album.

**High Times:** After a show, a woman went up to you and said, "You know, that record saved my life." Her boyfriend had left her and I heard that she was playing it five times every morning to get herself out of bed because the rage propelled her.

**Faithfull:** You realize you can actually strike back.

**High Times:** When did you realize that?

**Faithfull:** Very, very recently. Our conditioning is that you're a victim. All that really was never true anyway because you see... There is another thing I can talk about 'til I'm blue in the face but no one will ever believe it and I don't want to hurt Mick because it's important for his macho trip. He likes people to think I was left miserable and all that. I don't really care. But, in fact it was mutual. It wasn't really mutual because I did go off to do something else, which was to be an addict. [Laughs.]

**High Times:** Contrary to myth, not the victim...



**Faithfull:** Yeah, so I never felt that I'd been betrayed and lost and left really at all. Only when I met Ben and I found out he was having an affair with somebody. By then I was much older and not as beautiful and a bit more insecure about it all. And then I really felt—I never felt it before—that kind of jealousy. I had always shrugged my shoulders and said, "What the fuck, if you are going to have a scene with someone, I will." But with this one I didn't want him to do it. I didn't want that to happen where it spirals off into how many scenes you can have, you know.

**High Times:** So the rage on "Why D'Ya Do It?" is more current than from your Jagger days?

**Faithfull:** Yes. But presumably, like everything else, it's a conglomeration of everything. I mean, Mick obviously had loads of scenes while I was with him, but I'll give him this, I didn't know about them. I only found out afterwards. And I was pretty furious, I must say, but what could I do, because I was doing the same. It doesn't matter.

**High Times:** Doing it openly?

**Faithfull:** I didn't tell him, you didn't talk, you know.

**High Times:** You didn't talk in the cool days.

**Faithfull:** Nobody talked. I didn't particularly hide anything but I never said anything either. You just didn't talk. Perhaps it was all that hash.

**High Times:** All that chic. Do you feel proud that your record is a vindication of your previous image of victim-waif?

**Faithfull:** Oh yeah. Very. I'm very pleased that Mick's proud of me because I realize people have been going up to him for a long time now and blaming him. "How could you do this to this lovely girl. You destroyed her," and blah blah blah blah. And at last, it turns out in the end that the truth is I learned these tricks from him. I learned how to phrase, I learned all sorts of tricks. He taught me a lot.

**High Times:** How did your voice change so much?

**Faithfull:** I think it's time in the widest possible sense, but on the other hand, it's probably also cigarettes and whiskey and I don't know. I mean I was 17 and now I'm 33. If I had *that* voice now it would be a joke.

**High Times:** Your whole album is rage. Your version of John Lennon's "Working Class Hero" is chilling.

**Faithfull:** There's a lot of rage in that, there is almost too much.

**High Times:** Where did you get all this class rage?

**Faithfull:** Well, because you see I've had it the other way around. Because I wasn't working class, *nobody* would take me seriously. Because in the '60s you had to be working class. You had to have had a very difficult life, you know.

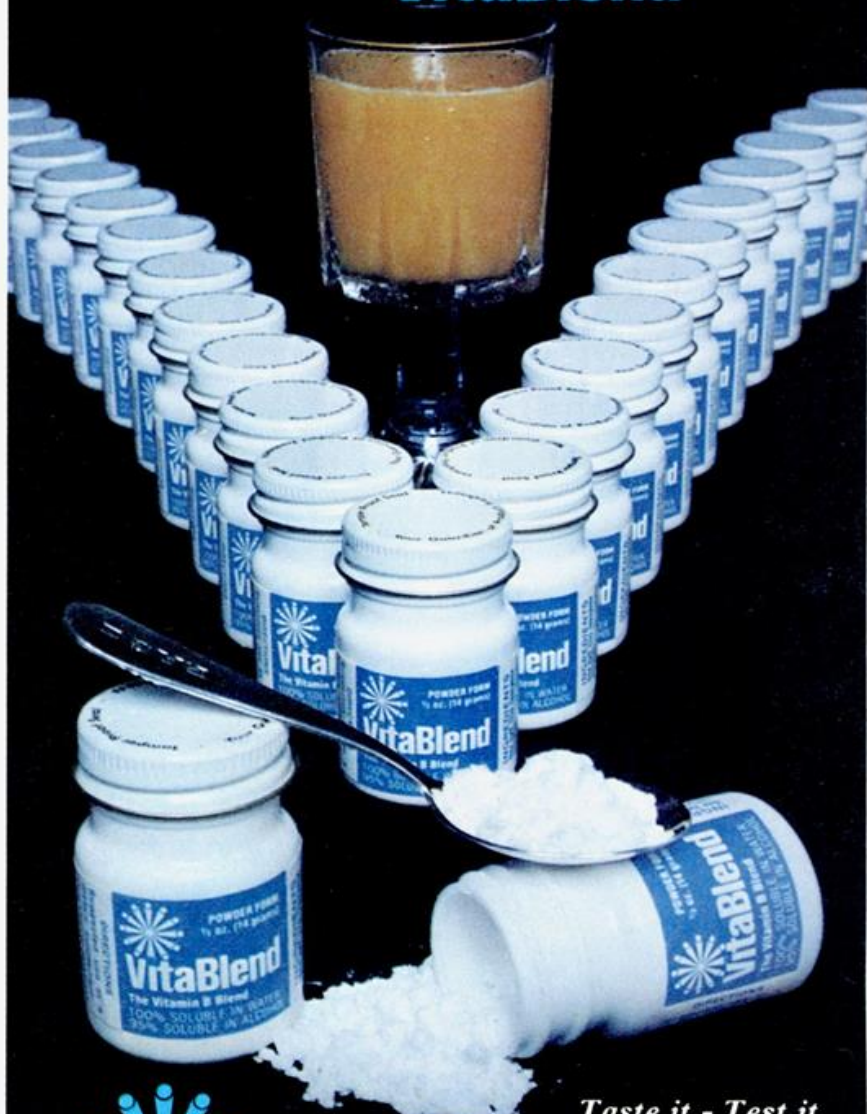
**High Times:** Did you have a lot of guilt about that?

**Faithfull:** No, because I was a charity

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boarder at school and my mother brought me up on nine pounds a week maintenance from my father and we were really poor. The fact that she was an Austro-Hungarian baroness before the First World War when there was an emperor, which is so long ago that it doesn't mean anything.

**High Times:** Only in England.

**Faithfull:** It doesn't mean anything anywhere. They made a lot out of that, you see. Then for years, because of that, they always thought—I'm getting into "us and them," aren't I?—the people who give out the jobs thought I had a private income and I'd just done all this just for fun. Some young debutante wanting to, they really did. And this didn't look so funny when I was starving in 1973 with my mother and Nicholas. It really became a big drag. I'd never even heard "Working Class Hero" because it wasn't on the *Imagine* album in London, in England. I heard it on a jukebox in Wales, and although in some ways I still feel it is a very naive song, it's the best class song I've ever heard and this process he describes, that crushing number he describes, "as soon as you're born," and it happens to everybody, it happens to middle-class people.

**High Times:** On your next album will you record more songs like "Why D'Ya Do It?"

**Faithfull:** I just don't think it could happen again. I mean, there was the

actual incident that sparked it off with Ben and this dumb broad.

**High Times:** Not from hurt with Jagger?

**Faithfull:** I am sure I drew on all that to get to that level. In some ways I am very pleased because it is like Mason Hoffenberg telling me, "It's like a monkey off your back." All that sort of fury. And I don't think anyone will ever see me as a victim again, which is very important.

*"I heard Mick was going around saying, 'It's so sad, she's gone mad. She is just crazy now.' I was so angry about it."*

Because it always pissed me off so much. One of the reasons I talked to Scaduto was—it may not even be true—but I heard that Mick was going around saying, like, somebody would say, "How is Marianne?" and he would say, "It's so sad, she's gone mad. She is just crazy now." I was so angry about it.

**High Times:** Do you think he had to believe this to sustain his ego?

**Faithfull:** Looking back on it now—and now that it is all over and I have got it out of my system—it must have looked to him

that I was insane because he thinks that people who would want to lead the life... To Mick the whole idea of—he doesn't have that sort of obsession with...

**High Times:** Obsession with what?

**Faithfull:** Oh, you know, *that* life where all you think of is scoring. And I must say, I grew out of it eventually too.

**High Times:** When junk had become your life, did you know you were going to survive?

**Faithfull:** I didn't give a damn. Unfortunately.

**High Times:** Did you always think you were a survivor?

**Faithfull:** I hate that word. I am very strong physically.

**High Times:** And you knew it then.

**Faithfull:** I always—well, it must be. My mother must have looked after herself when she was pregnant. I had a healthy background, upbringing. No money but lots of all the right food and everything. A lot of love.

**High Times:** And you were raised knowing you were a pretty girl.

**Faithfull:** My mother adored me. She got out of the war. It obviously was the most awful thing. And then she got me.

**High Times:** She got what?

**Faithfull:** She married my father and came to England and then I turned up. And then she lost three more children and then they broke up. That was it. There was only me.



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**High Times:** What about the rumor about your son, that it was Mick Jagger's child, not John Dunbar's.

**Faithfull:** What, Nicholas? Well you see, it all goes back to this business that I met Mick Jagger and *immediately went for him*. They think we must have immediately gone off and had a scene and I got pregnant. I got a baby by John. Then I did get pregnant again. I lost it.

*"This is one of the problems of being a junkie. You think you are responsible only to yourself."*

That was Mick's and that was one of the things—that is when things started to fuck up badly with me.

**High Times:** Were you using junk then?

**Faithfull:** I wasn't actually using junk while I was pregnant. But I was taking Mandrax and all. I was trying very hard to come to myself. I miscarried, yes. I thought at the time that it was probably my lifestyle. Then after Australia [*Ned Kelly* location], it was quite clear I was very sick. My mother came to Australia and Mick had to go on working. I went to Switzerland with my mother and Nicholas. And I went to see this doctor, who I told about the miscarriage. She checked me out and found out that when I had had Nicholas they hadn't gotten my muscles back together. So when the baby got to seven months I lost it. And that was that. Well, it was dreadful because I felt very guilty about it, you see.

**High Times:** Not taking care of yourself.

**Faithfull:** Yeah. I thought I had done it. In fact we had found this isn't true. And when I have another baby—which I think I will, probably—they tie you off with something.

**High Times:** Do you think drugs serve a function?

**Faithfull:** Drugs... I think they *do* actually. Obviously we all blew it because—I don't know why, but—though I had read De Quincey [*Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*], I do remember that everybody seemed to think, perhaps they always do, that *they* had discovered something completely new and nobody had ever turned on *ever*. Which, of course, is nonsense. Now I think some drugs do serve a purpose. I don't think that very heavy narcotics do, actually. Cocaine is too expensive. And heroin. You just can't *do* anything ever.

**High Times:** An unsociable and selfish drug.

**Faithfull:** Yes. And also very expensive.

[*Laughs.*] Even more expensive. I found

*continued on page 94*

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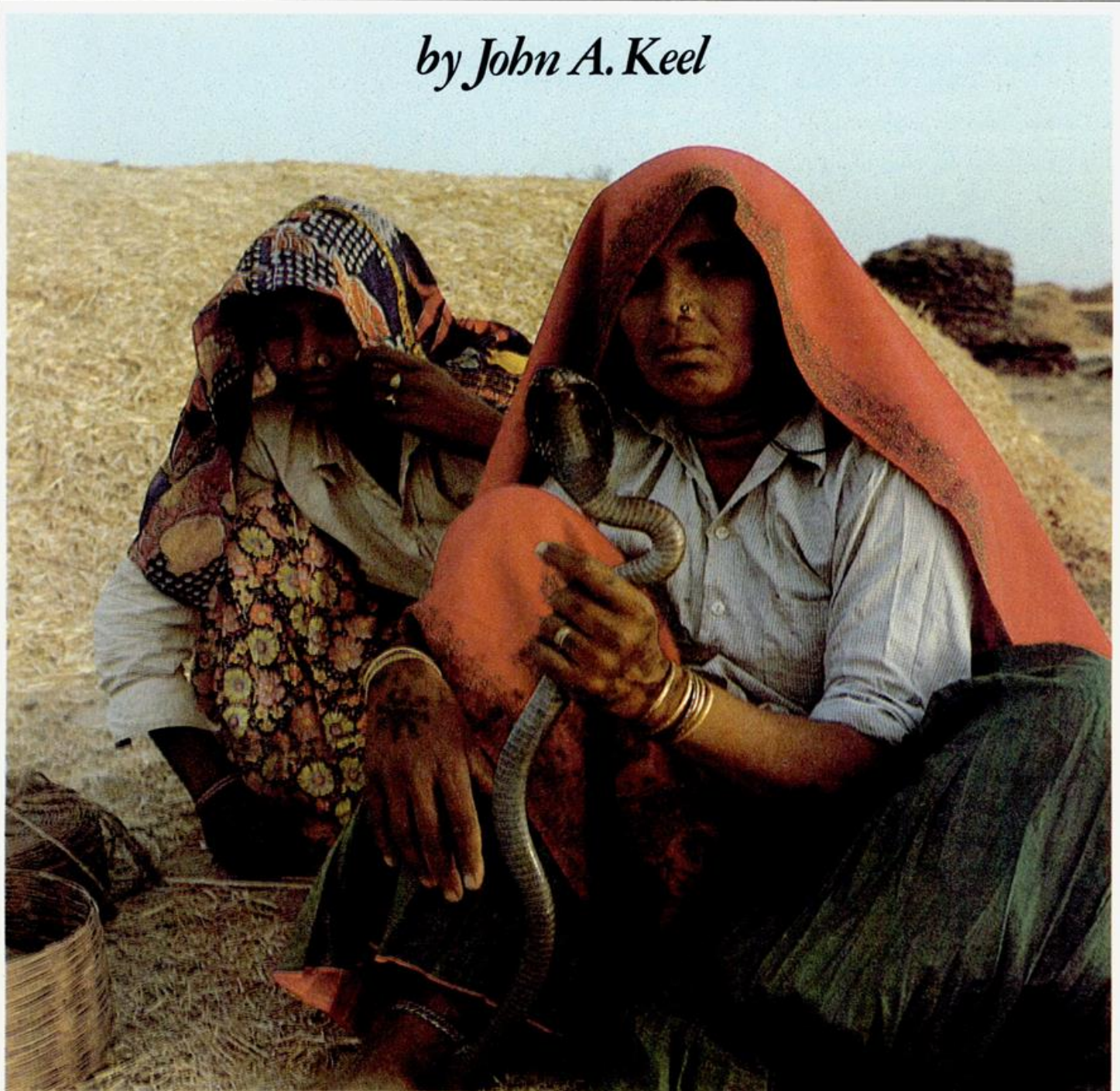
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# *Snakes I have known and loved*

*by John A. Keel*





Belly buttons were banned on CBS-TV. It was a dark age and ABC had not yet discovered T&A. Over at NBC a dotty old lady sat in a closet, compiling an unending list of no-nos. You couldn't discuss astrology, flying saucers or birth control on the tube. The words *God* and *crazy* were strictly *verboten*. (*Superior being* was considered the acceptable substitute for *God*, and *crazy* was taboo because some psychologist had the theory that the word triggered some people into raging "Crazy! I'm not crazy!" before thrusting a foot into the TV set.) The American consumer had to be protected from evil thoughts and controversial subjects.

Somehow reptiles worked their way onto the magical list, perhaps because NBC's little old lady had a personal fear of snakes, just as some wild-eyed executive at CBS must have suffered terrible waves of sinful lust and shame when he gazed upon an unadorned navel.

God didn't mind being disbarred from the air—at least no bolt of lightning ever flattened Radio City—but the snakes of the world, particularly those with show-biz aspirations, were mighty upset over the ban. Since I was then doing a snake-charming act in the window of a Times Square store with my eye on a gig on the "Ed Sullivan Show," I was especially indignant. Snakes have been getting rotten press for years; even cockroaches have a better reputation. Everytime an innocent little garter snake peeks out of his hole, all of the nearby ambling bipeds jump up and down and scream, "Kill it! Stomp on it! Crush its head!" As a result, most snakes are shy creatures who tend to hide when they sense the approach of a head-stomping humanoid.

There are only a couple of exceptions: the bushmaster of Central America and the notorious black mamba of Africa. Bushmasters have been known to lose their tempers and chase humans up and down hills for hours. Their bite is rather unpleasant since their venom destroys the coagulating properties of human blood. As the victim lapses into unconsciousness, his pores open and ooze blood. A messy way to exit from this world. The black mamba, a member of the cobra family, is also very rude when disturbed. It will chase an offending human for short distances. If it catches him, a standard tourniquet won't do much good. The venom travels along the nerves, paralyzing the nervous system as it goes.



***I used to drape a ten-foot  
boa constrictor around  
my neck. Oddly, men  
usually recoiled from  
the snake, whereas women  
gleefully petted it.***

Strangely, the vicious bushmaster and the vile-tempered mamba are rarely mentioned in the slanderous, bigoted antireptile articles. Instead, the mild-mannered, overly polite boa constrictor usually takes the rap. In the B-movies and serials of the 1930s the hero was often caught in the coils of a huge constrictor (...continued next week...), creating the myth that these animals will attack humans. Actually, a constrictor will never attack anything it can't swallow. There is only one documented case of an attack on a human, and that dates back to World War II. A smallish Japanese soldier disappeared in the bush and his comrades later found his feet sticking out of the jaws of a very large constrictor.

Constrictors are popular pets. You usually buy them by the foot. They are docile critters, somewhat boring actually, with all the personality of pet rocks, so long as you keep them well fed on live mice. They sleep a lot and hide whenever they can. Contrary to another popular notion, they make lousy watchdogs. They're apt to slither under the sofa if a burglar stomps by.

Snakes are not slimy but have a dry skin that feels somewhat like

cellophane. At one time I used to cart a ten-foot boa constrictor along with me on my lectures and would drape it around my neck and walk into the audience with it. Oddly, men usually recoiled from the snake (this is an understatement—they practically climbed the walls), whereas women gleefully petted it. Perhaps they saw it as a supreme phallic symbol. But unlike most animals, snakes can't be trained to do a damned thing. They are stupid, living on instinct alone. The art of snake charming is pure showmanship. Snakes are totally deaf but they have an auditory nerve running the length of their bodies so they can sense vibrations in the ground. The snake charmer's flute is just a gimmick. A cobra can't hear it at all. Most snake charmers don't know how to play it anyway, so if the snake could hear it, a bite would be justified. As it is, the cobra is trying to strike at the charmer, following his swaying hands back and forth in the hopes that he will pause long enough to make a good target. This means the charmer has to be almost as stupid as the cobra. In India, however, where cobras are plentiful, it is a common practice to sew the snake's mouth shut so it can't inflict a bite. Naturally, a snake in this condition can't eat and doesn't live very long.

Snakes not only suffer all these indignities, but they are also the subject of many untrue stories that circulate generation after generation. Literature going back 500 years describes the legendary hoop snake and the milk snake. The hoop snake is well known in almost every country on earth. It supposedly takes its tail in its mouth to form a hoop and roll away from its enemies. The milk snake sneaks up on cows and sucks their udders. Folks in rural areas everywhere talk about these two totally nonexistent snakes with the same conviction of UFO fans describing life on distant planets.

Finally, although they are not in the same category, the legend persists that there are alligators in the sewers of New York. This story got started in 1935 when one sewer worker saw a two-foot alligator—apparently a pet that had been flushed down a toilet. Other workers carried .22 rifles into the sewers and took pot shots at the poor creature.

Marlin Perkins and his many imitators have done snake stories on television in recent years, so apparently the old ban has been lifted. But if you ever hope to appear on CBS, you may still have to keep your belly button covered. □



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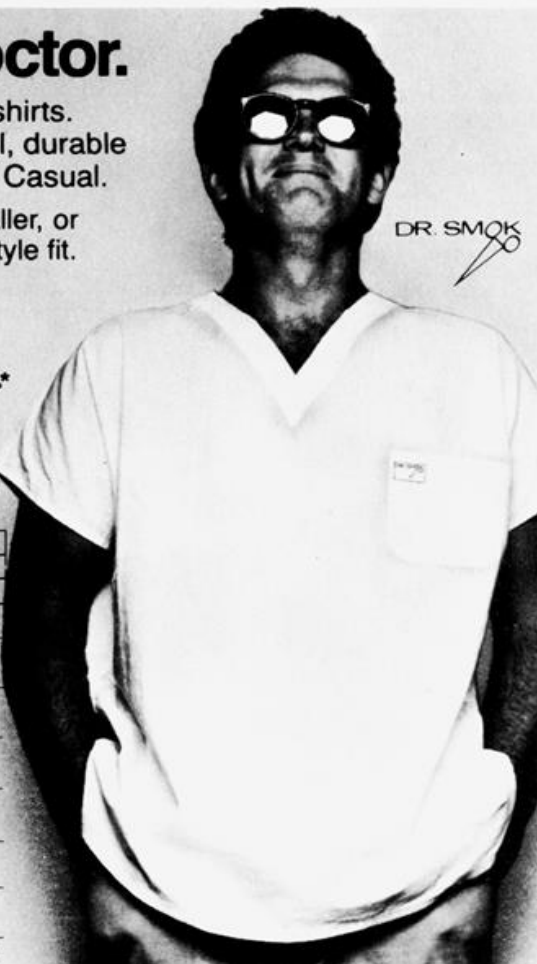
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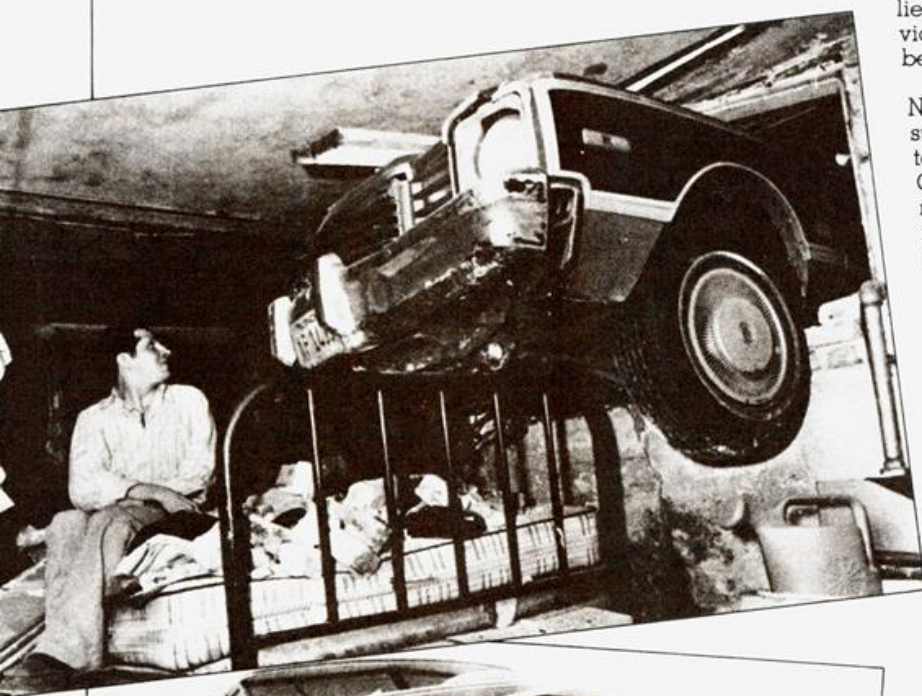
# THE PLANET

## Vandal Vehicles Wreak Havoc

DETROIT—Enraged by consumer-group attempts to legislate the safety of motor-driven vehicles and government cost-cutting schemes involving substitution of gasohol for good old-fashioned petroleum, Motor City products everywhere are going berserk. Out-and-out assaults by vehicles on property are rising all across the country, and experts on terrorism believe it's "just a matter of months, maybe weeks," before the violence escalates into bloody physical assaults on human beings.

In the most spectacular incident so far, a Las Cruces, New Mexico, cabin cruiser (photo bottom left) leaped suddenly upon a middle-aged Mercury, raping and then totaling the innocent vehicle. Almost simultaneously, a Chicago man (top left) was held hostage in his apartment for hours by an unidentified station wagon that repeatedly threatened to "blow up my own tanks, motherfucker" unless a gasohol project at the University of Illinois was terminated. "Alcohol for the alcoholics!" the maddened woody chanted, until a special squad of antiterrorist mechanics dismantled it.

Even mobile homes, traditionally the most docile and passive objects on wheels, are becoming psychotically enraged at the looming prospect of forced early retirement into stationary abodes. In a predawn demonstration at the Glencarren Motor Court in Anchorage, Alaska, last spring, 15 mobile homes self-destructed "like Buddhist rickshas," taking several bystanding automobiles with them. They were protesting the diversion of irreplaceable Arctic Circle crude to "those road hogs down in the States."





# EUROPE

## Fire Walkers Leave Doctors with Burning Questions

LANGADAS, GREECE—"I have examined the fire to see if it's hot enough to burn, and it is —250 to 300 degrees centigrade—and I have examined their feet to see if they are protected by thick calluses, and they are not."

Dr. Christos Xenakis, a neurologist, was one of a team of doctors who watched astonished last spring as some 20 people danced and sang before them in a pit of flame, clutching sacred icons and praising God and Saints Constantine and Helen. The fire, as Dr. Xenakis determined, was more than hot enough to severely roast human flesh, yet the fire dancers emerged unharmed after as long as 20 minutes in the flames and only 20 percent even developed blisters; the rest were absolutely unscathed.

The fire-walking ritual at Langadas has been enacted annually for three nights every May since time out of mind. The people who perform it are all deeply devout Greek Orthodox (though the local bishop dependably anathematizes the ceremony as "idolatrous"), and all are related, in one way or another, to people from a village called Kosti, in present-day Bulgaria. The fire walkers say that the tradition dates back to the 13th century, when the local church burned down and local villagers who rushed in to rescue the statues of Saint Constantine and Saint Helen emerged unscathed.

The historical roots may well be considerably deeper. Bulgaria in the Middle Ages was the site of a drastically heretical Christian cult, the Bogomils, who could, it was rumored, survive even burning at the stake. The Byzantine emperor Alexius Comnenus (1048-1118) put an end to the rumor by burning scores of Bogomils in public, but he may not have put an end to the cult, if the annual fire ceremony at Langadas can be traced back to the Bogomils.

Further evidence that the Langadas ceremony may derive from Bogomilism is offered by the exceedingly nonchristian ritual sacrifice of a bull on the first day of each rite. The bull—always black, three years old and ungelded—is ceremonially slaughtered and eaten in a communal Eucharistic fashion. Both of these "idolatrous" ritual elements—fire walking and bull sacrifice—are characteristic of ancient Persian religions, Zoroastrianism and the cult of Mithra. Historians have, in fact, traced the roots of the Bogomil heresy back to Manichaenism, a religion that evolved shortly after the time of Jesus of Nazareth, incorporating wildly syncretic elements of Christianity, Zoroastrianism and Mithraism: the worship of saints, fire walking and ritual bull sacrifice.

However fascinating the ceremony's historical roots, Dr. Xenakis's team was mainly interested in determining how the fire walkers could avert pain and physical trauma while dancing barefoot in 300-degree flames. The dancers obligingly allowed the docs to fit them out with electroencephalographic and blood-pressure gear and



otherwise pry into their physical and mental states.

The fire walkers regularly pray and meditate throughout the year, it was found. Local people regard them as specially gifted, and consult them to divine water wells, interpret dreams and heal the sick by prayer. During the three-day May fire festival, the fire walkers spend much time in profound meditation, working into a trance state with lyre music and rhythmic beats of the *daouli*,

a bass drum. After a while, one by one "they are seized by a lust for the fire," says an observing sociologist, and they enter the flames.

The call to enter the flames—"The saints tell us we are ready," one fire walker explains simply—regularly seizes some walkers and takes others only at random. A gardener whose wife regularly dances in the fire explains how only once in his life, ten years ago, he was called into the fire: "I was standing there as I always am, and suddenly I was walking on the coals and it was like walking on green grass. I don't even remember taking off my shoes and socks."

The real question is why a fire hot enough to consume shoes and socks does not consume human flesh when the human involved is in a suitably deep state of trance. The invulnerability to pain can be accounted for, at least theoretically, by the supposition that the entranced fire walkers may be blocking pain sensations by overproducing natural body hormones that, like morphine, abolish pain sensations. But by what process they could conceivably render their flesh invulnerable to the direct effects of fire is utterly unknown.

Dr. Xenakis and his colleagues are studying the fire walkers as part of a study on pain and pain control for the Max Planck Institute in Germany. "One thing I am sure of," he emphasizes, is "that it is not a trick, and it's not parapsychical. There must be a neuropsychical explanation."



Blinded by the light? Rumors that Menachem Begin and Anwar el-Sadat, having been "born again," recently conferred at the Vatican with Pope John Paul II on the possibility of receiving foreskin transplants, are misleading. The conference above actually occurred in a Paris waxworks.



## Agent Orange Victims Uncounted in Vietnam

LONG BINH, VIETNAM—The United States Air Force dropped more than nine million gallons of the superdefoliant Agent Orange over three provinces of Vietnam between 1962 and 1970. The purpose, to eliminate ground cover for Vietnamese insurgency forces, was not conspicuously successful in the long view; but the spraying was cancelled in 1970 not out of military considerations, but because lab mice in the United States, exposed to a byproduct of Agent Orange, developed cancer and produced offspring with birth defects.

The suspected toxic byproduct, dioxin, occurs in both the herbicides—2,4-D and 2,4,5-T—that comprise Agent Orange. The use of these herbicides has been banned in the United States, even in concentrations as light as .20 parts per million—and the Agent Orange to which millions of Vietnamese were continuously exposed for eight years averaged 30 ppm of dioxin.

Vietnam veterans in the United States, Australia and New Zealand have developed chronic symptoms of dioxin poisoning, which can range from skin rashes and loss of motor coordination to cancer. Furthermore, the American-based Agent Orange Victims International has figures indicating that babies born to people exposed to dioxin show a much higher incidence of birth defects; cleft palates, missing fingers and toes and spinal abnormalities are most prevalent.

"At the War Crimes Museum in Saigon," reports Australian lecturer Elizabeth Windchuttle, who toured Vietnam last year, "I had seen these dreadfully deformed fetuses in bottles. They were simply labeled 'Victims of Agent Orange'—just another exhibit, like the guillotines used during the French occupation of Vietnam."

To date, the Vietnamese government—



"Suck this, Charlie!" Intrepid USAF Provider jet pilots, circa 1966, lay a chemical hurting on the Cong. And on themselves, and their ground crews, and their kids and their kids' kids. . .

preoccupied with tightening its grip on the South and occupying Campuchia—hasn't

bothered to do an Agent Orange survey of its own.

## AUSTRALIA

### Aussies Press for Radiation Inquiry

ADELAIDE, AUSTRALIA—At least one enormous cloud of violently radioactive fallout passed directly over this city during the British nuke-testing program that stretched from 1956 to 1964, the Adelaide *Advertiser* has discovered. What's more, it's quite possible that British and Australian servicemen were intentionally thrust into the cloud and saturated with the radiation.

The *Advertiser's* researchers discovered this information amid never-published government papers, written by biologist H.R. Marston for a Commonwealth commission and stowed in the archives of the Australian Academy of Sciences in Canberra. The Marston papers are virtually the only public documents available concerning the eight-year nuke project at Maralinga in South Australia. The Official Secrets Act heavily

censors most such documents, so there's still no official accounting for exactly how many nukes were detonated, what their megatonnage was, or their radioactive yield, where the radiation went or how many civilians or servicemen were exposed to it.

The Secrets Act even imposes penalties on individuals involved in the Maralinga nuke project who talk publicly about it. The threat of these penalties, though, has not been sufficient to keep scores of servicemen, policemen and civilians who worked at Maralinga from attributing their extraordinarily high cancer rate to their work there 20 years ago. Australian pilots have told of being ordered to chase drifting clouds of radioactive debris with their jets, contaminating themselves and the jets; and British airmen say they were ordered to fly directly into the

mushroom clouds, just as they were blooming and emitting the most intense radiation.

The Canberra government is worried about the mounting public pressure for a full-scale investigation of the Maralinga horrors. Requests for an investigation, tendered to health minister Ian Carrik, have been countered with the nervous response that perhaps this matter should be referred to some other government bureau.

In reaction to the government's pusillanimity, an "atomic veteran's association" has been formed, comprising ex-Maralinga personnel and civilians located downwind of the nuke field. Their claims for compensation and for a full inquiry into Maralinga's history are strongly supported by the Australian Council of Churches and the Australian Council of Trades Union.



## Zulu Chief Emerges as Antiapartheid Hero

DURBAN, REPUBLIC OF SOUTH AFRICA—Chief Gatsha Buthelezi, leader of this country's five million Zulu tribesfolk and chief minister of the Kwazulu homeland, is taking center stage as the most influential black political figure inside the RSA. Long mistrusted by black nationalists because of his willingness to work within the white-ruled system, Chief Buthelezi is now pressing for a working coalition of black and white opponents of apartheid. His most forceful proposal so far has been a linkup of Kwazulu and neighboring Natal as a multiracial substate within the RSA with home-rule autonomy.

The notion of linking Kwazulu with Natal is shrewd and novel. Natal was originally founded in the 18th century as a British colony, and most of the whites here are English-speaking political moderates who resent the racial manipulations of the Dutch-speaking National Party racists nearly as deeply as do the blacks of Kwazulu. When, several years ago, Buthelezi allowed Pretoria to designate Kwazulu a "tribal homeland," with its own police force and courts, militants derided him as an appeaser, since the "homeland" was broken up into over 20 separate scattered territories. However, if Kwazulu and Natal were to be linked in a confederation, nearly all the gaps between the homeland territories would be subsumed into one easily administered area. Moreover, it would enjoy several splendid Indian Ocean ports, an abundant work force, lush natural resources and an impressive measure of industrial development in Natal.

Buthelezi's move to link with Natal came only after Robert Mugabe had firmly established a black-led, but racially mixed, government in Zimbabwe. Mugabe—who attended Fort Hare University with Buthelezi 30 years ago—has gained not only the ardent affection of blacks throughout southern Africa, but the respect and trust of all but the most irretrievably racist whites. By playing up his old links with Mugabe, Chief Buthelezi can allay the suspicions of both blacks and whites.

At the same time as he's proposing a link with Natal, then, Buthelezi is also calling for a national convention of opponents of the Botha regime in Pretoria. Last year he took the rather dangerous step of suggesting a coalition between his own Inkatha movement—almost totally Zulu—with the Indian Reform Party and the Coloured People's Labour Party. In the past, RSA opposition leaders who have tried to link up with multi-ethnic political groups have been jailed or murdered by reactionaries for technically violating apartheid race-mixing restrictions, but Buthelezi seems in a position to bring it off. In 1976, when Soweto blew up, it was Buthelezi's Zulus who finally quelled the rioting; and while the chief was then accused of being a sellout to the Pretoria racists, it's undeniable that he *did* stop a lot of bloodletting and also gained a big favor from Pretoria. His establishment of a multi-

ethnic black people's alliance may be the fruits of that favor.

Certainly, the National Party government seems effectively unable to stifle Buthelezi's machinations. Prime Minister Pieter Botha has declared that any union between Kwazulu and Pretoria would have to be approved by Pretoria—though how Pretoria might prevent it, short of an armed suppression of both

areas, is hard to see. And Buthelezi, who has always called for total cooperation between whites and blacks, can hardly be smeared with the label of terrorist.

"Whites cannot run their firms without blacks," Buthelezi slyly points out, "and most cannot even run their homes without blacks. White dependency on blacks is total, and that spells political power."



"Après moi, le deluge!" Idi Amin, in retirement in Saudi Arabia, is still reportedly confident that the Ugandan public will call shortly for his reinstatement. In the meantime, he sleeps in the pool.

## Libyan Strong Man Builds 200-Mile Wall

NAIROBI—Over a thousand Kenyans have been recruited to work on a monumental 200-mile-long wall currently being built between Egypt and Libya. The wall is the brainstorm of Libya's hyperparanoiac strong man, Col. Muammar el-Qaddafi, who is notoriously fond of displaying his personal hostility toward Egyptian strong man Anwar el-Sadat with ostentatious "defense measures" like this.

Whatever its usefulness as a defense measure, Qaddafi's wall—designed to stretch from the Mediterranean coast deep into the western desert, following the Libyan-Egyptian border to the Jaghbub Oasis—should qualify as a monument nearly as awe inspiring as the Great Pyramid at Giza. It consists of 30-ton granite blocks fitted in classic Cyclopean fashion, and the budget for it is \$3.2 billion!

At those rates, Qaddafi can afford to import plenty of skilled foreign workers—a critical necessity for any such complicated engineering project in Libya, where Qaddafi's promotion of strict Islamic fundamentalism has discouraged the formation of any technological elite. So the project's been farmed out to several foreign contracting firms, in-

cluding the Mascon Company of Italy, which is doing the Kenyan recruiting project.

Mascon advertises in Nairobi newspapers, offering placements for heavy-equipment operators, typographers and general laborers to work on Qaddafi's wall. The salary, \$500 per month, is handsome by Kenyan terms (though less than half the wages for similar work in Libya's oil-inflated economy). Sign-ups are proceeding briskly.

The work gangs inside Libya itself are supervised and aided by Qaddafi's army chief, Abu Baakr Yunis. The presence of the army is quite necessary, not so much to guard against assault from the Egyptian army, but to locate and defuse the thousands of land mines, artillery shells, buried ordnance caches and unexploded bombs that still infest the area nearly 40 years after it was the site of the World War II Rommel-Montgomery conflict.

Other possible sources of harassment for the wall builders are the local Berber nomads. These Bedouin consider themselves neither Libyan nor Egyptian but migrate regularly through areas on both sides of the wall site and trade extensively among one another.



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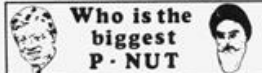
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# INTERNATIONAL WEIRD

## One's Off the Wagon, One's Up the Creek



The Ontario Court of Appeals is considering a new trial motion by a man, convicted of marijuana smuggling, who charges that his defense attorney was incompetent to handle his case, being either a drunk or a dope fiend. The trial lawyer, says the man's appeals attorney, had confounded the jury with such "gibberish" as remarks like "In spite of the width, the ribs of the law are different." The trial lawyer was actually disbarred by the Law Society of Upper Canada just before the trial, it's charged, but was oblivious to it, being "too drunk during that period to open his mail."

## Mea Maxima Culpa!

"I pray that I may be able to correct just some of the wrong that I have created," pleads William Murray of Houston. "The part I played as a teenager in removing prayer from public schools was criminal. I removed from our future generations that short time each day which should rightly be reserved for God." It was on William's behalf, in 1963, that his mother, Madalyn Murray O'Hair, prosecuted and won a federal suit to pitch prayer out of the public schools. "Inasmuch as the suit to destroy the tradition of prayer in school was brought in my name," says William, 33, "I feel gravely responsible for the resulting destruction of the moral fiber of our youth that it has caused."

Although he was only 15 at the time the prayer ban went into effect, William manfully assumes the entire burden of guilt for losing a whole generation of Americans to godlessness. "My crime was twofold," he confesses, "in that I was aware of the wrong of my actions at the time, and continued them for the purpose of my financial profit. I was continuing to practice the hateful and antimoral way of life I had learned from birth in an atheist home." Having sold his generation's birthright for a handful of pelf, William as a convert isn't doing too bad at that business either, according to his family.

Mother Madalyn and brother Jon Garth, who run the American Atheist Center in Austin, say they're pleased "to see an atheist getting religious dollars."

## Columbus County Bans Bible!

Shock and horror swept over the parents of Whiteville, North Carolina, when they learned that their children were not allowed to check the Holy Bible out of the town library. The Bible, explained librarian Amanda Bible—that's her name, Amanda Bible—fits into an "adults only" category of literature under a new censorship program that was demanded by parents in the first place.

It all started when Whiteville mother Elaine Cumbee caught her daughter reading *Wifey*, a book by celebrated children's author Judy Blume. The author's first "grownup" novel, *Wifey* deals fairly explicitly with sex. Cumbee rallied with other bluenosed parents and petitioned to have *Wifey* and other such literature removed from local library shelves. But, the county library board refused to comply. However, a



compromise was finally effected: All parents wishing to restrict their children's reading could apply for a special library card that would enjoin the kids from checking out books requiring reading skills beyond, say, Bobbsey Twins novels.

Of course the Holy Bible, in both the King James and Revised Standard editions, demands a more formidable level of literacy than *Winnie the Pooh*, and so, alas, it fell into the *verboten* category. As for Bible—the librarian—she has expressed concern over the effect this incident may have on how her community is viewed by the rest of the world: "Someone said during the controversy that they could just see the headlines if I were fired over this: 'COLUMBUS COUNTY BANS BIBLE!'"

## Killer Weed Fells 8 in Iran



When speaking to HIGH TIMES reporter Roz Kramer about "amotivational syndrome," celebrated Columbia University anesthesiologist Dr. Gabriel Nahas expressed a measure of conviction that marihuana (as the doctor spells it) was responsible for the disastrous U.S. military effort to rescue the hostages in Iran. Dr. Nahas had long known that at least one sailor in the Pacific fleet was an occasional, if not chronic, user of reefer. It was not unreasonable to assume, therefore, that maybe some zonked-out SP2 on the aircraft carrier *Nimitz* had been too amotivational to tighten his appointed nuts on his appointed helicopter. The direct result: eight marijuana-related deaths in the Iranian desert and international humiliation for the U.S.

Nahas actually shot off a telegram to this effect to the House Armed Services Committee but the response—if any—is not on record. At the time, it seems, the committee was debating a forensic analysis of the botched mission, prepared for ranking Republican member John Tower. The report, when it was ultimately released, *did* in fact make the affair sound suspiciously like a typical south Florida smuggling fuckup, carried out by loosely organized, weed-sodden amateurs with access to too much overcomplicated high-tech transport craft.

The Tower report duly noted that two of the copters *did* collide in the desert, and that every grunt at the site *did* unaccountably panic when a busload of unarmed Iranian civilians bounced up through the brush toward them, where they were grounded with tons of lethal ordnance. In defense of marihuana, however, it should be noted that the Tower report has been dismissed by the Pentagon as "full of inaccurate statements and judgements." HIGH TIMES might have contacted Dr. Nahas to get his assessment of the drug habits of the writers of such a report, but sources close to the magazine report that its staff was simply too amotivational to make the effort.



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# Books.

**Yarborough**  
by B.H. Friedman  
Cleveland and New York: The  
World Publishing Company

Many of us seem to be rapidly losing touch with past history. In 1965 I became aware of this when teaching a class of undergraduates. The discussion turned to a current movie, *Point of Order*, a documentary detailing the Red-baiting career and downfall of the late Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy (R-Wis.) almost a decade after he had vanished from the public eye. Not one student in that class at a prestigious university had a clear idea of who Joseph McCarthy was, and most confused him with Sen. Eugene J. McCarthy (D-Minn.).

Recently I had an almost identical experience after a lecture in which I used examples from reactions to the Vietnam "experience." The audience asked questions that showed they simply did not grasp the frame of reference of the late 1960s.

Similarly, most people now concerned with drug use—and I am not referring to those with a scholarly interest—believe that marijuana smoking and other drug use came on the scene just a few years ago and are entirely the young people's scene. While this position seems to be ego satisfying—after all, inventing high states should make a whole generation feel like the most brilliant since the Renaissance—it must leave a residue of deep concern about the foundations underlying this great discovery of getting off.

In the drug movement there is, of course, a lot of chatter about the

quality of grass, the degree of high and the experience when high, which, I think, comes not only from a wish to share experiences but also from an anxiety generated by the absence of known traditions. There are no marijuana-using archetypes in literature comparable to the drinking characters in old English novels, for example, who discuss the laying down of port, the smokiness of Scotch and the power of gin, and in so doing give to all drinkers a sense of the respectability and the lasting verity of their pleasure.

One novel certainly cannot accomplish all that, but B.H. Friedman gives it a good try in *Yarborough*. It is amazing that this book has been generally overlooked. It was published in 1964—which means it was written, at most, a year or two earlier—and it was reviewed on its narrative line only. At that time—before the "drug revolution"—few, if any, reviewers could appreciate that this book was a paean to pot smoking and that the author was attempting to show that getting high had been going on for a long time in the United States.

Using the game of bridge as a metaphor, the plot traces the lives of two precocious and brilliant men, bridge masters, living in the first half of the 20th century. A "Yarborough" in bridge is a hand with no honor cards, and life dealt Arthur Skelton, the protagonist, just such a hand. But in his struggle with his bad cards, Arthur discovers grass. Here he is describing his first experience to his friend Henry:

She held up a skinny little cigarette and showed me how to inhale it and hold the smoke in my lungs as long as possible. I was high in a few minutes. I began laughing. I don't even know what made me laugh. The laugh switch was thrown, that's all. I made some speech about the four sexes being like the four suits in a deck of cards. I explained why the suits ran clubs, diamonds, hearts, spades. It made perfect sense at the time. Iris said she knew a lot about cards too. She knew you weren't supposed to trump your partner's ace. I thought she said hump your partner's ace, and I began laughing again. We had another cigarette and laughed some more and then we got into bed. That was the amazing part: how slowly everything went. You know the way an orgasm comes usually in quick spurts. This wasn't that way. There was time in between, great hunks of time in which to feel what was happening.

How many pot smokers believe that they have discovered such



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things for themselves?

Here is a passage between Arthur and Henry's wife, who disapproves of his friend's interest in grass, as have so many "significant other persons" since this book was written:

Judy took the cigarette from Arthur and puffed one, mechanically. She passed it to Henry.

"Don't you think it's good pot?"

Arthur asked.

"You know how I feel about it," Judy replied.

Friedman catches exactly the tone of someone who goes along with what she believes to be childish at best and dangerous at worst, but cannot completely say *no* because of social pressure. Therefore, she tries to spoil the delicate, highly suggestible mood for everyone else. As is true of many passages in the book, it is hard to believe that all of this was there to be known at that time.

The book is full of stoned experiences, all knowledgeably and well portrayed. One of the best sections is when Arthur goes to New Orleans and discovers the rich social tradition and lore of pot smoking there among the blacks and musicians. Friedman, however, is full of surprises because not only does he look back and fill in the deep sense of history lacking in the pot tradition, he also looks forward. In the course of the book he frequently uses *trips* as a metaphor, years before the term *tripping* was invented. His characters try psychedelics and finally other drugs dreamed up by those with little understanding for or sympathy with high states. In the latter case, the reader is confronted by a dismal, frightening notion that has plagued those of us in the drug field who worry about the possible ramifications of current drug use becoming too commonplace.

This is an unusual book and I strongly recommend that anyone interested in drug use read it. The impact of the issues explored in novel form is far different from the personal revelations of drug experiences or dry, historical accounts of who did what, when. A novel can offer a fuller experience covering a broad range of interactions and situations.

Unfortunately, this book is hard to come by. It was not a great success when it first appeared and is now out of print. A paperback reissue would be a fine idea for some publisher.

—Norman E. Zinberg, M.D.  
continued on page 104

### Excerpt from *Yarborough*

"Where are you boys going to smoke these?" Williston Hinshaw [the driver] asked as he stopped at a red light in the upper nineties. "I take two, and I thank you." He handed them a soiled Consolidated Edison envelope containing the other eighteen cigarettes. His question was one that had not occurred to Arthur or Henry. "May I suggest we cruise around the park for a while? I love to drive when I'm high. I'll knock the meter off until a cop comes along."

He licked one of his cigarettes, lit it, and inhaled deeply, holding the smoke in his lungs. Then, as the light changed, he handed it to Henry, who took a long drag and passed it to Arthur. Arthur was surprised by how sweet the smoke was. He sucked at the cigarette several times and then passed it again to Williston Hinshaw.

Arthur began to laugh. His laughter was high and contagious.

"Everyone," he said, "wants to be the only one. You want to be the only Williston Hinshaw, Henry wants to be the only Henry Rosen, I want to be the only Arthur Skelton. When we get home I'm going to check. There are probably dozens of Williston Hinshaws and Henry Rosens and Arthur Skeltons, but—" There was a red light. The park seemed mysterious and foggy. There were lit apartment-house windows in the distance. "But there's a red light. It stops. What we want we've got. There is only one Williston Hinshaw, one Henry Rosen, and one Arthur Skelton. The others are illusions. They're names in a phone book. Or they aren't names in a phone book. The other Williston Hinshaw is an illusion; he's the other Williston Hinshaw. That's his identity. He's the other Williston Hinshaw, except for when the other Williston Hinshaw is the other Williston Hinshaw." The cigarette had come back to Arthur. It was a tiny butt now and burned his fingers. "Maybe we should light another."

"This is the best part," Williston Hinshaw said. "This is the heart of the plant, its pussy. It's got all the essential juices."

Arthur held maybe a quarter of an inch of the skinny cigarette between his thumb and index finger. He sucked the smoke in, and then he began laughing again. He laughed until his fingers were burned and then he lit another cigarette. He passed it to Williston Hinshaw.

"It takes a long time to drive around this park," Arthur said, "a long, long time."

Arthur stretched out his legs. He watched his feet move slowly toward the jump seat in front of him. He was surprised by the time this took. His feet were very far away.

"But there's no place you'd rather be?" Williston Hinshaw asked.

Henry answered for Arthur, "No place."

They smoked three cigarettes, both of Williston Hinshaw's and the one of Arthur's and Henry's, while they circled the park twice. By then all of them were high.

"...You think the name of the game is sacred," Williston Hinshaw said, laughing. "Well, it's all one game."

Arthur laughed for a long time.

Whenever he stopped laughing, either Henry or Williston would take it up. They laughed around the park once more.

"Do you know what it feels like—driving, I mean?" Neither Arthur nor Henry did. "It feels like some little world's down there, out there, up there, and I'm swimming through it."

His words were suggestive. The park seemed to ooze around Arthur and Henry. The whole city was under water—a slow-motion city.

Henry lit another cigarette and passed it to Arthur. "It's peaceful, isn't it?" Henry asked. "The little wheels in the mind stop whirring."

"The little water wheels—I'm tired—Would you mind going home?" Arthur asked.

Henry gave Williston Hinshaw a number on Park Avenue that he thought was a block or so above where the Rollinses actually lived: a precaution. It turned out to be seven blocks from the apartment house. Henry tipped Williston lavishly—five dollars and two more cigarettes to replace those they had smoked. Fourteen cigarettes were left in the Consolidated Edison envelope, enough, Henry thought, to take them through the rest of the term at Buckston.

They said good night to Williston Hinshaw and swam out into the damp, pearl-gray night air. Arthur was silent.

... Mr. Rollins wasn't yet in bed.

"Who won?" Arthur asked.

"Jim Rogers, Bob Trusdale, Eric Porter, and Roger Blythe. We got second prize."

"That's poetic justice," Arthur said.

"What do you mean by 'poetic justice'?" Mr. Rollins asked.

"What do I mean by poetic justice?" Arthur asked himself. "I mean by poetic justice, poetic justice, that's all I mean. Williston Hinshaw didn't get a prize?"

"No."

"You see?"

"You've been drinking too much at that party."

"I apologize," Arthur said. "Do you know what's wrong with this apartment? It's overheated. That's what's wrong with this apartment." He missed the moist spring air through which they had walked for seven blocks along Park Avenue.

"I think you can use some sleep," Mr. Rollins said.

Arthur wasn't ready for sleep. What he wanted was a telephone book.

"Only four Hinshaws," he said, flipping through the thick book, "as compared with seven Hoyles. What do you think of that?" Now he turned the pages in great bunches. "There are lots of Rosens, even lots of Henry Rosens." He flipped through some more pages. "Six Skeltons, none of them Arthurs. I ask you—"

"You can use some sleep," Mr. Rollins repeated.

Arthur turned back the pages, past the Rosens, to the Rollinses. Stephen was near the end of the Rollinses. Both his residence and his office were listed. That, Arthur supposed, was evidence that he was real. For a while, out there in the park, he hadn't existed, he had gone up in smoke.



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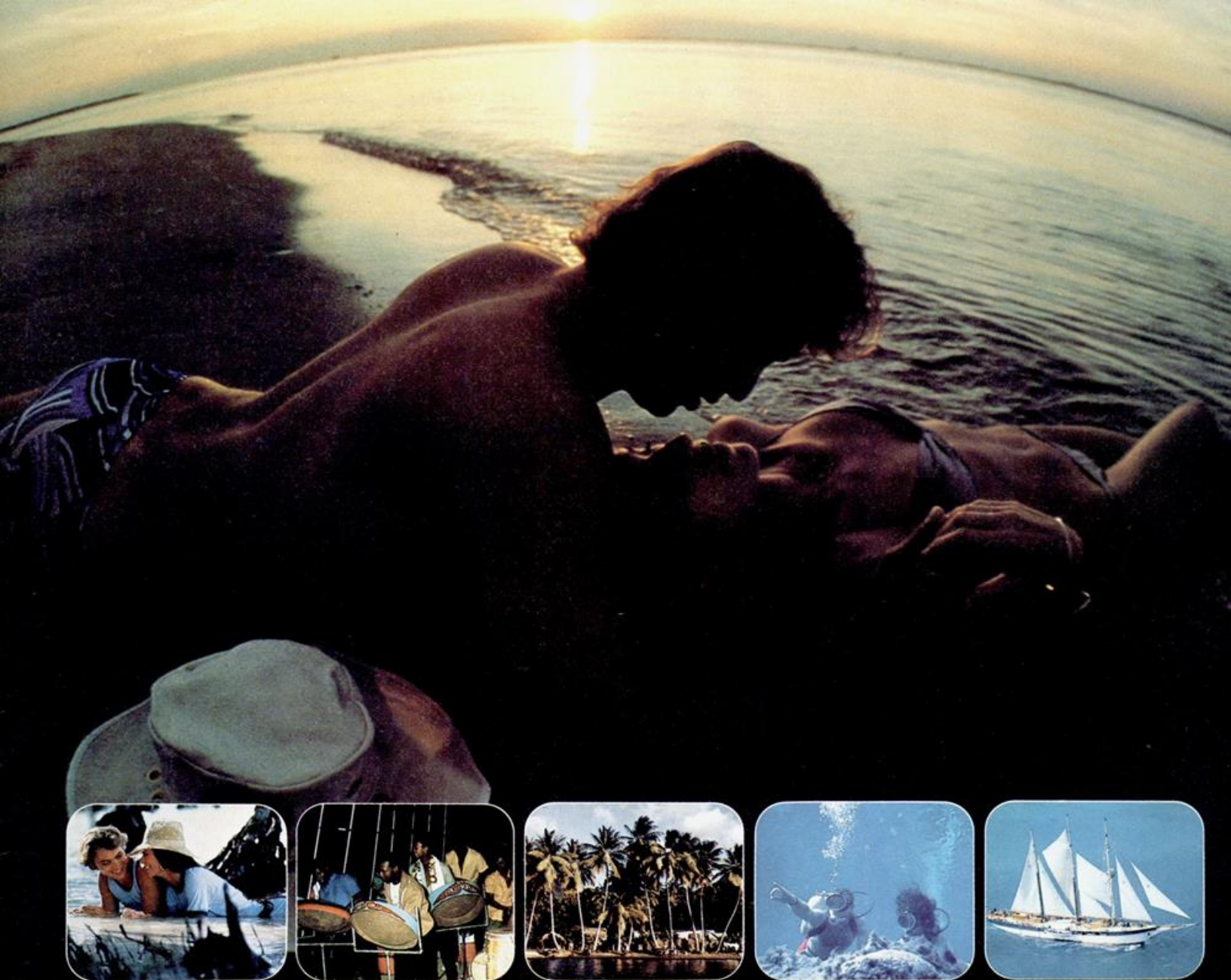
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# Hardware.

by Ivan Berger

When I was back in college, a good hi-fi system cost about \$500. Now the minimum for good stuff is about \$600 to \$800. Not bad, considering that big Buicks back then went for about what Volkswagens cost nowadays. (The *most* you can spend on a hi-fi system has gone through the roof since then—but that's another story.) If you're buying a system in that price range, though, you've got to know how to spend your money wisely—how to get the best and biggest bang for the bucks available. If you're into good sound, I suggest you get a system made of separate components rather than an all-in-one-piece system. That way, as you get used to—and unsatisfied with—your system's sound, you can trade up piece by piece instead of scrapping it and starting over.

And you *will* get dissatisfied. The stuff in this price class is so good even I, with a seven-foot stack of electronics in my living room, could like it fine as a second system. But it's not so good that you won't find something so much better it blasts your socks off—at a price that will curl your toes. In the meantime, 'til your ears get finicky, you have good music. And even when you do get picky, you'll still find your first system tolerable—if you pick it well.

Start with the basics. Buy as little—and as good—as you can. If you're only into records, start with a turntable, amplifier and speakers and buy an FM tuner later. If you must start with both records and FM, substitute a receiver (an amp and tuner in one box) for the plain amplifier, but leave the tape deck out for now. The more hardware you buy for a given amount, the less sound you get. Component systems are expendable: Anything you later decide that you've got to get, you can get. If you're like most people, you'll build your system around a receiver. In this budget range, you can get receivers from 15 to 30 watts per channel for \$250 to \$350. Good speakers (but make sure they sound good with such moderate power driving them) cost about \$180 to \$300 per pair. A decent turntable will run you \$100 to \$150. And good cartridges (if they're not already included in the turntable price) will run about 20 bucks and up. (These are all list prices; you can usually get discounts.)

Which brands to buy? Odds are, any familiar name will be good, and the difference between "good" and "best" will escape you while your ears are still in training. Be most critical in picking your

speakers—listen carefully and analytically. There's more difference in sound between speakers in a given price class than between components of any other type.

Don't worry if you walk into a store and ask for the Sony 20-watt receiver only to be told, "I don't have that. How about this Pioneer?" They're both good (as are enough other brands to fill this page with just a listing). If the dealer tries to sell you an unfamiliar name, have him explain just why—and don't buy it unless you can understand the explanation.

The time to worry is if the dealer tries to tell you, "The stuff you're asking for is junk. Let me show you the good stuff." If he says that, walk out and look for an honest dealer. There's very little junk around. Some does sneak onto the market from time to time, but when a dealer says a known brand is junk, he usually means one of three things: He doesn't carry it; he makes a bigger profit selling something else; or he's being "spiffed" (paid an extra commission) by some other manufacturer to switch you.

A lot of companies (Sony, Sansui, JVC, Pioneer and Kenwood, among others) sell systems packages in this price range. There's nothing wrong with that if the system sounds as good as, and has the features of, another system you could assemble for the same cost from several manufacturers. There's even a small advantage—you can usually get good-looking cabinets to hold single-make systems for less than more adaptable cabinets would cost. And the manufacturer or dealer *may* price the system lower than the sum of its components. But there's no magic in these systems, either; they won't sound better because they're "better matched."

Dealers sometimes offer packages they've assembled from several brands. Many such systems are great buys. But some have jokers in them: Their speakers (the most critical components) are cheap units that you've never heard of, packaged under a brand name exclusive to that store so you can't compare their sound or value elsewhere. Not all house-brand speakers are bad, by any means, and some perfectly grand speakers have names that aren't exactly household words. (Anyone you know have an Allison? A Boston? A Qysonic?) But listen extra hard to unknown speakers in a dealer-assembled package. If they pass your listening tests, fine. But make sure they pass. □



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## Interview: Marianne Faithfull

*continued from page 73*

speed very useful, I must say. Well, I do.

**High Times:** You, Julie Burchill and Tony Parsons. Will people use more drugs in the '80s?

**Faithfull:** Yes. It is very natural. Because there is going to be more leisure time.

**High Times:** Why is that?

**Faithfull:** Because of computers, robots and all the rest of it. The people's way of finding something to do with themselves. The working day is getting shorter and shorter. And you can only watch so much television.

**High Times:** And so you have to put your own cassette in your mind—a drug.

**Faithfull:** Well, that is one answer.

**High Times:** How long have you been performing "Sister Morphine"?

**Faithfull:** Since I started singing again, which is about three years ago.

**High Times:** When did you write that?

**Faithfull:** It is very hard to remember really. I can remember everything very well, up to when I started living with Jagger. Then things run into each other very much and I can't really remember dates. It must have been before Australia [1969]. Yes. Yes it was, quite a bit before.

**High Times:** Did you write it with Mick and Keith or just with Mick?

**Faithfull:** No, just with Mick. It was just a tune he had. You know they get a tune, they played it for months and I got so sick of it I said, "I think we should finish this song and go on to another one." And he said, "So why don't you write the words?" So I did. So it was quite easy, really, because I had the structure already. Because when I was doing gigs in England and Europe before we made the record, basically people were coming to see the girl who did this "As Tears Go By" tune. And what they actually got was "Sister Morphine," "Broken English" and "Why D'Ya Do It?" And it was really funny watching that. I enjoyed it. [Chris] Blackwell likes breaking a bit of new ground. I must say I am very pissed off at Blackwell at the moment. All these numbers we have been through.

**High Times:** How old is your son, Nicholas?

**Faithfull:** Fourteen.

**High Times:** Where is he now, in London?

**Faithfull:** Yes. With John. He lives with John all the time.

**High Times:** Do you feel close to him?

**Faithfull:** To Nicholas? Yes, I do really. It has been a long time now.

**High Times:** How often do you get to see him?

**Faithfull:** Oh, I see him at least once a week or twice a week but only with John there. Or if I take him to the pictures, they make sure he comes with his cousin, or a friend, or a this or a that. It might be him. Perhaps he is scared of me. I don't know.

He might be scared of me. He lived with me until he was seven. I mean this is one of the problems of being a junkie. You think you are responsible only to yourself, and the only person you can hurt is you. This is nonsense. Because I hurt my mother, I must have hurt him. I hurt my friends.

**High Times:** Do you still feel drugs are something that you have to fight?

**Faithfull:** You always have to watch it. I have to be careful.

**High Times:** Do you feel that you are out of jeopardy?

**Faithfull:** I am way out of jeopardy in fact. But I am sure you have to be careful.

**High Times:** What do you think killed Brian Jones?

**Faithfull:** Himself. Lots of reasons.

Takeover. He was my first...

**High Times:** Did you live with him first?

**Faithfull:** No. Anita did. Then Keith got Anita. That didn't help; I shouldn't think that did much for Brian. But I mean, they couldn't help that. That was a true romance. A great love, et cetera. At least that is what it looked like at the time.

**High Times:** What will happen to her now?

**Faithfull:** Anita? She has been writing. I didn't realize that, but she has been writing for years. She showed it to me the other day. Some of it is so good. Poetry.

She needs to do a lot more work on it.

**High Times:** Like everyone does.

**Faithfull:** Do you think she will continue to write?

**Faithfull:** Somebody has to care, you see. I mean, I wouldn't get anything together if I hadn't met Ben, because he cared. He did not care that I was famous or rich. He cared that I did something.

**High Times:** How old is he?

**Faithfull:** Twenty-nine.

**High Times:** Everybody is older now.

Rock was originally an adolescent impulse and now you're all pushing 35.

**Faithfull:** That is quite normal.

**High Times:** Do you still use your old fan club?

**Faithfull:** No I don't. I sort of dropped the whole idea really. Times have changed.

**High Times:** Debbie Harry has a fan club.

**Faithfull:** Yes, but there is a difference! I mean I am a bit different. It is a lot of work too. Not for me, but for the person doing it. They get nothing for it. The last fan club I had was fascinating. Because all the letters I got were from people who were in prison. And they are only allowed to write one letter a week or a month.

**High Times:** I asked to interview Mick Jagger for *Playboy*.

**Faithfull:** Did he want to do it?

**High Times:** He wanted to do the interview, but for *Penthouse* because he made a deal for free ads. Do you believe it?

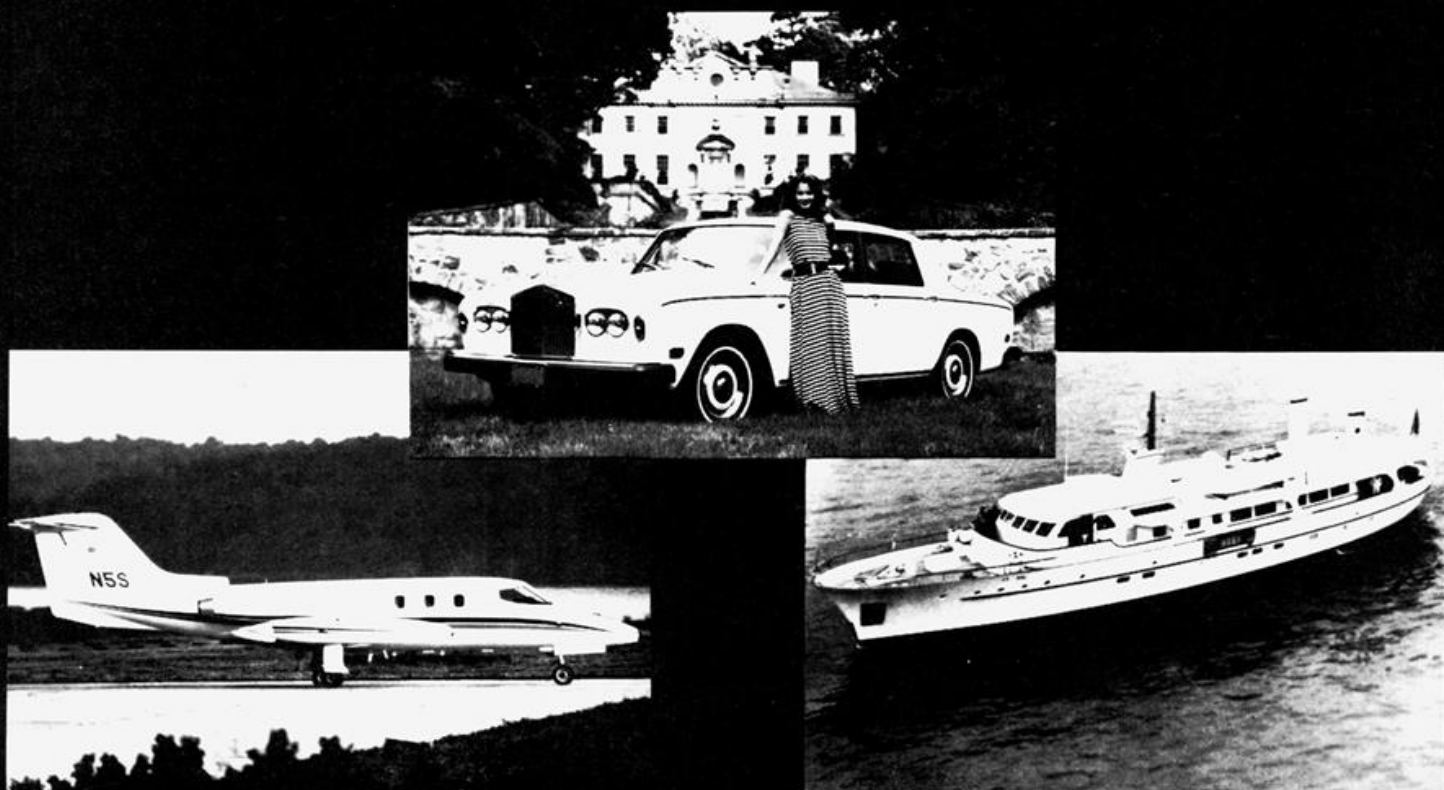
**Faithfull:** Of course I believe it. Do you want some Scotch? ☐



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# Sounds.

**The Kinks**  
**One for the Road**  
**Arista A2L8401**

**Dave Davies**  
**AFLI-3603**  
**RCA AFLI-3603**

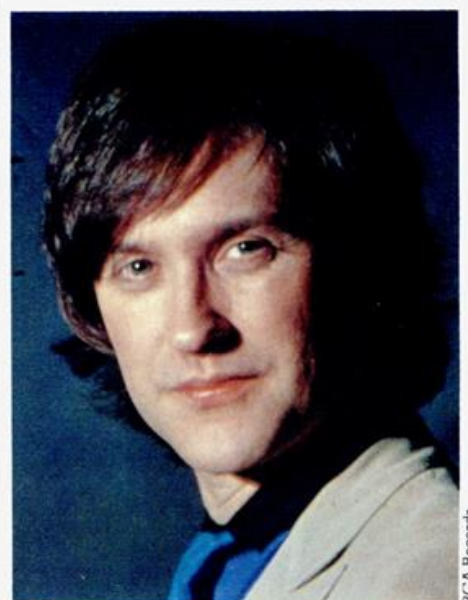
Suddenly, after years of neglect and critical condescension, the Kinks have become too big for even the most sensory deprived pundits to ignore. They are one of the last few rock 'n' roll touring bands who can be counted on to deliver a great show night after night, and a whole new audience has picked up on them in the last two years.

*One for the Road* is the third live album the Kinks have released in their almost two-decade history, thus documenting their live presentation better than any other group except the Rolling Stones. *The Live Kinks* was made in the crazy days of the Kinks' mid '60s roller coaster from stardom to schizophrenia—the adoring audience screams louder than the band can play on most of the record while Ray Davies eggs them on. The resultant din is pure rock 'n'

roll excitement, especially on "Come On Now" and the rave-up when "Milk Cow Blues" turns into the "Batman Theme." A great party record, *The Live Kinks* was far better than the live record included as part of *Everybody's in Show-Biz*, which was recorded during the Kinks' early '70s vaudeville period when the music was secondary to an often scattered and sloppy, albeit enjoyable, stage show.

*One for the Road* is perfectly timed. After several years of neglect by all except their staunchest fans, the Kinks rocketed back to popularity with *Low Budget*, their last album. The ground swell began to build when "Superman," a song from *Low Budget*, became a hit single and a number of new-wave groups started to cover Kinks material.

Ray Davies avenges his songs here, showing the Knack how to perform "The Hard Way" and reminding the Pretenders exactly what "Stop Your Sobbing" is all about (check out the great melodic cop from "Then He Kissed Me" at the song's climax). Then there's "Prince of the Punks," the



RCA Records

*Dave Davies finally does it.*

Kinks at their Beach Boy-influenced harmonic best, in a not-so-subtle stab at the fashion mongering that has seen the Kinks go in and out of style at the whims of fairly arbitrary standards of taste.

At their best the Kinks have always been rockers, and this set covers that history beautifully, opening with an instrumental version of "You Really Got Me" and including such chestnuts from Kink history as "Where Have All the Good Times Gone," a reggaefied "Till the End of the Day," "David Watts," "Victoria" and "20th Century Man." The band is in good form, although I'm not especially fond of the way the keyboard overdubs are integrated into the live mix. When Ray Davies plays rhythm guitar parts with the energy and concentration that he has here, it frees his brother/lead guitarist Dave Davies to play some fairly amazing stuff—Dave has long suffered a lack of recognition for his extraordinary guitar abilities because of his brother's stage antics, but he's presented here in the best light of the Kinks' recording career.

If Dave Davies's guitar playing on *One for the Road* is surprising to those who've overlooked his talents, his work on the long awaited solo album, *AFLI-3603*, is nothing short of amazing. Dave's songs have been few and far between—only a handful scattered across Kinks albums over the years—but they are often requested in concert. Here Dave gets to lay out things that have been brewing for years, and produces several instant classics in the process ("Where Do You Come From," "Nothin' More To Lose," "In You I



Retna

*Back then the audience screamed louder than the band could play.*



Believe," "The World Is Changing Hands," "Move Over" and "Imaginations Real"). Dave's characteristically elegiac mood is in evidence on several moving minor-key melodic phrases, but the strength and imagination of his guitar playing make the album burst with hope and energy even at its most introspective moments. The solo passage at the end of "See the Beast" is some of the best electric guitar playing I've heard in years, and the multitracked guitar distortions all through "Where Do You Come From" suggest that Dave could have easily fronted a heavy metal power trio if he weren't directing his energy into the Kinks.

*AFL1-3603* draws attention to the fact that Dave Davies is as great a guitarist as better-known British contemporaries like Pete Townshend, Jeff Beck, Eric Clapton and Jimmy Page. Such proof fits nicely into the rediscovery of the Kinks as one of the best bands in rock's history. And not a moment too soon! —**John Swenson**

**Paul McCartney**  
**McCartney II**  
**Columbia FC 36511**

This, Paul McCartney's second entirely solo record, is the best album of his post-Beatles career. Not that *McCartney II* tops his best music of the '70s, but most of that is scattered over the albums with Wings, a much maligned outfit. Even when Wings cohered as a band, which was very rarely, Paul never used them as much more than a backup unit. They were hired merely to continue the role to which Paul had, in the end,

consigned his fellow Beatles—that of session players—just before he went off in a snit to make *McCartney*.

The first *McCartney*, though, was more of a late Beatles incident than the true start of a solo career for Paul. For all the anti-Paul sentiment the record let loose—especially from the other soloing ex-Beatles, sometimes even in consort as on Lennon's "How Do You Sleep at Night"—at least one song on the album, "Maybe I'm Amazed," was calculated to show Paul was the prime mover behind the late Beatles' best moments. Still, *McCartney* was a terribly small-scale effort for an ex-Beatle, as *The Plastic Ono Band* and *All Things Must Pass* pointed out fast enough for those who may not have noticed at first. For a while, backed by Wings, McCartney pulled off his share of tricks, including "Jet," *Band on the Run* and *Wings Over America*, a massive tour with some great rocking chunks of a live triple album. Not only was this large-scale stuff, it was also something neither John, George nor Ringo could manage, and Wings was the reason. Mere backup or not, they dressed Paul's few really good songs in good guitars and pepped up the filler. But Wings had more bad days than good and by the time of *Back to the Egg*, McCartney had dried up completely.

On the sleeve of *McCartney II*, over a photo showing a baggy-pants Paul with his bare-bottomed son hanging off his T-shirt, the legend reads: "This album was made at home. The microphones were plugged into the



© 1980 Annie Liebovitz/Contact

*No egg on this ex-Beatle.*

back of a Studio 16 track tape recorder, bypassing the recording console." This is musician talk for saying the record's minor and handcrafted, an open apology for deliberate puttering. And the album does sound like McCartney fiddled it into existence between tending the rosebushes and trimming the hedge. But only a little of *McCartney II* is the expected domestic sludge—"Waterfalls," "One of These Days"—and even this material has the advantage of good melodies and unaffected, pleasant delivery. The better, and by far bigger, portion of the album is a notebook for synthesizer and voice by a veteran pop craftsman.

As on the first *McCartney*, Paul's drumming is as firmly functional as Ringo's, and his guitar playing is still rudimentary. But where he used to stick to conventional organ/piano keyboards, here he has moved in the synthesizers; and while at times Paul's synthesizer percussion figures bear a hilarious resemblance to the sort of loop drumming you find on organs sold at shopping centers, most of the songs—especially "Coming Up" and the twin instrumentals, "Front Parlour" and "Frozen Jap"—are slyly drawn genre sketches.

Intimate, witty and economical, this is Paul twisting the radio dial in his Land Rover and taking the same varieties of pop into the studio for a bit of lazy snip and tuck. *McCartney II* may have no power, but it does have a tweedy humor and listenability, which is about as much as one can expect from Paul at this point.

—**Ira Childs**  
*continued*



Joe Sheverson

*McCartney II* puts Paulie back on the right track.



**The Feelies  
Crazy Rhythms  
Suff USE4**

For those already familiar with the Feelies, *Crazy Rhythms* may come as something of a surprise. In concert, the quartet lays down sheets of guitar lines that envelop and often obscure the percussionists. But here, as the title suggests, percussion dominates; they use everything from timbal to claves to temple blocks to maracas to various bells and even shoes and sandpaper. While a few songs utilize standard rock drumming, more often they have something like one man on

snare, one on tom-toms and various overdubs. But there's nothing too arty or complex about what they're doing; the Feelies still make sparse, driving rock, and despite its shortcomings, this is an intriguing debut.

Unless you listen closely, the Feelies can sound like angry young nerds, submerged in teen angst and ennui like no one since the early Jonathan Richman. But while those themes provide the band a starting point, they invariably rise above it; they convey a sense of not belonging and then flaunt it, like they know

something the people around them don't. Thus, the seemingly innocuous kid in "The Boy with Perpetual Nervousness" may not have a lot to say, may never help in the yard and may need his mom to carry the groceries, but he's going after something bigger anyhow. Nothing like that recurs, however obtusely, in such songs as "Fa Ce La," "Original Love" and the title song.

Nor do Bill Million and Glenn Mercer (the idiosyncratic songwriting team) short themselves on their own guitar parts. While most of their work is rolling and exploratory, "Fa Ce La" leaps from a casually strummed intro into a fierce rave-up kicked along by some snappy drumming. "Forces at Work" is built around a flurry that once would have been called psychedelic, while the lead work on "Moscow Nights" is ominous and atmospheric.

But it's still the percussionists who carry this show; the Feelies relish syncopation like no other new-wave group, and they'll try most anything (including jazzish and vaguely Latin textures) without sounding like they're aping their sources and without ever losing a grip on the big beat that defines rock. Sometimes they drag on a little too long, and some of their ideas are too skeletal to flesh out into complete songs. But they succeed more often than not. *Crazy Rhythms* introduces a band that is not only original, but also shows a lot of possibilities for growth.

—John Morthland

**Jimi Hendrix  
Nine to the Universe  
Warner Bros. HS2299**

After the first album, I thought it was all over for Hendrix. I believe the guy knew his limitations—a blues-rock guitarist with more talent and technique than he knew what to do with, blessed with very little to say otherwise, but spewed into the marrow of the marketplace at a time when all his most irrelevant extra-musical appendages were most salable. Even when they came out I thought *Axis: Bold as Love* and *Electric Ladyland* were overrated (bet J.H. thought so too), the solos ultrawanko bores and the songs and lyrics psychedelic garbage.

So perhaps you shouldn't take my word on this latest Hendrix album. I like Hendrix post-*Experienced* at his most self-indulgent (I got a tape of Jimi totally junked out, playing "Auld Lang Syne" all off-key, from one of those horrible bootlegs that certainly



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beats the likes of "Dolly Dagger"), so I didn't necessarily do cartwheels when Alan Douglas came along a few years ago telling us he had hours 'n' hours of the *real* Hendrix, as opposed to all this drek we'd been subjected to since Jimi's demise, especially when he honored sainted Jimi's memory by giving himself cosongwriting credit on some of the tapes he later shoveled chartward.

*Nine to the Universe* gives the lie to Douglas's pretensions, as a glance at the song titles will attest: "Jimi/Jimmy Jam" (featuring Mitch Ryder alumnus Jim McCarty of the immortal Cactus and later Rockets, a guitarist I've always liked because he was even more tasteless than Jimi), "Young Hendrix" with Larry Young of the Tony Williams Lifetime, proving that Jimi was not as good at McLaughlin as McLaughlin (and this is no *Emergency*), "Easy Blues" and "Drone Blues." I was in fact warned off this album, but I like and recommend it because it corresponds to my own image of Hendrix: a jamster. This album is froth off the snuff; he obviously was not thinking while he was playing these cuts, and he was the kind of musician for whom that was good.

—Lester Bangs

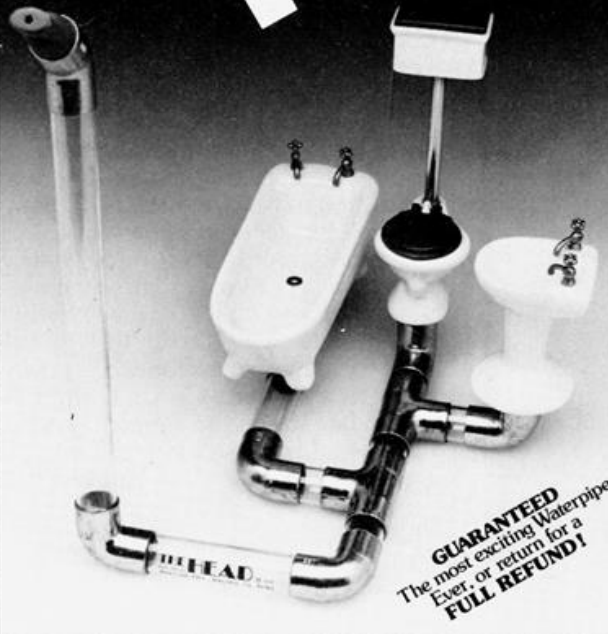
## The Brains Brains

### Mercury SRM-1-3835

Real life? You can have it. I want the girl in the magazine. Sentiments like these—old-fashioned by new rock fashions—float around in the Brain(s) like warm weather impulses. From Atlanta, where the weather is warm a lot, the Brains bring some regional breath to claustrophobic, Northern, urban rock. Unlike their counterparts in southern California, who derive their artistic impulses from central casting, the Brains seem to have arrived in place without the requisite alienation/artfulness creed of too many other "new wave" bands. Led by the synthesized arrangements of Tom Gray, they display a boyish charm—of brashness, positivism and uncertainty—unencumbered by (too much) pretense. But mainly, they have the brains to know where to steal from: "Money Changes Everything," the song that won them the hearts of righteous rock critics in 1979 as an unadorned independent single, has been rerecorded for the LP, boldly borrowing its keyboard underpinning from David Bowie's "Heroes."

This band's reaction against angst-ridden art punk throws them into the hard rock corner and they come out booming. The guitar/exploding bass

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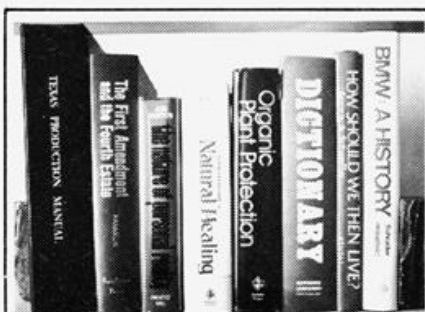
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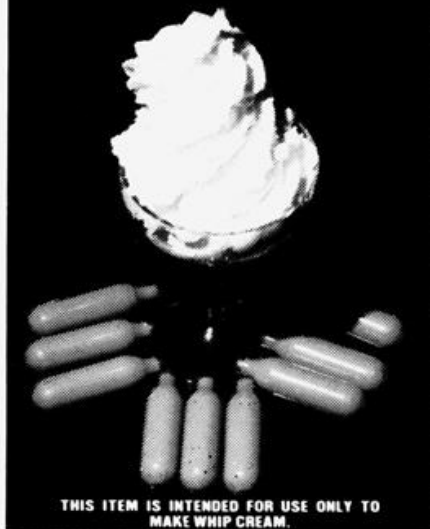
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sound of "Scared Kid" is a classically stated metaphor of comprehension and expression; their frustration comes out as booming and thoughtful. Loud and smart, just like rock 'n' roll ought to be. Most of the album falls into place: spacy, danceable, clever and varied. Free of nonsensical allusions (except for the perhaps purposely ludicrous instrumental "Reason"), *Brains* is an excellent debut album, unspoiled but hardly naive. Example? Imagine "Rolene" by Moon Martin (it would be good, but a lot of sessions, too much living, have made M.M. too fast) or Dave Edmunds (even faster, more Southern, more sentimental, but too smart, too experienced). The Brains are well tempered and even restrained. From appearance, their restraint is the result of awareness—not timidity—and that's where their real promise lies. You could probably trust them in your house while you're away for the week. One of them would like to sell the stereo, but then there wouldn't be a place to go anymore.

—Robert Smith

### Tuxedomoon

#### Half-Mute

#### Ralph TX8004-LB

Tuxedomoon is a trio of multi-instrumentalists who have created their own sonic turf. It's not an alien sound—it has plenty of references. But Tuxedomoon has combined elements of jazz, rock, disco and other less easily categorized bags.

They've been around for a while—releasing two singles and a great EP on their own label and contributing to Ralph Records' sampler *Subterranean Modern*, but their debut album, *Half-Mute* (also on Ralph), is their biggest and best work. The title refers to the fact that it's half instrumental pieces and half songs. You'd think there was more than a trio behind this, as saxes, violins, synthesizers, electronic percussion, keyboards, guitars and bass are all used. Their electronics never have the coldness and/or vacuity that so often result from sophisticated instrumentation.

Sometimes they like to mix their emotions and the results are extraordinary. They'll take a dark mood, as on "What's the Use," and expand it rhythmically and lyrically until the idea becomes so complex it changes. This band has its wits at work. They can be serious and funny at the same time, as on their ominous chant "Seeding the Clouds." They like drama and melodrama and much of their stuff seems like soundtracks from movies we'd like to see:

adventure with brains, exotic beauty without decoration, modernism beyond fashion. —Glenn O'Brien

## Notes

*Tonight You're Mine*, Eric Carmen (Arista AL 9513). Why is Eric making that bleached blonde bend over on the album cover? What happened to his lonely little boy image? The overblown Spector/Orbison melodrama of "It Hurts Too Much" might provide the answer to these questions—from Beach Boy to pained "new wave" decadent—but Eric is sure not to be left behind when they change the water. (John Swenson)

*Tennis*, Chris Rea (Columbia JC 36435). British rocker Rea's guitar/vocal interplay is heavily influenced by and pleasantly reminiscent of Lowell George, especially on "Sweet Kiss." Rea shows his USA worship by pointing to George, Ry Cooder and Taj Mahal as influences, but they're references he does justice to. (J.S.)

*Naughty*, Chaka Khan (Warner Bros. BSK 3385); *Warm Leatherette*, Grace Jones (Island ILPS 9592). The queens of sass? I dunno. This stuff is so slick you could skate on it. Where Chaka has sold it all away, Grace Jones (ex-*Vogue* covers) has never stopped selling. From a recent interview, tuff gal Gracie opines, "I'm a truly beautiful woman and a true artist." Her new long player delivers a piece of crap called "Bullshit" that alone is enough to set the women's movement back 50 years. Is this what they mean by "beat poetry"? (Bruce Malamut)

*Everything Is Grey*, Ironhorse (Scotti Bros. SB 7108). Ex-Guess Who Randy Bachman fronts an ensemble with some riveting surprises. The title track crosses John Entwistle with cool jazz to stunning effect, as "Only Way to Fly" demonstrates Ironhorse can metal with the best of 'em. But the weak material is downright insipid, the worst possible clone of BTO & ELO. (B.M.)

*Easy Money*, Frankie Miller (Chrysalis CHR 1268); *Mega-Shebang*, Andy Fairweather Low (Warner Bros. BSK 3450). Terminal underachievers, these two boozy bloozers. *Easy Money* is Frankie Miller's eighth album and at the very least proves someone's faith in this diminutive Glaswegian soul shouter. Otis Redding's widow even proclaimed Frankie the Lungs. Apparent, but regrettably Miller's good-timing penchant got in the way of his quality as is so often the case in rock 'n' roll. Even with James Brown's old band behind the new one, the side



*Where the Buffalo Roam* (MCA 5126). This is a '60s goldies album with commentary, like a bent radio show. The goldies are by Dylan, Hendrix, Creedence, the Tempts and the Four Tops; in short, the last heroic era's bar-party-classic-acid-cum-beery-boogaloo-radio-chunga hits you'd expect followed Hunter Thompson around on his adventures. The thin comedy of the film hangs onto these songs for some focus—or *frisson*—amid the slapdash proceedings. Bits from Bill Murray's Thompson impersonation are supposed to set up the tunes. The rest of the album is a Neil Young radio hour. Young's guitar repeatedly wails an awkward/graceful "Home on the Range" (needlessly retitled "Ode to Wild Bill" and numbered) in a halting imitation of Hendrix's soaring "Star Spangled Banner." The best moment is Young's longest "Ode" running into the first chords of Hendrix's "All Along the Watchtower." This is more than this crummy movie deserves, but you never know when ceremonial occasions like these can arise in Young's ongoing role as keeper of the crypt. (Ira Childs) □

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LOOK OUT! A GUN!

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AGH-- I'M SHOT.. TAKE ME TO CAMP DAVID WHERE I CAN PACE UP AND DOWN MY SHAG CARPET!!

-- SOMEBODY CALL AN AMBULANCE! OH MY GOD!!

HE'LL BE OKAY.. HE SAYS IT WAS JUST A "SURFING WOUND".. HE'S RESTING AT CAMP DAVID.. WHAT A GUY!!

UH, POP?

YUP.

I'VE MADE UP MY MIND, FLOYD.. WHY CHANGE HORSES IN MID-STREAM.. HIS LICENSE IS EXPIRED, HE'S UNDER A DOCTOR'S CARE AND NOW THESE CUBISTS.. LET'S GIVE HIM ANOTHER 4 YEARS!

MEANWHILE, IN UPSTATE N.Y.--

CAMP DAVID

...I HAD THE ENTIRE GROUNDS LAID WITH PLUSH NYLON!

THANK YOU, DAVID.

THANK YOU.

NOT A BLADE OF GRASS ANYWHERE--

ZIPPY!

NOW THAT I'M PRESIDENT, NOBODY WILL EVER HAVE TO DO TH' DISHES OR TAKE OUT TH' GARBAGE AGAIN! TH' BAD PART IS THAT, AT ANY GIVEN MOMENT, JOHN DENVER MAY DROP IN!!

YOU GOT A TELEGRAM FROM JIMMY CARTER.. HE'D LIKE YOU TO COME DOWN TO THE WHITE HOUSE!!

IS HE DEODORIZED?

NEXT DAY--

YOW!! JUST ENOUGH TIME TO SLAP ON TH' FIRST COAT OF MAGENTA!!

ZIPPY!! OUR APPOINTMENT ISN'T UNTIL NOON!!

HELLO, JIMMY!! DO YOU WANT YOUR BOWLING BALL FILLED WITH DRUGS, NOW??

ZIPPY... I'VE DECIDED TO OFFER YOU A DOZEN HAMSTERS AND THE AMBASSADORSHIP TO THE BISMARCK ARCHIPELAGO!!

WILL YOU ACCEPT?

NEXT: BOWLING WITH THE INAUGURAL BALL!!



## Pryor: A Public Burning

continued from page 65

have announced that he has contracted pneumonia. And that the flesh around his chest is contracting like a "leather tourniquet." He is dying by increments and he is scared. His days are spent in a tiny room filled with body monitors, his only diversion a TV set. In the aftermath of his surgery, he is in even more pain, if that is possible. He spends most of each day reclining on a bed that resembles a foam egg crate. Sedation is minimal and he remains awake from dawn to dark.

Days pass. Pryor's condition does not change. Visitors are banned from his room. Physicians are checking him out at the rate of approximately one doc per organ. Prophet Jennings figures Jimmy Carter will be on the phone himself to Pryor any day now. Meanwhile, pharmacologist Ron Siegel reports that here in Hollywood, guys are so desperate for freebase "they're hawking their Rolex right off their wrists" in order to grab money to score it.

Your narrator, meanwhile, is miles away, pitching lit Silva Thins, kitchen matches and flaming cigars into a bowl of rum, listening to Mr. Pryor's albums and talking to L.A. police lieutenant Dan Cooke on the telephone. Just for the record, Cooke, who was responsible for the original LAPD report on poor Richard, says that four patrol officers and numerous passersby heard Pryor state that he was freebasing up a storm just before he "exploded." Cooke also states that one of Pryor's physicians, Dr. Jack Grossman, first confirmed the freebase story and then, to put it politely, "changed his story" right after a visit from Pryor's attorney.

What has followed since is lots of Pryor exploitation. His role in publicity spots for the *Wholly Moses* film is suddenly brought to the fore in full force. Freebase is likewise exploited—if you can call it that. What happens is, everybody and his brother is going around wondering aloud, "Wow, where can I get me some of that stuff?" Most people don't even know what it is.

Minor mysteries are solved. Pryor evidently was running because, when he was in the army, that's what he was told to do in the event of major burns. Meanwhile, one neat rumor floats—that a man named Bob Pryor invented all this freebase paraphernalia and that he is Richard's cousin. A call to paraphernalia manufacturer Don Schar confirms that such a man exists but no one seems to know where he is.

Anyway, officially it's not an issue of freebase anymore at all. It's exploding rum. Shit, now Puerto Rico will probably go broke. □

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## MARIJUANA Grower's Guide



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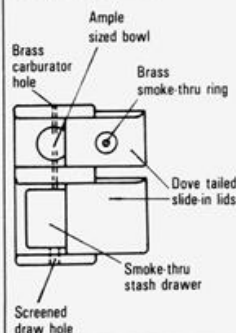
MUSE (Musicians United for Safe Energy) produced a 56-page full color Program Book for the five No Nuke nights in Madison Square Garden last fall. A unique document of the concerts, which were recorded for Asylum and are the subject of the film from Warner Bros., the Program Book combines informative articles about nuclear power with strong pro-solar interviews from some of America's leading musicians, including Jackson Browne, Bonnie Raitt, Graham Nash, the Doobie Brothers, Tom Petty, Chaka Khan, Peter Tosh, Jesse Colin Young, Gil Scott-Heron and a host of others.

Perhaps the most approachable indictment of nuclear energy so far. Available from MUSE, Dept. HT, 72 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10011. Program Books \$2.00 ppd., 'No Nukes' album buttons, \$1 ppd. New York residents please add sales tax.

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### Books

*continued from page 89*

#### **Falling in Place**

by **Ann Beattie**

**New York: Random House**

**\$10.95**

Fifteen-year-old Mary is obsessed with Peter Frampton. She has six identical posters of him on her wall and every day religiously kisses his cool poster lips. She closes her eyes, but try as she might, Frampton does not Come Alive. John Joel's passion is food: ten years old and he's already decided the major pleasures are to be found in cake, hamburgers and M&Ms. Their mother, Louise, is a melancholic who mourns for her dog Mister Blue, unceremoniously mashed by a car before the story even begins. She liked the dog more than her children, comments Mary from a hospital bed after John Joel shoots her. But John Joel didn't know the gun was loaded, although when the shrinks ask why he did it, he says, "She's a bitch." And she *hadn't* been particularly nice to him, calling him "Monkey Meat" and "Mister Piss" and putting metal pop-top rings in his bed. But it was really his odious friend Parker's fault—Parker, who put a pinhole in the diaphragm of his double-mastectomized mother. . .

This is not exactly Ozzie and Harriet territory; more like a half nelson in a dark alley. But in the midst of this urban combat zone, love flourishes. John, the father of this unholy family, dreams of his young lover and calms himself by holding a tiny blue eggshell he found in a tree. The tree John Joel shoots Mary from. John Joel aside, most of Beattie's male characters are hopeless romantics, emphasis on hopeless. A fellow insists on holding his girl friend's hand the entire day, then decides she knows too much. The women are practical, if unsteady, and suffer from insecurity and low-grade depression.

Hovering over this whole summer-of-'79 scenario is the threat of Skylab. But rather than *Falling in Place*, things seem to be falling apart, gently cracking, as if the human heart were no more substantial than that pale blue eggshell. Beattie's tales strike some as being depressing, but there is something so wistful and sincerely confused about her characters that it's hard not to sympathize. However, it is a bit bone chilling to see such depression and wistfulness in children.

There are some very funny dope scenes and Beattie has an ear for stoned dialogue and fractured non sequiturs. The plot is haphazard and nothing is resolved; even as one

conflict is being tied up, another is unraveling. But there is a happy ending of sorts. And, while you don't quite buy it, the characters have been through so much that you're happy to see them get it. —**Jill Grossman**

#### **Five Hundred Keys**

by **Michael Carin**

**Ottawa: Deneau and Greenberg**

**\$12.95**

In this world few things are more interesting than the adventures of a real monomaniac. Many of our greatest books have been spun from the deeds of such men. So with due respect to Captain Ahab, here's the dope on Abraham David and his 500 keys (or ki's) of Moroccan hash.

First of all, he's a Jew. Not of the Saturday-morning, bagel-and-lox-eating, "I only read the Bible for its literary content" variety, but a Torah-pounding, tallis-wearing Hasid whose idea of fun is to strap on his early morning phylacteries and rock out. He split the states in the mid '60s to beat the draft, wound up as McGill University's Mark Rudd and was forced to go underground anyway by the Canadian heat. After a couple of years he surfaced with a hash scam of such improbability that it would have made David seem the odds-on favorite in his tussle with Goliath.

The scam: Abraham had this plan to get a second-hand fishing boat and pilot it with two other guys across the North Atlantic, pull into Casablanca, load the shit and split back across the ocean to Canada. Arrangements on the other side had already been made. If all went well, they'd be looking at a cool two million profit. But things never "all go well." There are always the mix-ups, fuckups and intricacies that give each deal its own style. But 6,000 sea miles in a 38-foot boat is no mere intricacy. It's a bitch.

It's also one hell of an adventure. At its best, Carin's book reminds you of one of the stories you used to read as a kid, the kind that were so exciting late at night you'd sneak your flashlight into bed and read hungrily under the covers. But unfortunately, Carin wants more: He wants to be relevant. He wants to talk about the '60s. He wants to talk about the '70s. He wants to understand his generation, which is unfortunate. When not detailing the nuts and bolts of Abraham's relentless schlepp across the ocean, his writing appears wordy, banal, cliché ridden. But never mind: Monomaniacs are at a premium these days—especially Orthodox Jewish ones.

—**George Barkin** □





**Sale to minors strictly prohibited.**



# Last Words.

## The Snuff Renaissance Mick Farren



1  
*Take a small pinch of snuff with the thumb and index finger.*



2  
*Lay a small line where your thumb and forefinger meet.*



3  
*Close box. You don't want the snuff to go flying when you sneeze.*



4  
*Sniff hard.*



5  
*Whip out a Kleenex and wait.*



6  
*Okay, now you can sneeze.*

The doctor said Quit smoking cigarettes. He said it with enough force for me to take it seriously, even though I'd started at age 12, one of the James Dean generation who didn't feel dressed without a Pall Mall hanging out of the corner of his mouth.

It was then that the hell started. Partly for me and mainly for my nearest and dearest. Around the time that they were threatening to leave home, someone suggested that just because I'd given up cigarettes, it didn't mean I actually had to stop using nicotine. It was, after all, a handy and totally legal stimulant.

At first I tried chewing tobacco, but this proved to be altogether too rustic and disgusting. Not the least of the drawbacks was the constant need to spit, not something you can do in polite company and still be thought of as charming.

Next I tried snuff, and everything in me that ever aspired to be an 18th century dandy took to it straight away. There was the elegant little box, the discreet pinch on the back of the hand. Didn't I already have a nose that knew what it was there for? Admittedly, there was a certain degree of sneezing and eyewatering to get used to, but you don't get something for nothing and it was a lot less painful than bronchial cancer or even the Marlboro Country morning cough.

Snuff, the powdered leaf of the tobacco plant, was the novelty turn-on of the 17th and 18th centuries. It was the mainstay of the regency buck (admittedly, other mainstays were port,

syphilis and membership in the Hellfire Club, but those were interesting times) and is well overdue for a revival, if only because the cigarette, popularized by everyone from Oscar Wilde to Humphrey Bogart, is proving to be such a suicidal hobby. The other advantage of snuff is that it gives no offense to those around you, unlike a Lucky Strike or a fat panatela.

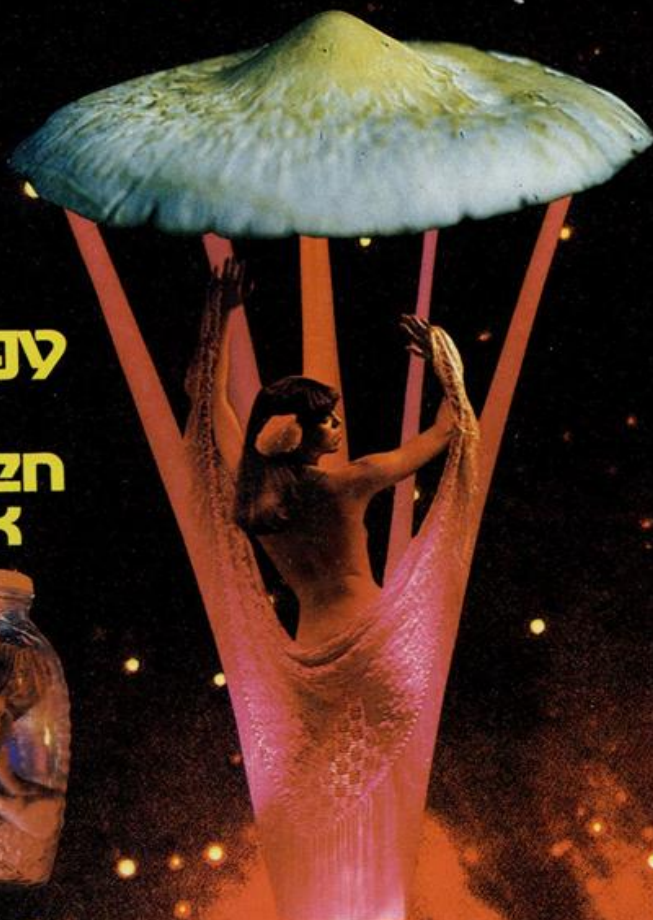
Snuff is not yet easy to find in the U.S.A. Even the most enterprising of tobacconists will only keep the most common of Dutch or English brands like Dr. Rumney's, Hedges' or Ozona. These are all heavily mentholated and the virtual bar whiskeys of snuff, violent and rough on the nostril. For a more refined taste you have to seek out the premium snuffs produced by Smith's of London. Smith's manufactures a range of flavors that includes attar of roses, sandalwood, lemon, cinnamon, carnation and apple blossom as well as the more common menthol. The experienced user can even mix and match until he has his own individual blend.

Fortunately, the search for Smith's snuffs is fairly easy. Caswell-Massey of 575 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, who claim to be America's oldest chemists, will supply anywhere in the United States by mail order.

And the price of a snuff habit? This too is a little 18th century. A pocket tin containing something in the region of four to five grams costs a dollar and can last a regular user anywhere up to a month, while the more ambitious one-ounce jar is \$5.50. At these prices, it must be the world's cheapest turn-on. □



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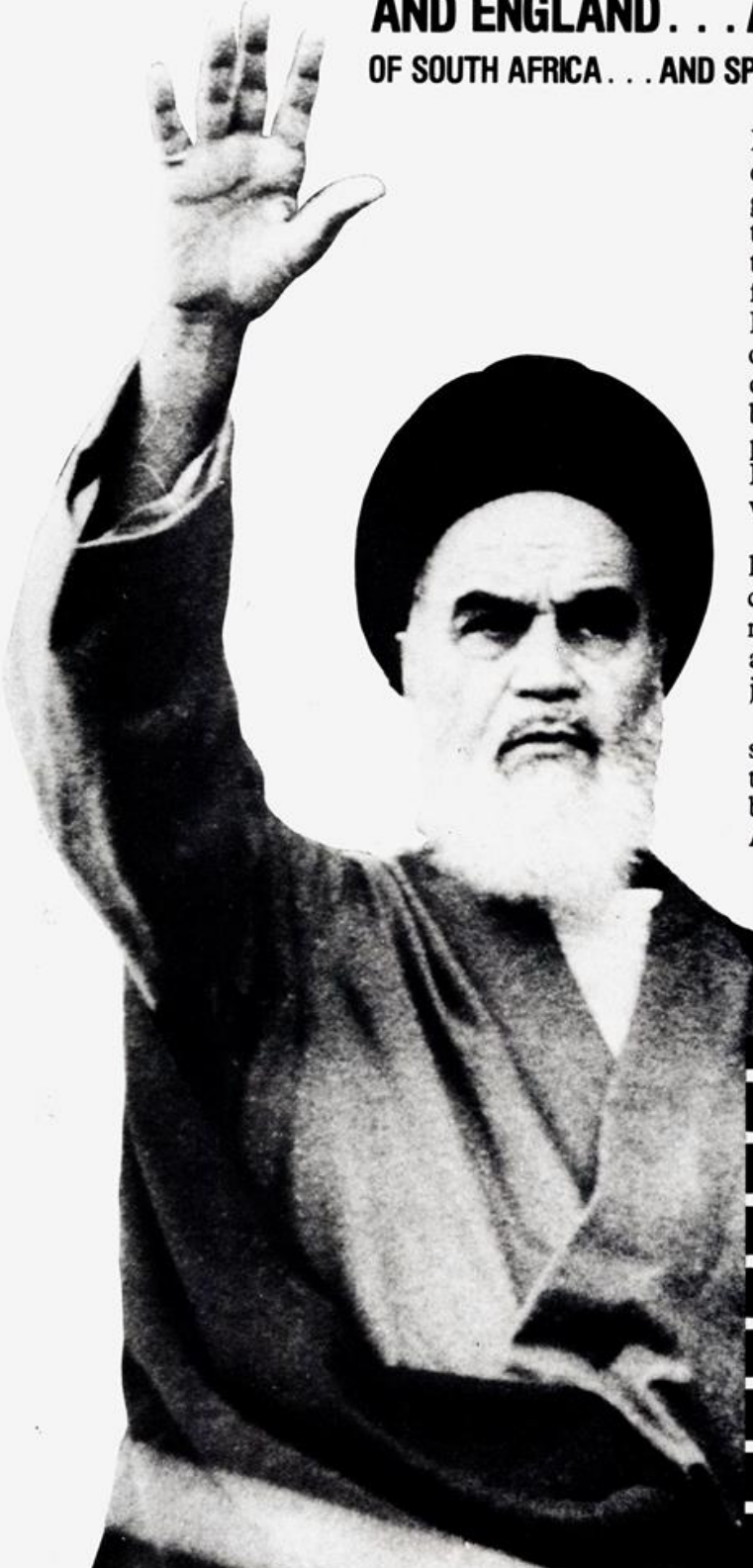
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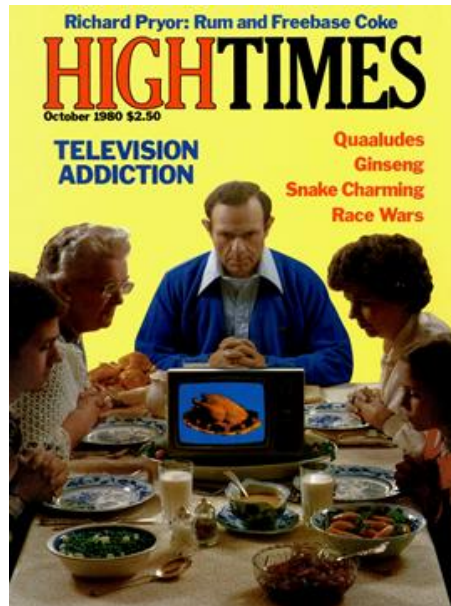
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